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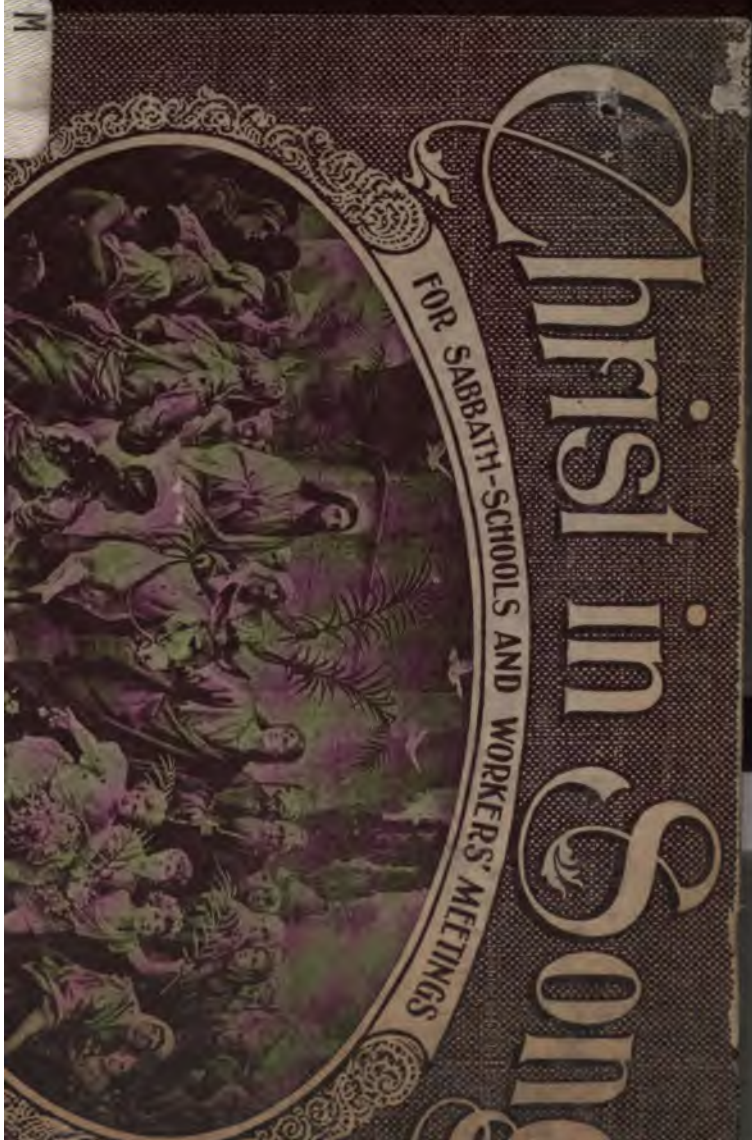
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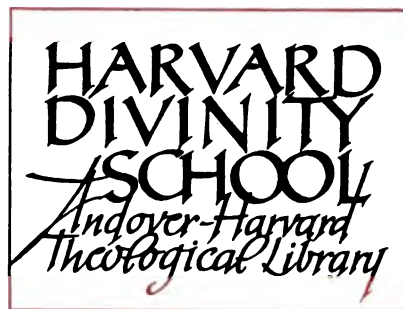
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Christ in Song

FOR SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND WORKERS' MEETINGS



OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Received June 6, 1939

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CHRIST IN SONG

HYMNAL

CONTAINING
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COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY F. E. BELDEN,

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PREFACE.

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SONG is the first-born of Love and Joy. The Christian has more love and joy than the sinner, and hence has more need of song than any other class of human beings.

What songs ought Christians to use?—Evidently those which inspire the highest appreciation of God's love. But all not having the same natural or cultivated capacity for appreciation, we can not adopt any inflexible rule relative to the class of music to be used in the church service, the Sabbath-school, the missionary gathering, or the camp-meeting, where persons of all grades of religious experience and musical education meet together. To give satisfaction to all we must have several collections of music, one for each general condition, separating the people according to their preferences, or else have a book large enough to embrace the choicest songs of each grade, ever tending upward toward the best,—the most spiritual,—not leaving the selecting to either the simplicity-loving Christian or the musical theologian.

The conscientious primary teacher knows what is helpful (not merely pleasing) to the little people; the choir leader knows what suits those with whom he is most closely in sympathy; the pastor knows what selections are most heartily sung by the congregation. If any one of these persons prepares a book to suit himself, it will be a class collection, restricted in use.

The Scriptures contain one grade of inspiration, but many forms of expression of the one great truth,—*"God is love."* This is stated both plainly and elaborately, for both the simple and the wise,—those who can appreciate only the writings of John, and

those who love to search out the "hard to be understood" sayings of Paul. The seventh chapter of Hebrews is not "stuck up" because the simple minded may not at first sight discern its meaning; neither is John 3:16 "cheap" because some lover of metaphor prefers language which represents the Saviour as the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley." The "Hallelujah Chorus" and the less difficult modern anthem are not "worldly" because a lover of simple song may think so; neither is "Jesus loves me, this I know," or "Come, thou Fount," "prosy" because certain persons prefer intricate harmony.

To condemn a song because the bass or some other part is written on one degree of the staff through several measures instead of moving or jumping as best it can to a new position for every syllable, is usually to overlook the tenfold more important *spirit of the gospel* which it may contain in spite of its disregard for the traditional laws of musical composition. And yet a chant is considered "classical," notwithstanding many syllables are often sung successively on one degree of the staff, and usually in a racy, jumbled manner, since it is very difficult for a congregation to sing a chant well. And because it is difficult, shall we laud this style of composition and deprecate the singing of the same thought when represented in rhythmic, metrical form, as in our gospel hymns, with harmony no less monotonous?

The whole and half notes of the chant are hard to sing because the words are irregular. Improving on this, the metrical psalm and hymn came into use; and improving on the whole note for a measure to which

PREFACE.

several words are to be sung, the fourth, eighth, and sixteenth mathematical divisions of the whole note came to be used as a certain means of *keeping the voices together*. Shall this glorious result in the singing of our modern gospel hymns — this excelsior of unity for which singers of chants and choruses drill night after night and day after day — be called a child of "cheapness"? It is eminently so in that the other is born of expense. With the simple form we have room for a thought of worship. With the difficult form we are likely to think only of singing correctly, even as an elaborate invocation diverts the mind from prayer.

Neither extreme is best, but of the two, monotonous simplicity is preferable in the worship of God. With regret we cite the proverbial truth that the more of musical effort the less of worship in the song service, which is evidence that at least some things common to musicians and singers are detrimental to spirituality. *True education ever inspires true devotion.*

It can not be wrong to carefully train singers and instrumentalists in order that we may praise God "with the Spirit and with the understanding also;" for at the dedication of the temple Solomon had singers who were not only trained, but paid (at least their expenses) while devoting their time to preparation. Doubtless in the *motive* — the desire to display self rather than praise God — lies the secret of the lack of spirituality in the song service. Let us not forget that Song is the sister of Prayer, and both are *cheerful* handmaids of Worship.

The numerous standard hymns and tunes in this collection emphasize the compiler's opinion that they are superior for general religious use. In the Sab-

bath-school, no less than in the church service, edification, rather than musical entertainment should be the object sought by singing; hence the songs in this book are not classified as "primary," "intermediate," etc., lest instructors continue by confining their pupils to such songs. We urge leaders to freely use the old hymns and tunes, even among the children, singing them in a reverential spirit, instead of drawing them out in a tedious, sanctimonious manner which is in part responsible for their present general disuse by young people.

Whether old or new hymns are preferred, those that contain the most of Christian inspiration and cheerful devotional spirit, avoiding all sensuous music. Such we have endeavored to select from this collection, realizing that preferences are formed largely in childhood and youth, and that the previous generation of children had been given only the best — the most spiritual — hymns and tunes. Since we are now, we should not now be troubled with the diversity of adult tastes relative to what is best.

If it be said that children do not like old hymns and tunes, we reply that taste is largely the result of habit in taking either physical or mental food. Children should be given the *best*, the *nutritious*, not the most sensational and exciting. When they are old enough to choose for themselves, they will then know how to choose.

To hasten the immortal era of spiritual teachers, spiritual children, spiritual songs, this collection is humbly dedicated to the Spirit with the hope that every congregation will be singing and having music that they can sing everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

ditions. "Christ in Song" contains over 200 pages and scores of illustrations. The hymns and songs are set in small type because an occasional glance at the words and music of modern hymns and songs are in larger type because they are not so well known. The eye is not wearied by the small type,—using which we are enabled to give (at about the same variety than can be found in the expensive collections for congregational use). The selections from all books have been chosen regardless of expense, and by careful examination of children, youth, and adults, "Christ in Song" stands first among sacred song collections for variety of themes, classification, number of contributors, durability of binding.

LIST OF THE AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS REPRESENTED

Will E. Thompson.	Mendelssohn.	Har
Priscilla J. Owens.	Frans Abt.	Len
Rev. J. B. Atchinson.	Haydn.	S. W
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S. H. Bolton.	Gottschalk.	D. S
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Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.	Nagell.	E. H
John T. Grape.	Barnby.	Reg
Dr. Lowell Mason.	Koechat.	Bial
Dr. Geo. F. Root.	Schumann.	Lia
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Charlotte Elliott.	Ritter.	Rev
Wm. Cowper.	Bach.	Mrs
Charles Wesley.	Beethoven.	Mrs
Isaac Watts.	Ewing.	L. C
Martin Luther.	Mozart.	T. F
J. H. Stockton.	Samuel Medley.	Her
T. C. O'Kane.	Horatius Bonar.	Lou
Ann Hull.	E. E. Hewitt.	W.

PART I.

Invitation and Repentance.

1

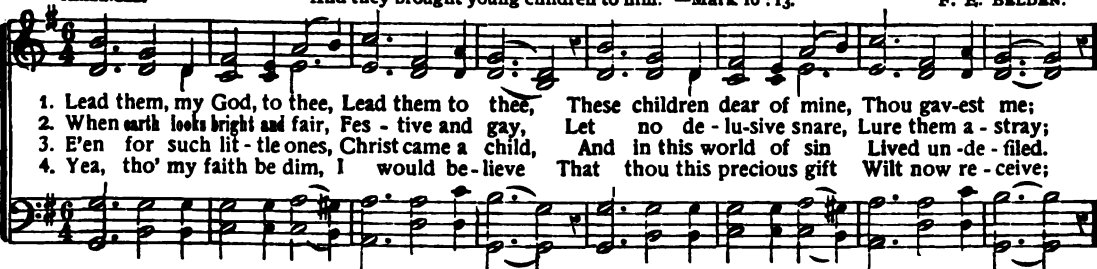
LEAD THEM TO THEE.


(DOANE. 68 & 45.)

"And they brought young children to him."—Mark 10 : 13.

F. E. BELDEN.

ARRANGED.

- 
1. Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav-est me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Fes - tive and gay, Let no de - lu-sive snare, Lure them a - stray;
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child, And in this world of sin Lived un - de - filed.
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That thou this precious gift Wilt now re - ceive;



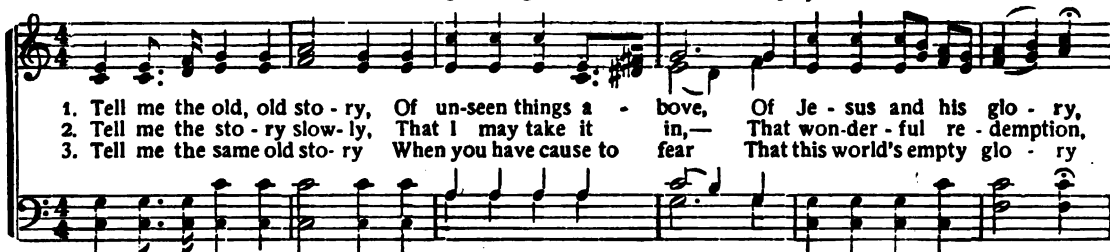
O, by thy love 'di-vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
But from temptation's pow'r, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

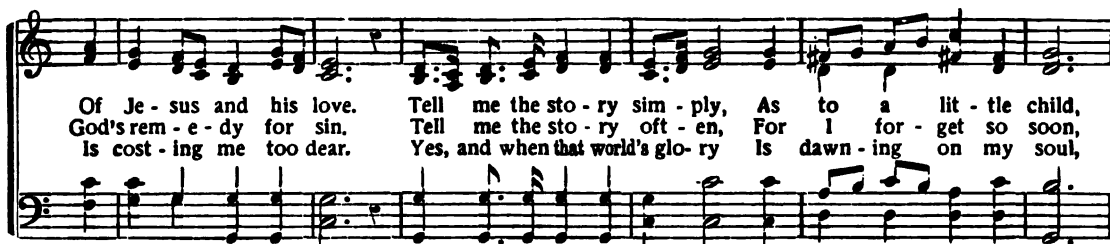
MISS KATE HANKEV.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5: 29.

W. H. DOANE.

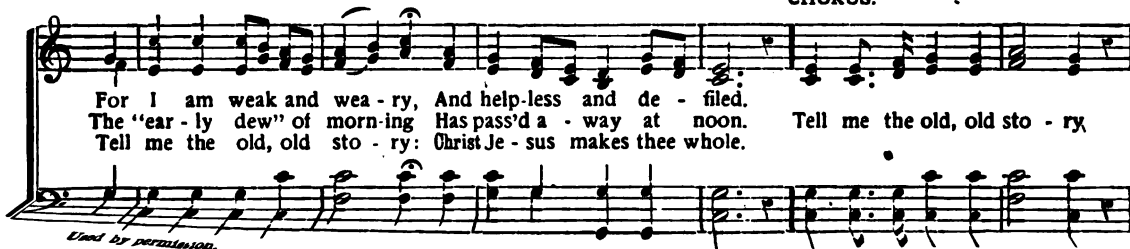


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in, — That won - der - ful re - demption,
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry



Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,
 Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,

CHORUS.



For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has pass'd a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: Christ Je - sus makes thee whole.

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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.—CONCLUDED.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

3

JESUS LOVES ME.

ANNA WARNER.

"We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4:19.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to him belong, They are weak, but
 2. Jesus loves me! he who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash a-way my sin, Let his lit - tle
 3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me
 4. Jesus loves me; he will stay, Close beside me all the way, If I love him, by and by He will take me

CHORUS.

he is strong.
 child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me; Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.
 where I lie.
 home on high.

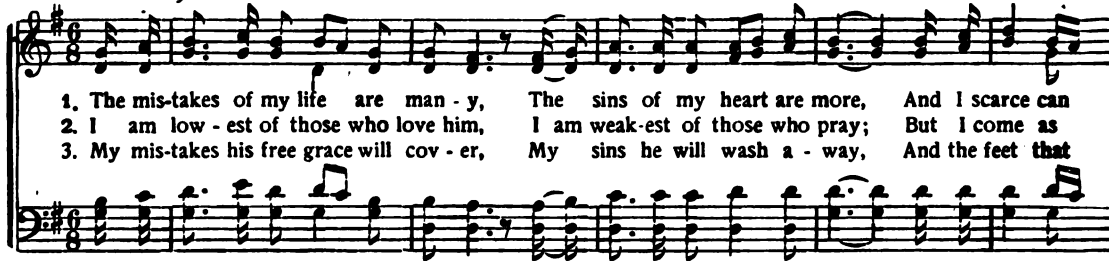
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AT THE DOOR.

—MS. U. L. BAILEY.
Tenderly.

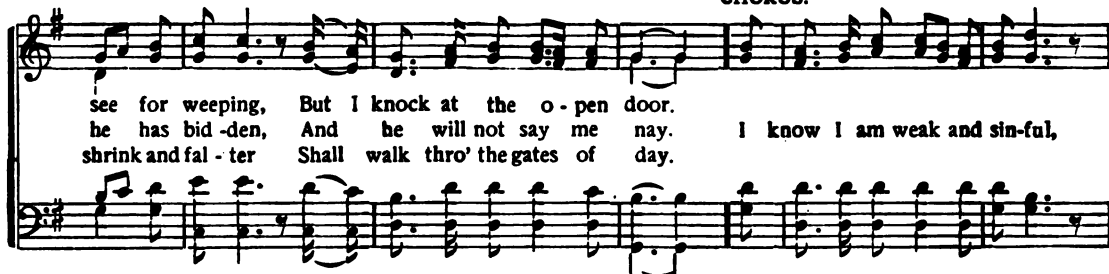
"Behold, I have set before thee an open door,"—Rev. 3:8.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

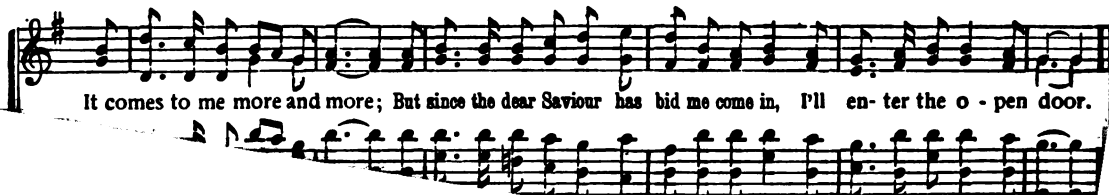


1. The mis-takes of my life are man - y, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can
2. I am low - est of those who love him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come as
3. My mis-takes his free grace will cov - er, My sins he will wash a - way, And the feet that

CHORUS.



see for weeping, But I knock at the o - pen door.
he has bid-den, And he will not say me nay. I know I am weak and sin-ful,
shrink and fal - ter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.



It comes to me more and more; But since the dear Saviour has bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o - pen door.

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa - tient-ly plead-ing with
 2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word? Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let him in. Glad-ly I'll wel-come him

my sad heart; O shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and
 gracious Lord, O shall I let him in? He can in - fi - nite love im-part, He can
 ev - er-more; O, yes, I'll let him in. Bless - ed Sav-iour, a - bide with me, Cares and

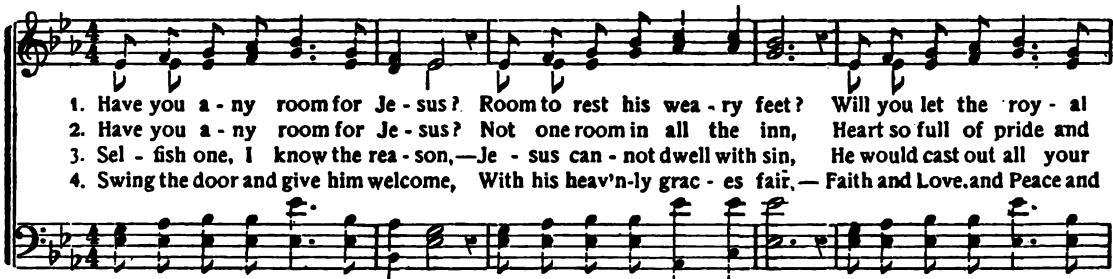
cheerless is all with - in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to him; O shall I let him in?
 par - don this reb - el heart; Shall I bid him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let him in?
 tri - als will light - er be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

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MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

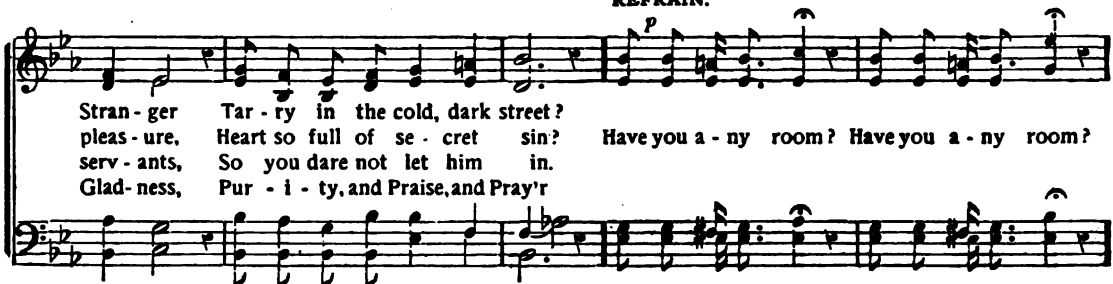
F. E. B.

"And laid him in a manger because there was no room for him in the inn."— Luke 2:7. F. E. BELDEN.

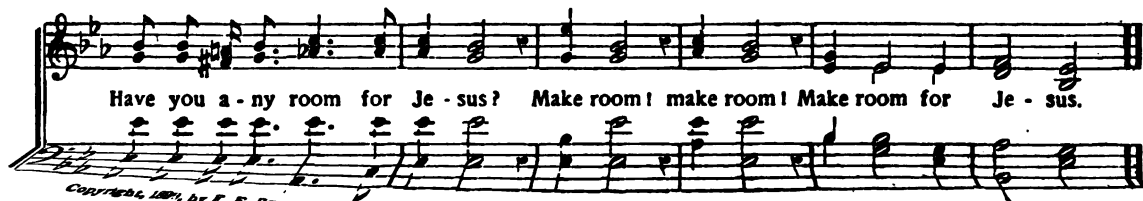


1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Room to rest his wea - ry feet? Will you let the roy - al
 2. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Not one room in all the inn, Heart so full of pride and
 3. Sel - fish one, I know the rea - son,—Je - sus can - not dwell with sin, He would cast out all your
 4. Swing the door and give him welcome, With his heav'n-ly grac - es fair,— Faith and Love and Peace and

REFRAIN.



Stran - ger Tar - ry in the cold, dark street?
 pleas - ure, Heart so full of se - cret sin? Have you a - ny room? Have you a - ny room?
 serv - ants, So you dare not let him in.
 Glad - ness, Pur - i - ty, and Praise, and Pray'r



Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Make room! make room! Make room for Je - sus.

LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."

REV. 3:20

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let him in; He has been there
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in; If you wait he
 3. Hear you now his plead-ing voice? Let him in; Now, O now make
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly guest, Let him in; He will make for
 Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in,

oft be - fore, Let him in; Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him
 will de - part, Let him in; Let him in, he is your friend, And your
 him your choice, Let him in; He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to
 you a feast, Let him in; He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 soul he will de - fend; He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 you he will re - store, And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 earth-ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n, Let him in.
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.


WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTI.
Moderato.

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.)

"For sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13:1.


H. S. PERKINS.

- 
1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God;
 2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er came; Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
 3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crim-son do my sins seem to me,



Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

CHORUS.



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - er than the snow, . . .
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,

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WHITER THAN SNOW.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Whit - - er than the snow, . . . Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, . . And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, of the Lamb, than snow.

9

LIKE AS A FATHER.

F. E. BELDEN.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103: 13.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Like as a fa - ther pit - ies his child, So the Lord pit - ies the sin - ner de - filed;
 2. Like as a fa - ther when we be - lieve, Mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, he waits to re - ceive;
 3. Like as a fa - ther, ev - er the same, He hath cre - a - ted, and knoweth our frame;
 4. Like as a fa - ther, con - stant is he, God in com - pas - sion re - gard - eth our plea;

Wait - eth in kind - ness, Pit - ies our blind - ness, Long - eth to wel - come, tho' oft - en re - viled.
 List - ens to hear us, Bless - es to cheer us, Pit - ies when - ev - er his Spir - it we grieve.
 Watch - eth the stray - ing, Guarding the pray - ing, Bids us to trust in his Al - might - y name.
 In need he com - eth, Prec - ious his prom - ise: Fa - ther in heav - en for - ev - er to be.

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ONLY ONE STEP.

F. E. B.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from dark - ness in - to light; On - ly one step to
 2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from self with all its pride; On - ly one step to
 3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from death for - ev - er more; On - ly one step to
 4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day. On - ly one step to

REFRAIN *m.*
 Je - sus, from weak - ness in - to might.
 Je - sus, the meek One cru - ci - fied. On - ly one step, on - ly one step;
 Je - sus on life's im - mor - tal shore
 Je - sus, O grieve it not a - way!

f *p* *pp* *rit.*
 That is not far to Je - sus! On - ly one step, on - ly one step: Then why not take it now?

URGE THEM TO COME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

"That my house may be full."— Luke 14: 23.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost. Gather them in to the fold,—Was the earn-est com-
 2. If the Shepherd we love, we will care for the sheep; Pre-cious are they in his sight; They are out in the
 3. To the wea-ry and thirst-y the Saviour has said, "Come, heavy laden, to me, I will give you to
 4. There's a wel-come for all in the kingdom of grace, All who repent and believe; And the souls that have

CHORUS

mand that our Saviour di-vine taught his dis-ci-ples of old.
 des-ert, they wander a-lone; Lead them from dark-ness to light. Urge them to come, show them the way; Ten-der-ly,
 drink of the wa-ter of life;" Tell them the fountain is free.
 stray'd and returned to the fold. Je-sus will glad-ly re-ceive.

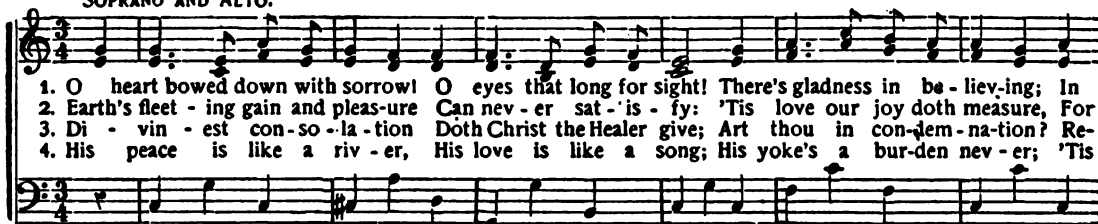
lov-ing-ly, bring them to-day; Urge them to come, why should they roam? Bring them along to our dear Saviour's home.

"COME UNTO ME."

F. E. B.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11:30.

F. E. BELDEN.



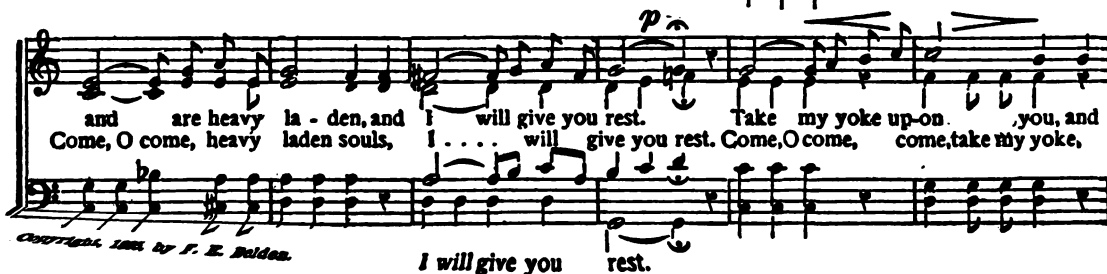
1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight! There's gladness in be-liev-ing; In
 2. Earth's fleet-ing gain and pleas-ure Can nev-er sat-is-fy: 'Tis love our joy doth measure, For
 3. Di-vin-est con-so-la-tion Doth Christ the Healer give; Art thou in con-dem-na-tion? Re-
 4. His peace is like a riv-er, His love is like a song; His yoke's a bur-den nev-er; 'Tis

Four measures for prelude.

REFRAIN.



Je-sus there is light. "Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor
 love can nev-er die,
 pent, be-lieve and live.
 ea-sy all day long. Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that labor;



and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you, and
 Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,
 I will give you rest.

Copyright, 1888, by F. E. Belden.

"COME UNTO ME."—CONCLUDED.

learn . . . of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
Come, O come, come, learn of me; I am meek and

rit.

13

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at the throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-belief.
3. Trusting on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth be-side thee! Whom in heav'n but thee!

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

Copyright, 1876, by W. H. DOANE.

LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look unto me;" Earth with its rich-es is
2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp-
3. I'll look to the cross ev'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given; None ev - er fall neath the

CHORUS.

on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee, In a
 ta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.
 tempter's pow'r, Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n. In a look there's life for thee,

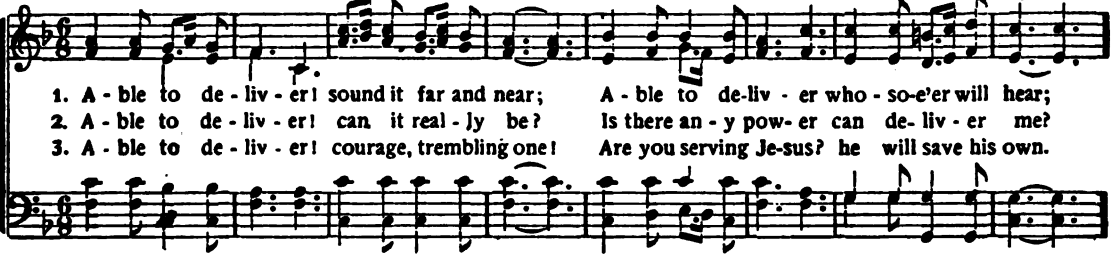
look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.
 In a look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, sal - va - tion free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.

ABLE TO DELIVER.

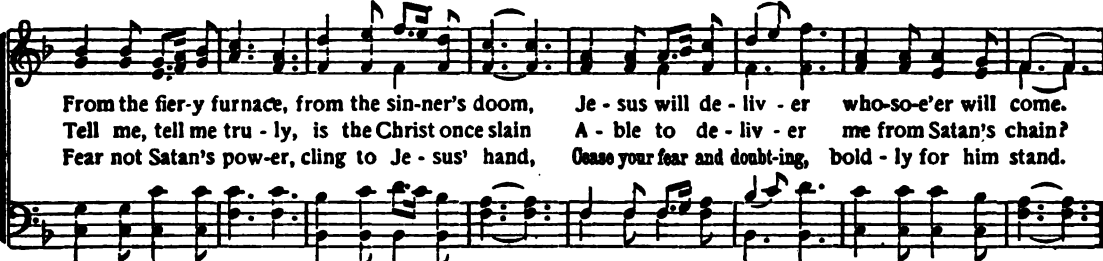
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."— Dan. 3: 17.

EMMA L. MORTON.

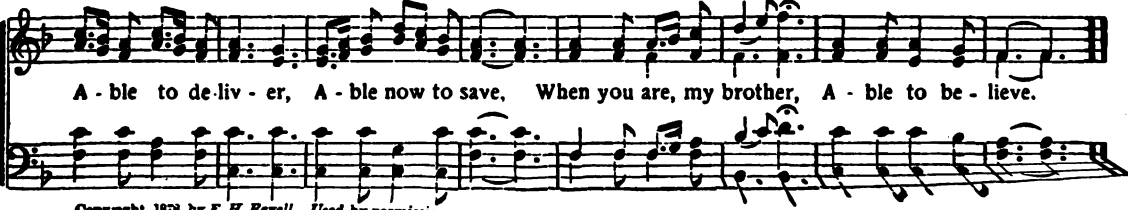


1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de - liv - er who - so-e'er will hear;
 2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow - er can de - liv - er me?
 3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Je - sus? he will save his own.



From the fier-y furnace, from the sin-ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who-so-e'er will come.
 Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain A - ble to de - liv - er me from Satan's chain?
 Fear not Satan's pow-er, cling to Je - sus' hand, Cease your fear and doubt-ing, bold - ly for him stand.

CHORUS.



A - ble to de - liv - er, A - ble now to save, When you are, my brother, A - ble to be - lieve.

LINGER NO LONGER.

R. L.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you."—Isaiah 30 : 18.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Lin - ger no long-er; Mercy is waiting for thee; Sin will grow stronger; Now from its tyranny flee;
 2. Wealth without measure, Honor and fame, thou may'st see; No earth-ly treasure Ev - er can sat-is - fy thee;
 3. Though like a mountain, Sin on thy conscience should be, Come to the fountain O - pen-ed at Cal-va-ry;

CHORUS.

The world that is smiling, so cheerrif and gay, From Jesus is leading thee farther a way.

Thy richest possessions delusive will prove, But wealth that endureth is laid up above. Turn from thy straying,
 Thou needest no longer from happiness roam; The Saviour is waiting to welcome thee home.

No longer de-lay-ing; Heav'n opens for thee—Turn from thy straying, No longer de-lay-ing; Heav'n o-pens for thee.

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THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1:18.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Duet. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho'-they be
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God! He is of
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more; "Look un-to

red - - - like crim-son, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 great - - - com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 Me, - - - ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God; He'll for-give your transgressions,

Tho' they be red

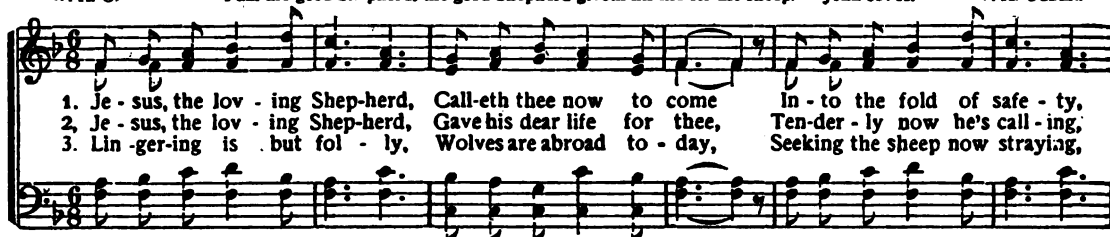
Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
 He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

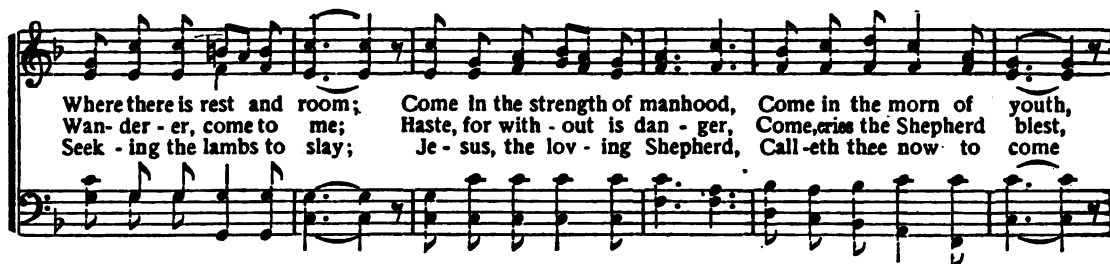
W. A. O.

"I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10: 11.

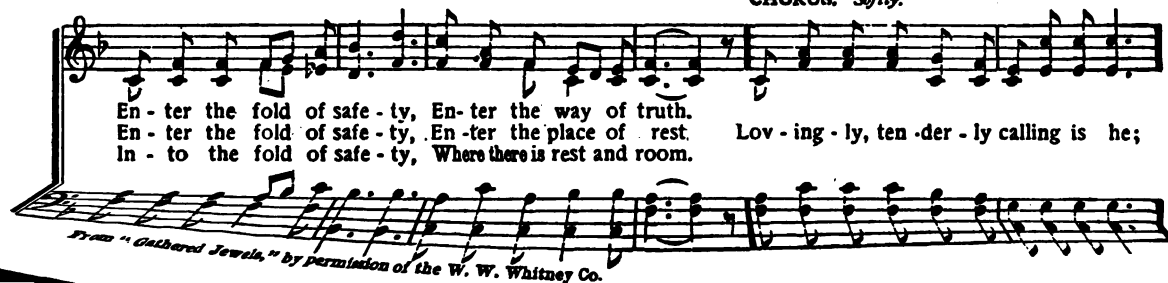
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Call-eth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe - ty,
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Gave his dear life for thee, Ten - der - ly now he's call - ing,
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to - day, Seeking the sheep now straying,



Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
 Wan - der - er, come to me; Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, ~~as~~ the Shepherd blest,
 Seek - ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come

CHORUS. *Softly.*


En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest. Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly calling is he;
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission of the W. W. Whitney Co.

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.— CONCLUDED.

Wanderer, wanderer, come un - to me, Pa-tiently standing there, waiting, I see Je-sus my Shepherd di - vine.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the voice part is in the treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

19

NOT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

F. E. BELDEN.
Slower.

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

FRANZ ABT. Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Not in the hour of death, Not when the pulse is low, Not with the failing breath, Not when you fear to go;
2. Not when the frost of time Has changed the gold to gray; Come in the golden prime Of manhood's summer day.
3. Not when the noon of care Has robbed the flow'rs of dew; Come in the morning fair, Of life's glad spring-time new.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the voice part is in the treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece includes three verses of lyrics.

REFRAIN.

Come to Him now, come. Come to Him now. Jesus can save, O come to him now; Jesus will save, O come to him now.

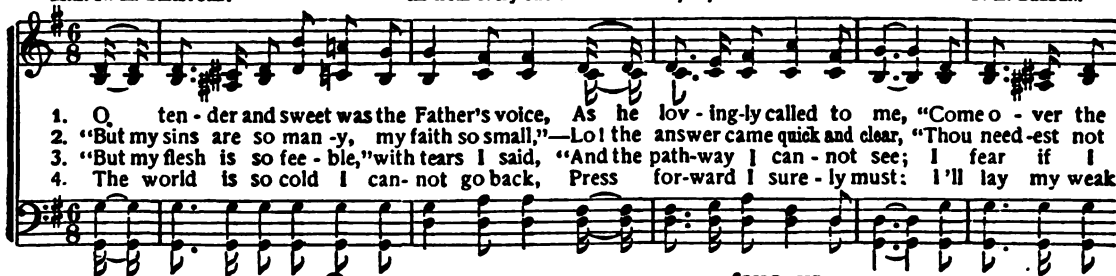
The musical score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the voice part is in the treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece includes a refrain with lyrics.

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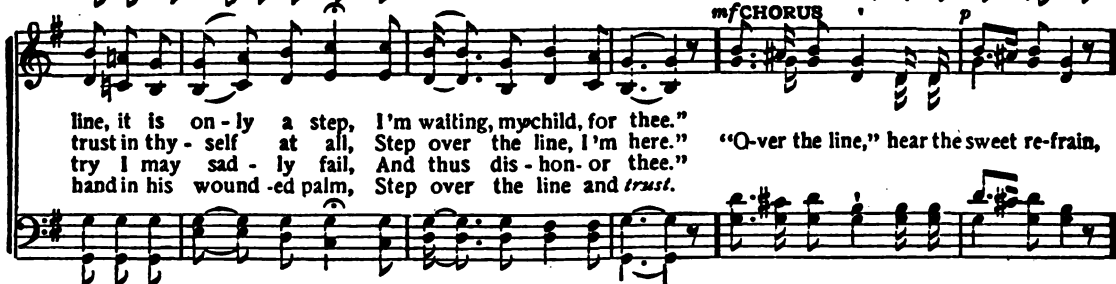
* OVER THE LINE.

Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD. "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17:27.

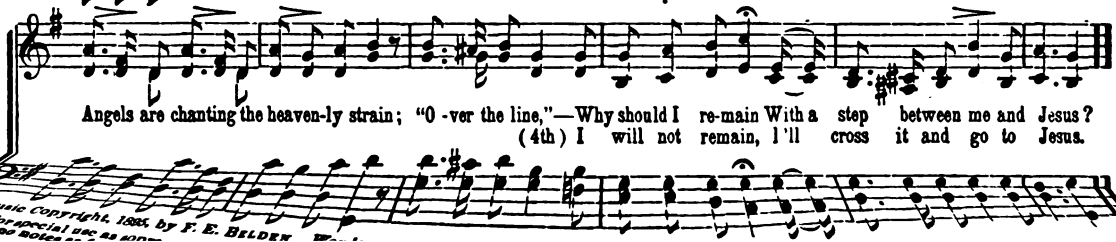
F. E. BELDEN.



1. O - ten - der and sweet was the Father's voice, As he lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the
 2. "But my sins are so man - y, my faith so small,"—Lo! the answer came quick and clear, "Thou need - est not
 3. "But my flesh is so fee - ble," with tears I said, "And the path - way I can - not see; I fear if I
 4. The world is so cold I can - not go back, Press for - ward I sure - ly must: I'll lay my weak



mf CHORUS *p*
 line, it is on - ly a step, I'm waiting, my child, for thee."
 trust in thy - self at all, Step over the line, I'm here." "O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain,
 try I may sad - ly fail, And thus dis - hon - or thee."
 hand in his wound - ed palm, Step over the line and trust.



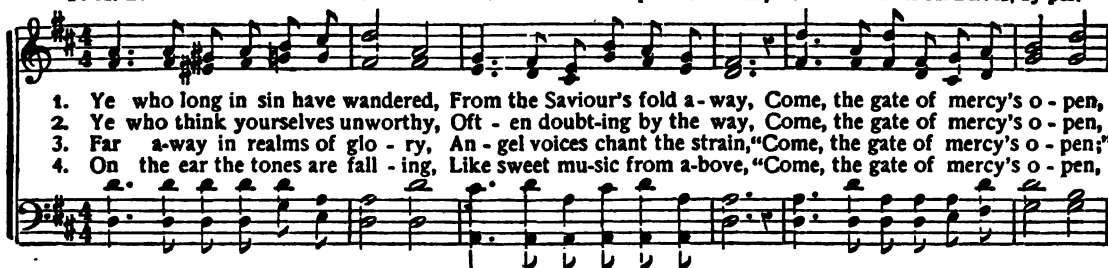
Angels are chanting the heaven - ly strain; "O - ver the line,"—Why should I re - main With a step between me and Jesus?
 (4th) I will not remain, I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

MERCY'S GATE IS OPEN.

F. M. D.

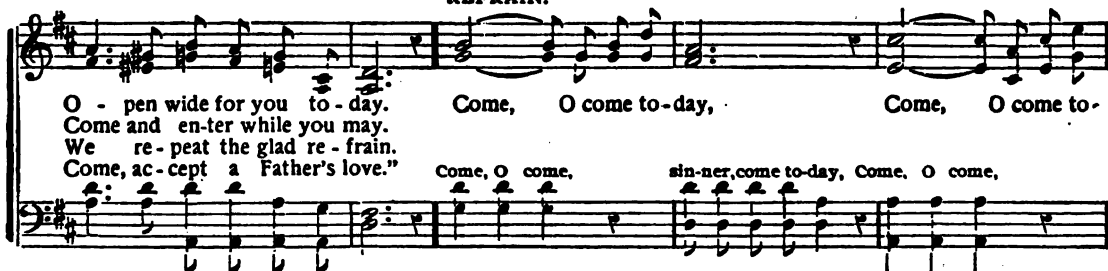
To him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matt. 7:8.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

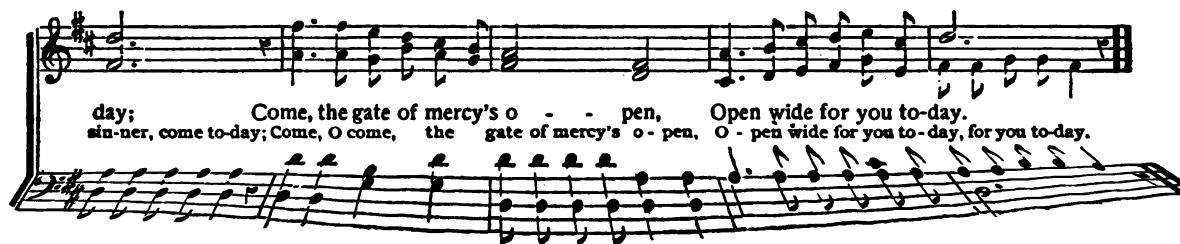


1. Ye who long in sin have wandered, From the Saviour's fold a-way, Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,
 2. Ye who think yourselves unworthy, Oft - en doubt-ing by the way, Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,
 3. Far a-way in realms of glo - ry, An - gel voices chant the strain, "Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen;"
 4. On the ear the tones are fall - ing, Like sweet mu-sic from a-bove, "Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,

REFRAIN.



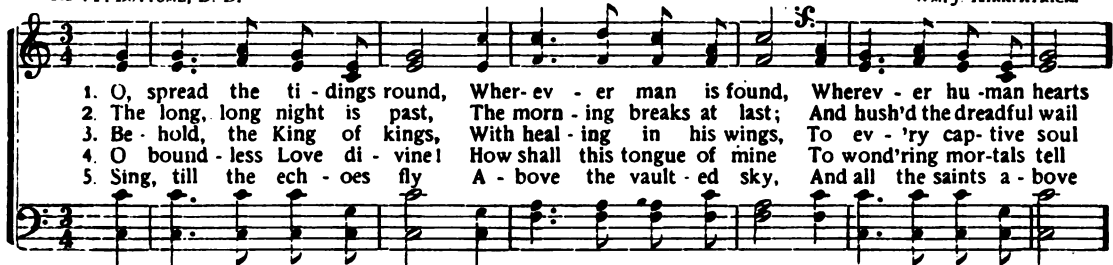
O - pen wide for you to - day. Come, O come to-day, Come, O come to -
 Come and en-ter while you may.
 We re-peat the glad re - frain.
 Come, ac-cept a Father's love." Come, O come, sin-ner, come to-day, Come, O come,



day; Come, the gate of mercy's o - - pen, Open wide for you to-day.
 sin-ner, come to-day; Come, O come, the gate of mercy's o - pen, O - pen wide for you to-day, for you to-day.

THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15: 16.
REV. F. BORTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O, spread the ti - dings round, Wher - ev - er man is found, Wherev - er hu - man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn - ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, With heal - ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap - tive soul
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor - tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault - ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D. S.— The Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n,



And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian tongue Pro - claim the joy - ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The day ad - van - ces fast:
A full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The song of tri - umph rings:
The match - less grace di - vine, That I, a child of sin, Should in his im - age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa - ther's prom - ise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher - ev - er man is found,



The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come!

The Com - fort - er has come!

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ABLE TO SAVE AND KEEP.

C. E. G.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."—Jude 1:24.

P. BILHORN, by per.

1. He's a - ble to keep you from falling, He's a - ble all things to sub - due, To bind up the
 2. He's a - ble to heal our dis - eas - es, Our bod - ies his pow'r can make whole; He's a - ble to
 3. He's a - ble to car - ry our burdens, To rid us of all anx - ious care; He's a - ble to
 4. God's tho'ts to his chil - dren are precious, All this and much more will he give; Thro' faith in the

CHORUS.

brok - en in - spir - it, And save to the ut - ter - most too.
 keep us from sinning, And per - fect his life in the soul. A - ble, will - ing, .
 rest us when wea - ry, He's will - ing our cross - es to share.
 dear name of Je - sus, We ask and thro' him we re - ceive. A - ble to save, a - ble to keep,

a - ble and will - ing to save; A - ble, will - ing, Je - sus is a - ble to save.

Copyright 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

A - ble to save, a - ble to keep.

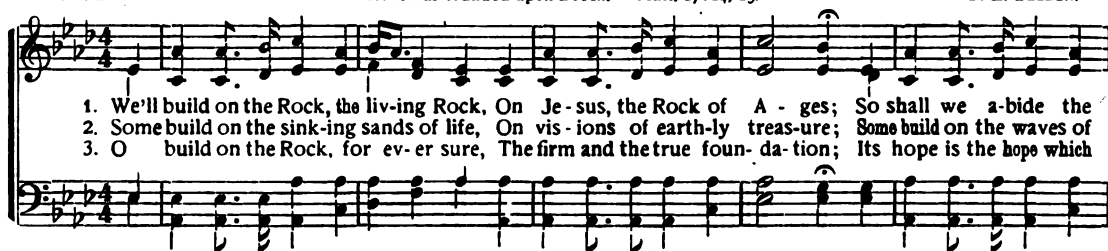
BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not:

F. E. B.

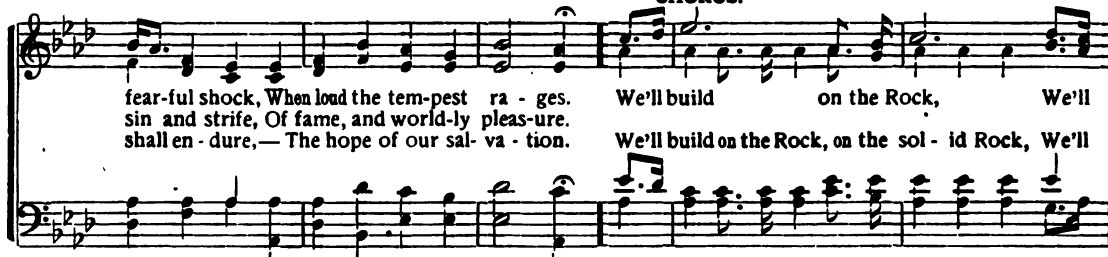
for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 27:24, 25.

F. E. BELDEN.

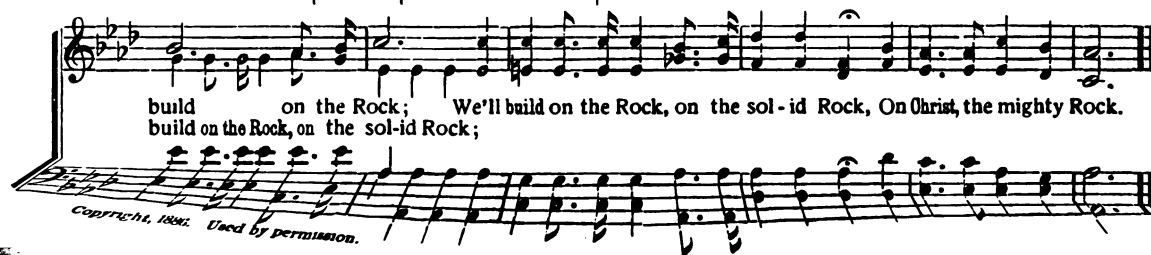


1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A - ges; So shall we a-bide the
 2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis - ions of earth-ly treas-ure; Some build on the waves of
 3. O build on the Rock, for ev - er sure, The firm and the true foun-da-tion; Its hope is the hope which

CHORUS.



fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra - ges. We'll build on the Rock, We'll
 sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure. We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, We'll
 shall en - dure,— The hope of our sal - va - tion.



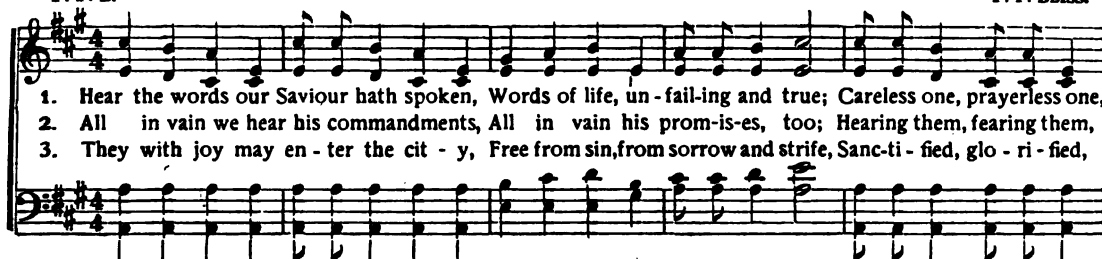
build on the Rock; We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
 build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2:13.

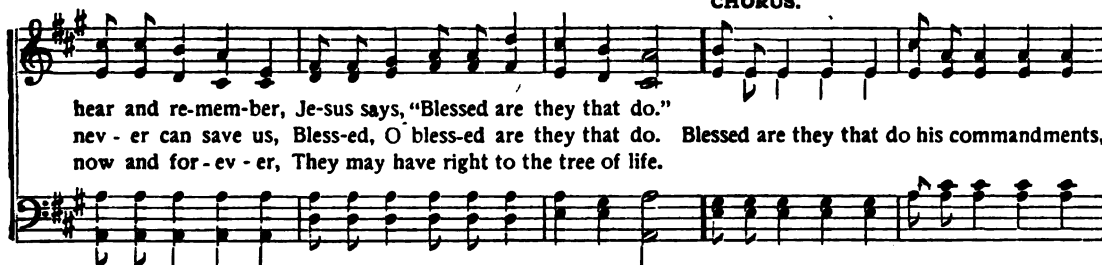
P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

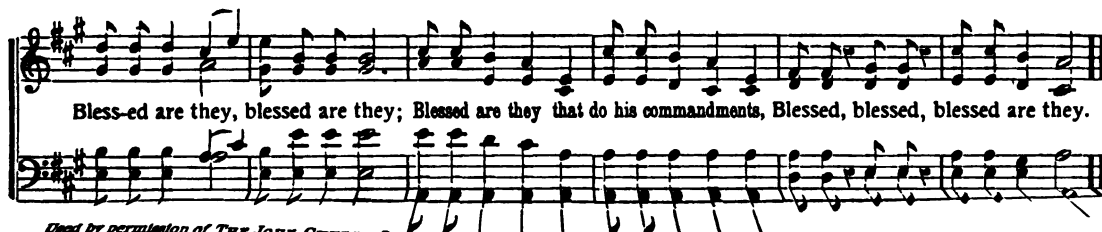


1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un-fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one,
 2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his prom-is-es, too; Hearing them, fearing them,
 3. They with joy may en-ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife, Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied,

CHORUS.



hear and re-mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
 nev-er can save us, Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Blessed are they that do his commandments;
 now and for-ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life.



Bless-ed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

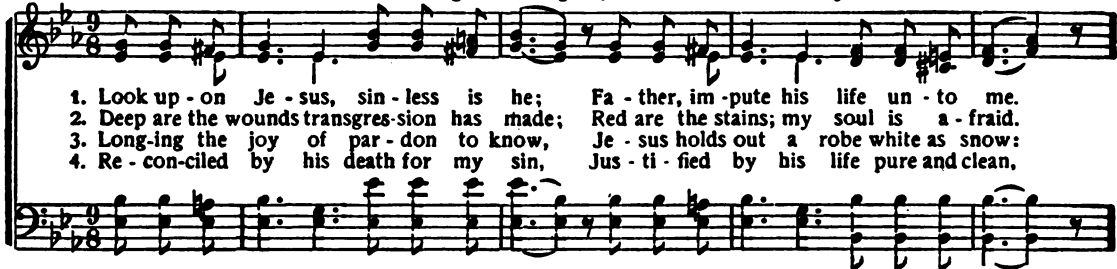
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COVER WITH HIS LIFE.

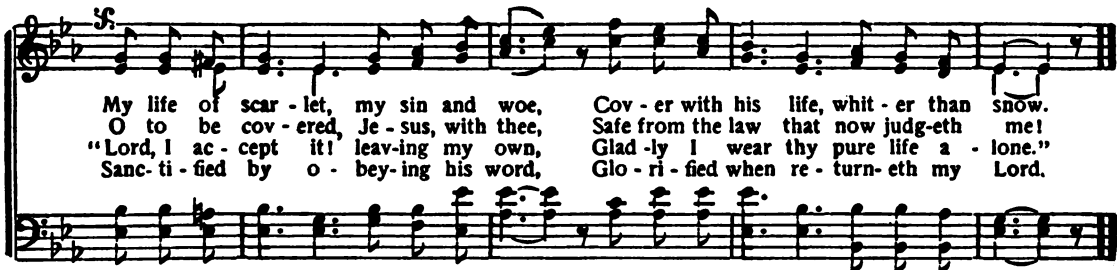
F. E. B.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."—Ps. 32: 1.

F. E. BELDEN.



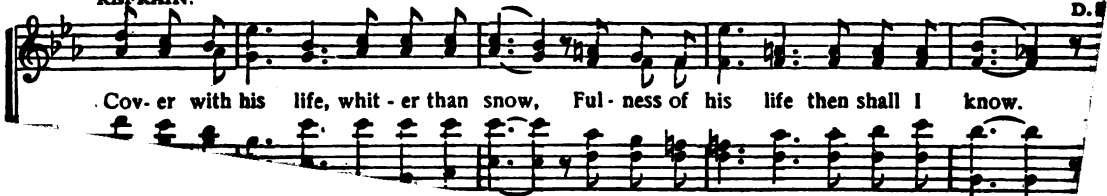
1. Look up - on Je - sus, sin - less is he; Fa - ther, im - pute his life un - to me.
 2. Deep are the wounds transgres - sion has made; Red are the stains; my soul is a - fraid.
 3. Long - ing the joy of par - don to know, Je - sus holds out a robe white as snow:
 4. Re - con - ciled by his death for my sin, Jus - ti - fied by his life pure and clean,



My life of scar - let, my sin and woe, Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow.
 O to be cov - ered, Je - sus, with thee, Safe from the law that now judg - eth me!
 "Lord, I ac - cept it! leav - ing my own, Glad - ly I wear thy pure life a - lone."
 Sanc - ti - fied by o - bey - ing his word, Glo - ri - fied when re - turn - eth my Lord.

D. S.— My life of scar - let, my sin and woe, Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow.

REFRAIN.



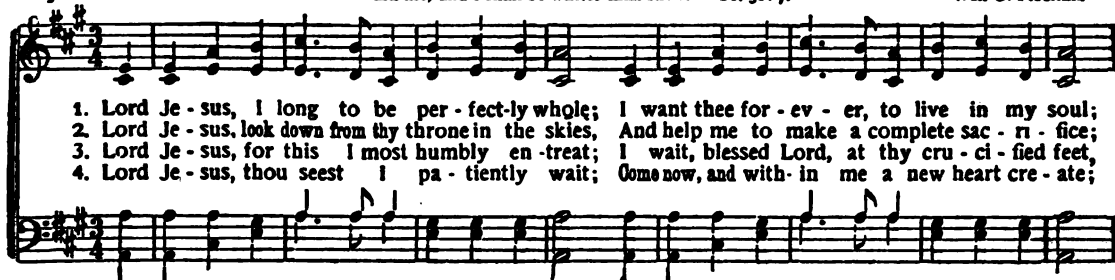
Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow, Ful - ness of his life then shall I know.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

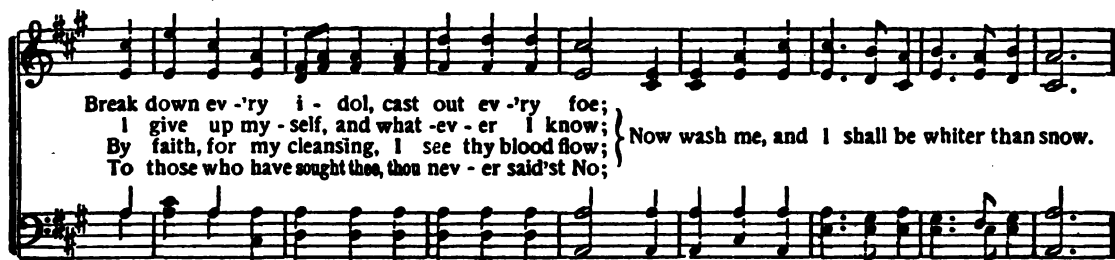
JAS. NICHOLSON.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

WM. G. FISCHER.



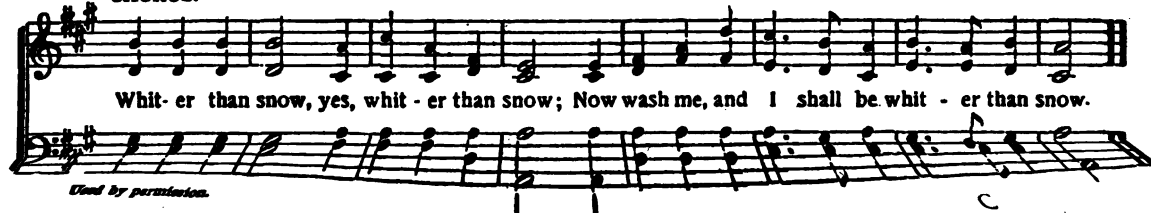
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect-ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice;
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet,
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;



Break down ev -'ry i - dol, cast out ev -'ry foe;
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
 To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. "The Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners."— Luke 15: 2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'T is to-day the same as then, Christ re-
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is -
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scarlet white and pure; O come, and he will give you rest; Trust his
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in

CHORUS.

ceiv-eth sin - ful men.
lin-ger, all who fall.
fies its full de-mand.
word, for-ev-er sure.
life, and earth in heav'n.

Wonderful word, - - O sweet re - frain! Christ re - ceives - - sin - ful

Wonderful word, O sweet and glad refrain!

Christ receives

men (O praise his name!) Message of mer - cy, clear and plain, — Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men (praise his name!)
Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,

I'M SO GLAD!

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18 : 16.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I'm so glad that Je - sus said, "Let the chil-dren come to me," Placed his hands upon each head,
 2. He's the same as long a - go, Time can nev - er change his love; Like a stream 'twill ev - er flow
 3. Sweet-er still his voice will sound, When he speaks the glad "well done!" As the chil-dren gath-er 'round

REFRAIN. *Slowly and softly.*

Spoke so ten - der - ly:
 From the Fount a - bove. "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come to me, Of such shall the kingdom of
 Je - sus on his throne.

faster.

heav-en be." Glad-ly we will come, glad-ly we will come, Joy-ful - ly we come to Je - sus.

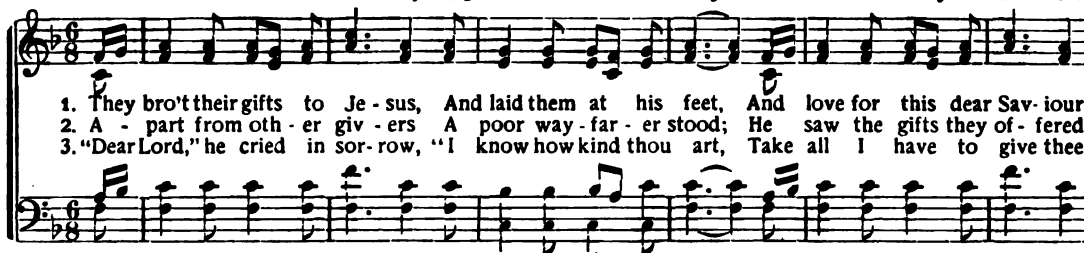
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SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

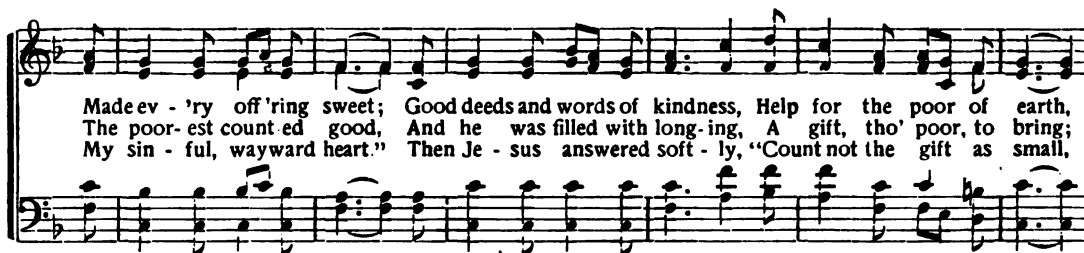
EBEN E. REXFORD.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

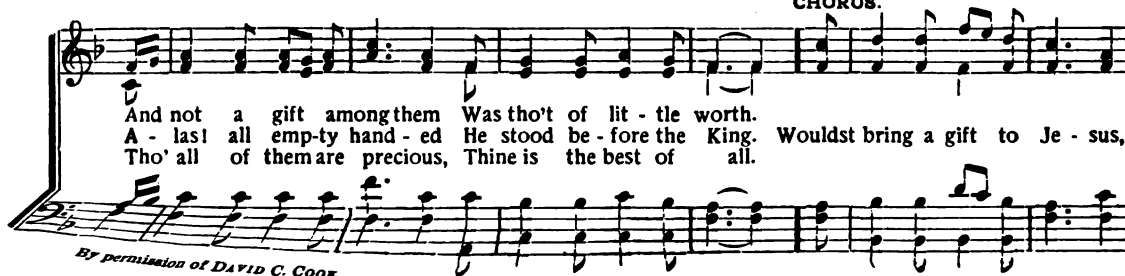


1. They bro't their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear Sav - iour
 2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood; He saw the gifts they of - fered
 3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to give thee



Made ev - 'ry off 'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,
 The poor - est count ed good, And he was filled with long - ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
 My sin - ful, wayward heart." Then Je - sus answered soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small,

CHORUS.



And not a gift among them Was tho't of lit - tle worth.
 A - las! all emp - ty hand - ed He stood be - fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus,
 Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

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SOMETHING FOR JESUS.—CONCLUDED.



That he will count most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

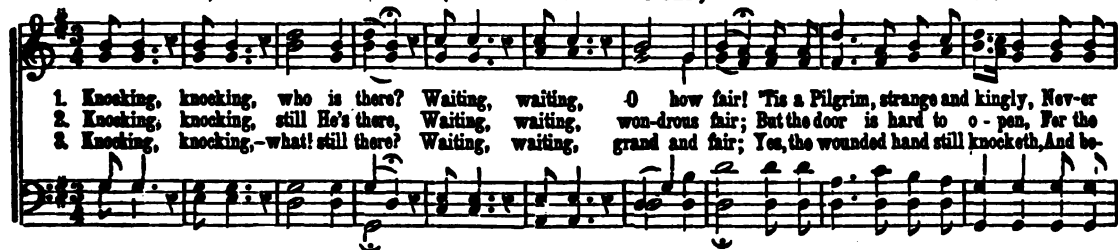
31

KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

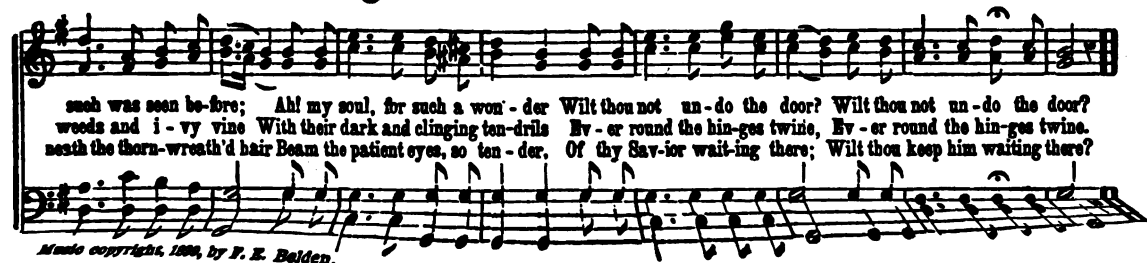
Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

(FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES)

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, O how fair! 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Nev-er
 2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, won-drous fair; But the door is hard to o - pen, For the
 3. Knocking, knocking,—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh, And be-



such was seen be-fore; Ah! my soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un-do the door? Wilt thou not un-do the door?
 woods and i - vy vine With their dark and clinging ten-drills Ev - er round the hin-ges twine, Ev - er round the hin-ges twine.
 nesth the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so ten - der. Of thy Sav-ior wait-ing there; Wilt thou keep him waiting there?

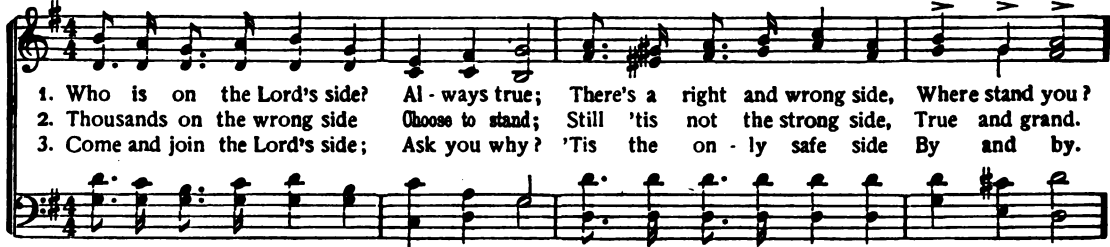
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WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. E. B.

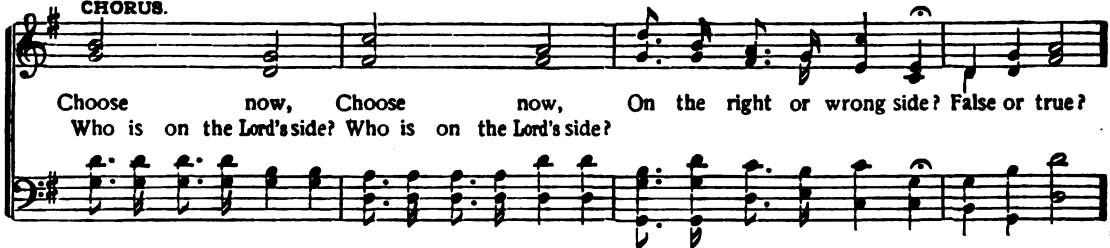
"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32:26.

F. E. BELDEN,



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al - ways true; There's a right and wrong side, Where stand you?
 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Still 'tis not the strong side, True and grand.
 3. Come and join the Lord's side; Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side By and by.

CHORUS.



Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?



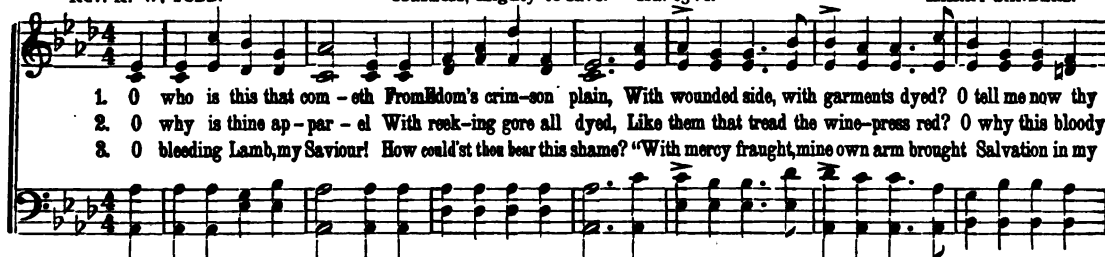
Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

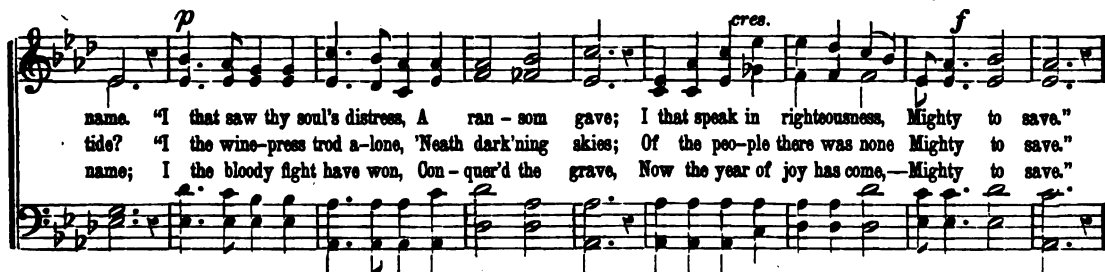
"Who is this that cometh from Edom, . . . traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63:1.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

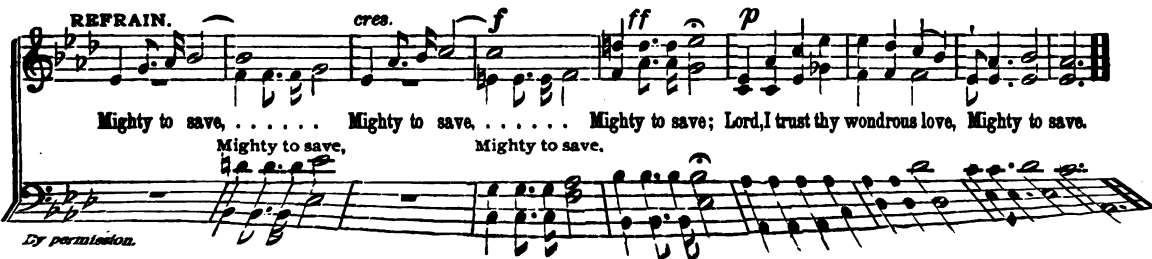
HARRY SANDERS.



1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crim-son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy
 2. O why is thine ap-par-el With reek-ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Salvation in my



name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran-som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo-ple there was none Mighty to save."
 name; I the bloody fight have won, Con-quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come,—Mighty to save."



REFRAIN.

Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

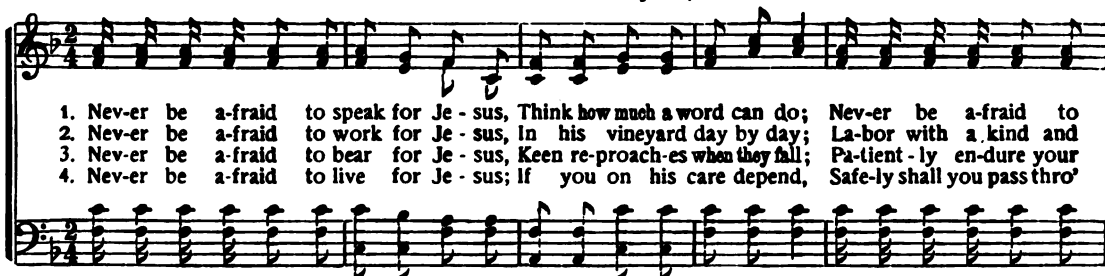
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NEVER BE AFRAID.

ANON.

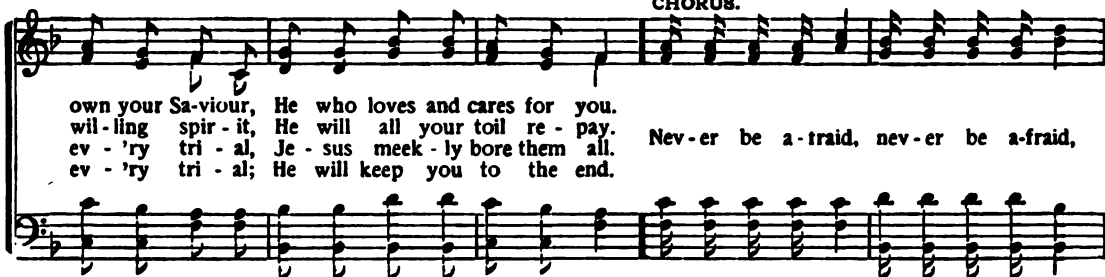
"There is no fear in love."—1 John 4:18.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Nev-er be a-fraid to
 2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; La-bor with a kind and
 3. Nev-er be a-fraid to bear for Je - sus, Keen re-proach-es when they fall; Pa-tient - ly en-dure your
 4. Nev-er be a-fraid to live for Je - sus; If you on his care depend, Safe-ly shall you pass thro'

CHORUS.



own your Sa-viour, He who loves and cares for you.
 wil - ling spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay. Nev-er be a - traid, nev - er be a - afraid,
 ev - 'ry tri - al, Je - sus meek - ly bore them all.
 ev - 'ry tri - al; He will keep you to the end.



Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er; Je - sus is your lov - ing Sa - viour, Therefore nev - er be a - afraid.

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BRAVELY SAY NO!

F. E. B.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan; for it written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—Luke 4:8.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Brave-ly say No! when tempt-ed to sin, List to the voice of conscience with-in;
 2. Oft-en the tempt-er comes with a song, Strew-ing with flow'rs the path-way of wrong;
 3. Je-sus was tempt-ed just as we are, Sin could not stain him, sin could not mar;

Je-sus will help you cour-age to show; Turn from the wrong and brave-ly say No!
 Watch and be read-y al-ways to say, "No" to the voice that calls you a-way.
 We have the pow'r to keep him with-in, He has the pow'r to keep us from sin.

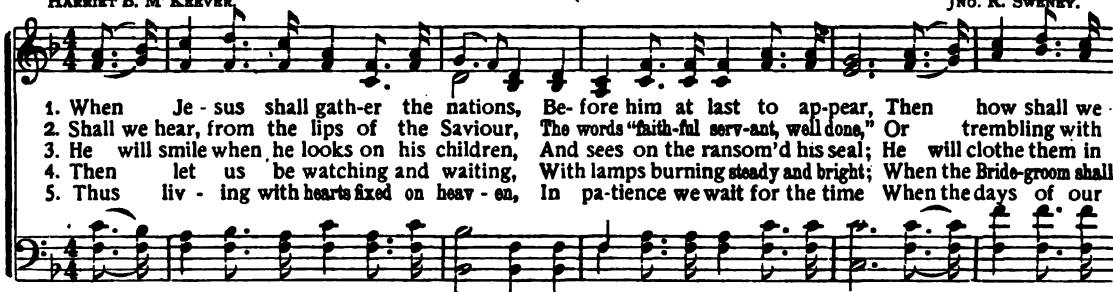
CHORUS.

Brave-ly say No! Al-ways say No! Je-sus will help you; Brave-ly say No!

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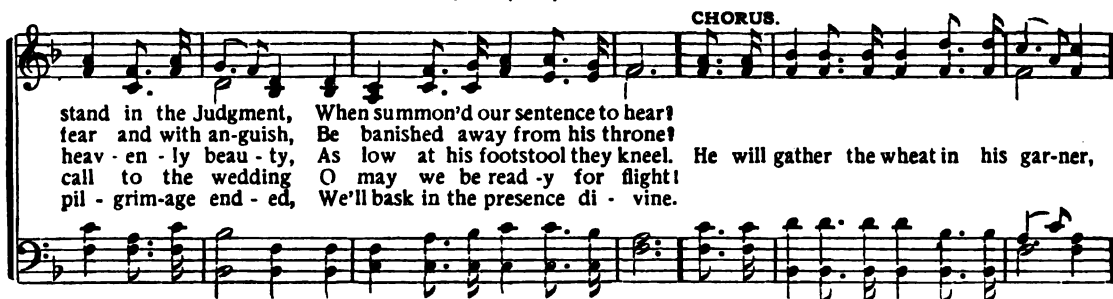
HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."— Luke 3: 17.
 HARRIET B. M' KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

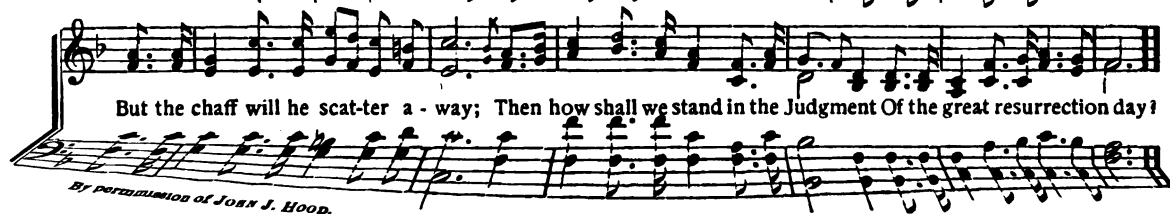


1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the nations, Be - fore him at last to ap - pear, Then how shall we
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "faith - ful serv - ant, well done," Or trembling with
 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in
 4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bride - groom shall
 5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa - tience we wait for the time When the days of our

CHORUS.



stand in the Judgment, When summon'd our sentence to hear!
 fear and with an - guish, Be banished away from his throne!
 heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel. He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner,
 call to the wedding O may we be read - y for flight!
 pil - grim - age end - ed, We'll bask in the presence di - vine.

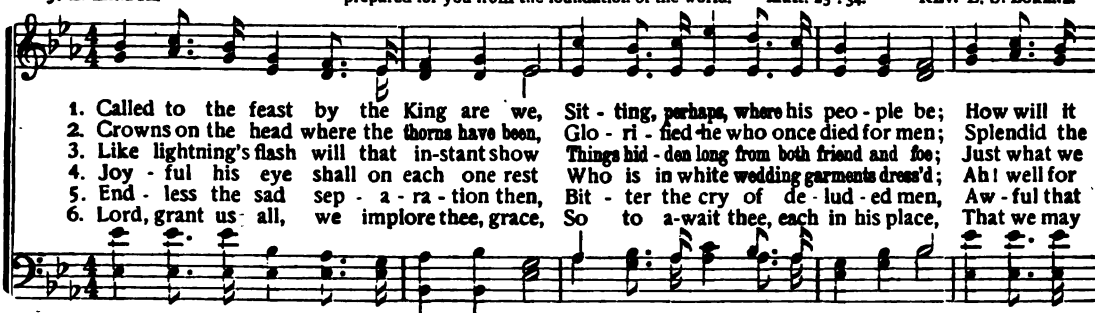


But the chaff will he scat - ter a - way; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day!

By permission of JOHN J. HOOD.


WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25:34. REV. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, ~~perhaps~~, where his peo - ple be; How will it
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied ~~he~~ who once died for men; Splendid the
 3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe; Just what we
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dress'd; Ah! well for
 5. End - less the sad sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de - lud - ed men, Aw - ful that
 6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to a - wait thee, each in his place, That we may

REFRAIN.



fare, friend, with thee and me When the King comes in?
 vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in. When the King comes in, broth - er,
 us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
 mo - ment of an - guish when Christ the King comes in.
 fear not to see thy face When thou com - est in.

When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the noon - day glare,
 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a mad - dened brain,
 4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start,



rit.
 Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night.
 Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil.
 Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.
 Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home.

CHORUS.



Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;

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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah! sure will the har - vest be. *rit.*

39

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."—John 10:15.

J. E. WHITE.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
 2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry-cir-cled throne, I left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitt' rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hall,

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

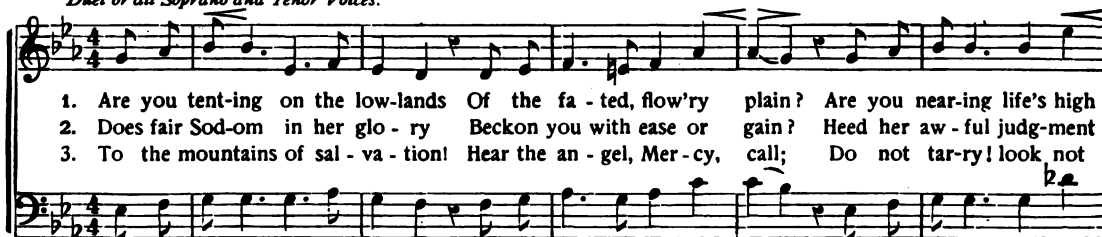
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KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.

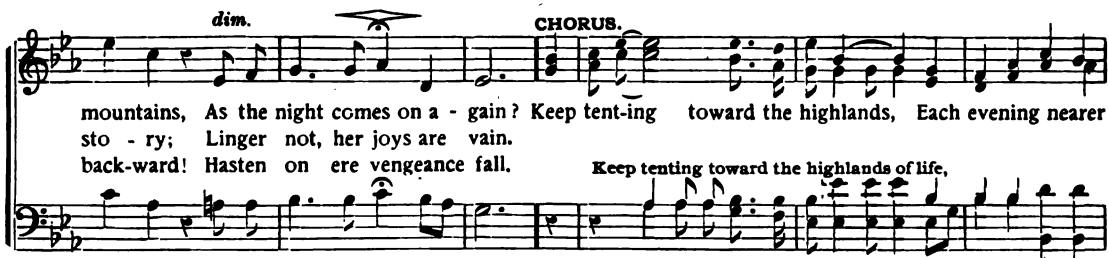
F. E. B.

"Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."—Gen. 19:17.

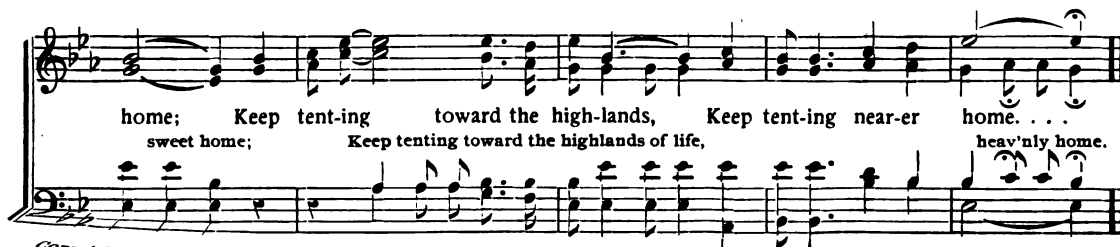
F. E. BELDEN.

Duet or all Soprano and Tenor Voices.


1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow'ry plain? Are you near-ing life's high
 2. Does fair Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain? Heed her aw - ful judg-ment
 3. To the mountains of sal - va - tion! Hear the an - gel, Mer - cy, call; Do not tar-ry! look not



dim. CHORUS.
 mountains, As the night comes on a - gain? Keep tent-ing toward the highlands, Each evening nearer
 sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
 back-ward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall. Keep tenting toward the highlands of life,



home; Keep tent-ing toward the high-lands, Keep tent-ing near-er home. . . .
 sweet home; Keep tenting toward the highlands of life, heav'nly home.

WILL YOU GO?

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross,
and follow me."—Matt. 16:24.

ART. by F. E. BELDEN.

ANON.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
2. In that blessed land, neither sigh - ing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glo - ri - fied rove:
3. No fraud, nor de - ceit, nor the hand of op - pression, Can in - jure the dwellers in that ho - ly grove;
4. No pov - er - ty there, no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
5. And yet, guilty sin - ner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet a moment as onward we move;

Ye wand'ers from God, in the broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove!
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in mis - e - ry languish,
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
No sickness can reach them, that coun - try is health - y;
O, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee, And bear thee a - long to the E - den a - bove.

CHORUS.

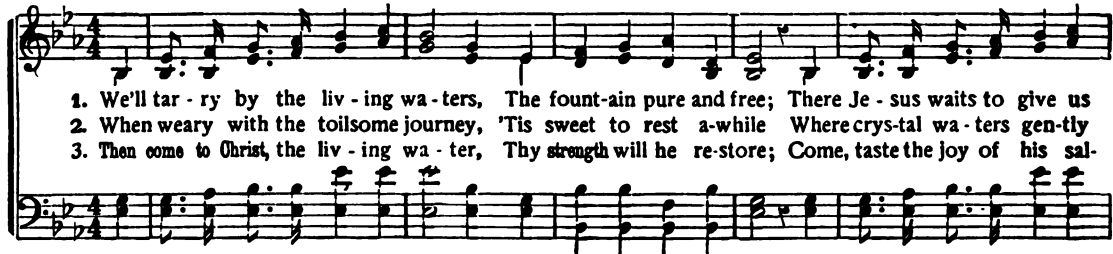
Will you go, will you go, Will you go, will you go! O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove!

TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

F. E. B.

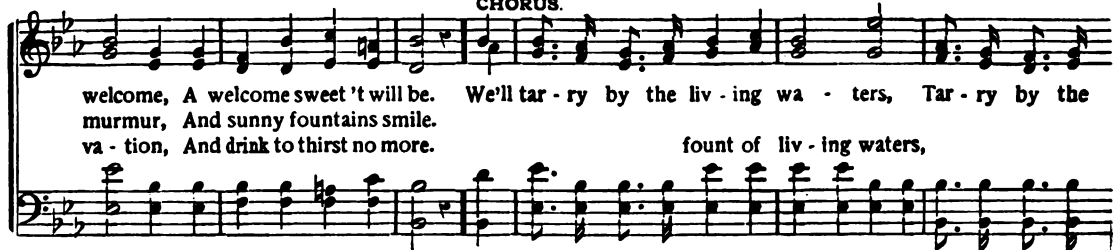
"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

F. E. BELDEN.

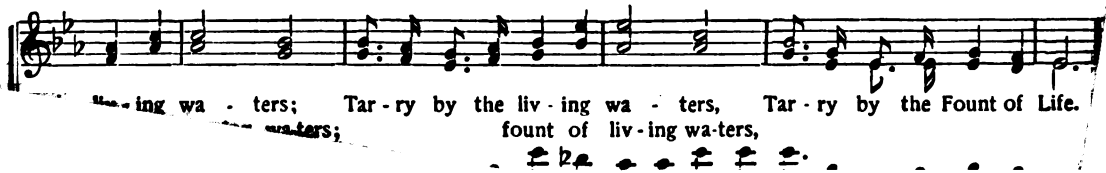


1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount-ain pure and free; There Je - sus waits to give us
 2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a-while Where crys-tal wa - ters gen-tly
 3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re-store; Come, taste the joy of his sal-

CHORUS.



welcome, A welcome sweet 't will be. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the
 murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
 va - tion, And drink to thirst no more. fount of liv - ing waters,



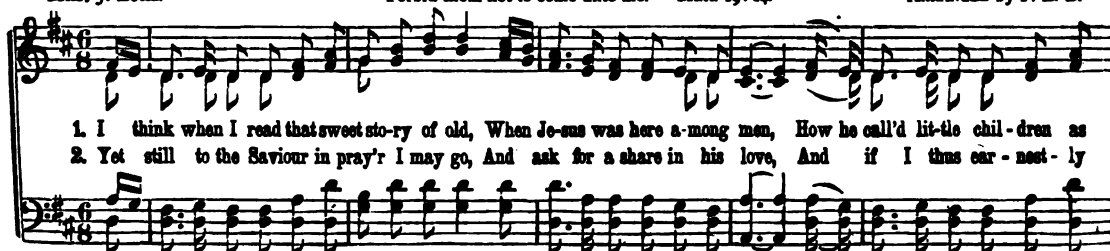
ing wa - ters; Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.
 waters; fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.

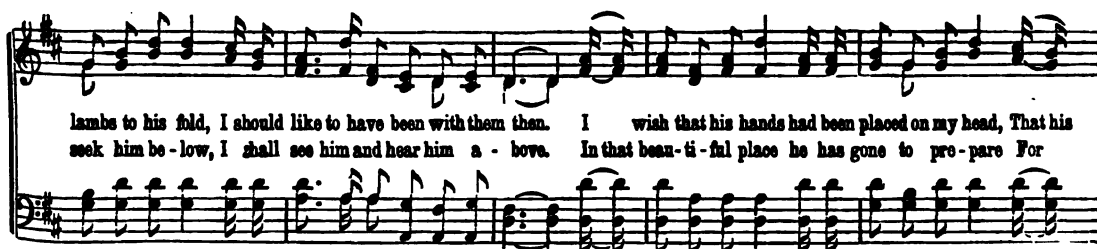
Mrs. J. LUKK.

"Forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

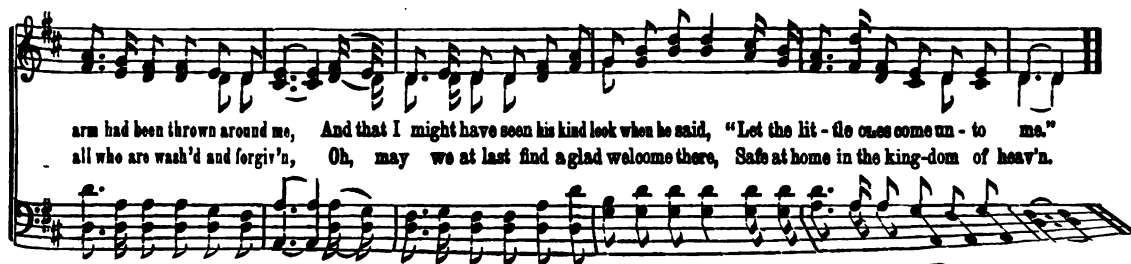
ARRANGED by F. E. B.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as
2. Yet still to the Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus ear-nest-ly



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove. In that beau-ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For



arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."
all who are wash'd and forgiv'n, Oh, may we at last find a glad welcome there, Safe at home in the king-dom of heav'n.

CALLING.

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live."—Isa. 55:3.

W. L. T.

Slow and tenderly.

W. L. THOMPSON, by per.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won - der - ful love he has promised, Prom - ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por - tal he's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath' - ring and death's night is com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Cóme home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, come home,

CALLING.—CONCLUDED.



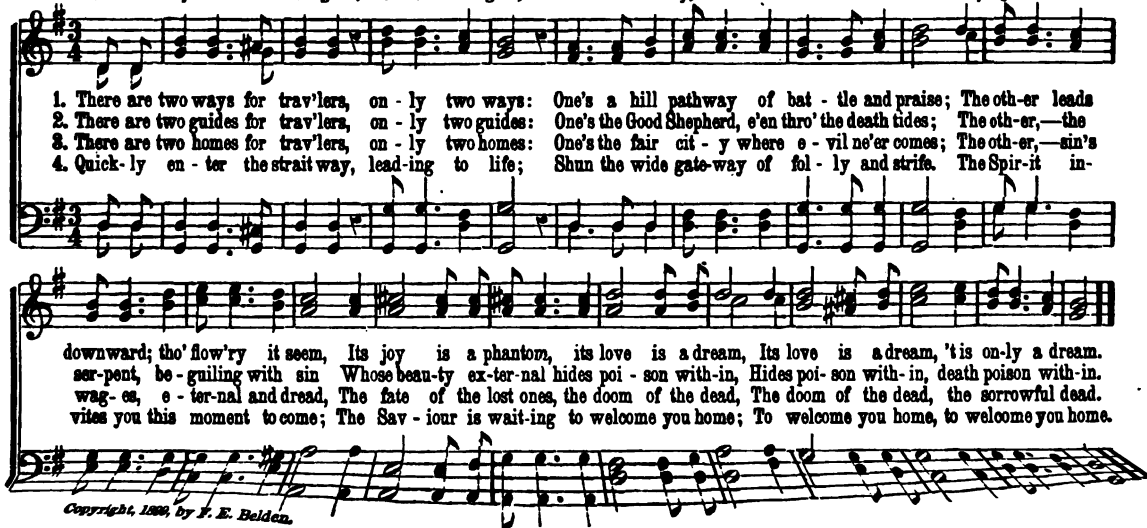
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

45

ONLY TWO WAYS.

(Duet or quartet for male voices. For ladies' voices, alto sing bass notes an octave higher.)

F. E. B. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction."—Matt. 7:13. F. E. B.



1. There are two ways for trav'lers, on - ly two ways: One's a hill pathway of bat - tle and praise; The oth - er leads
 2. There are two guides for trav'lers, on - ly two guides: One's the Good Shepherd, e'en thro' the death tides; The oth - er, — the
 3. There are two homes for trav'lers, on - ly two homes: One's the fair cit - y where e - vil ne'er comes; The oth - er, — sin's
 4. Quick - ly en - ter the strait way, lead - ing to life; Shun the wide gate - way of fol - ly and strife. The Spir - it in -

downward; the flow'ry it seem, Its joy is a phantom, its love is a dream, Its love is a dream, 'tis on - ly a dream.
 ser - pent, be - guil - ing with sin Whose beau - ty ex - ter - nal hides poi - son with - in, Hides poi - son with - in, death poison with - in.
 wag - ea, e - ter - nal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sorrowful dead.
 vites you this moment to come; The Sav - iour is wait - ing to welcome you home; To welcome you home, to welcome you home.

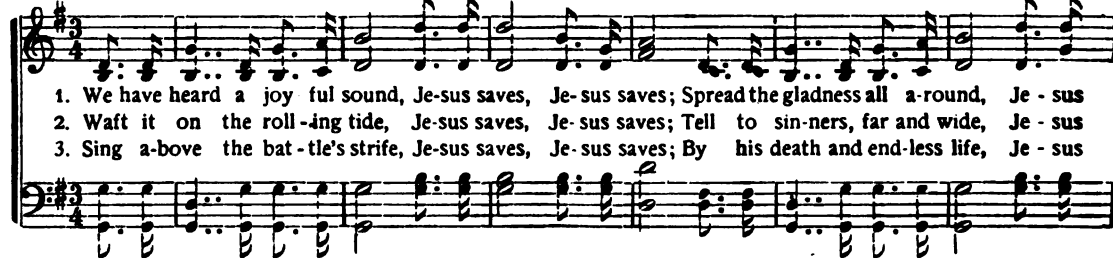
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JESUS SAVES.

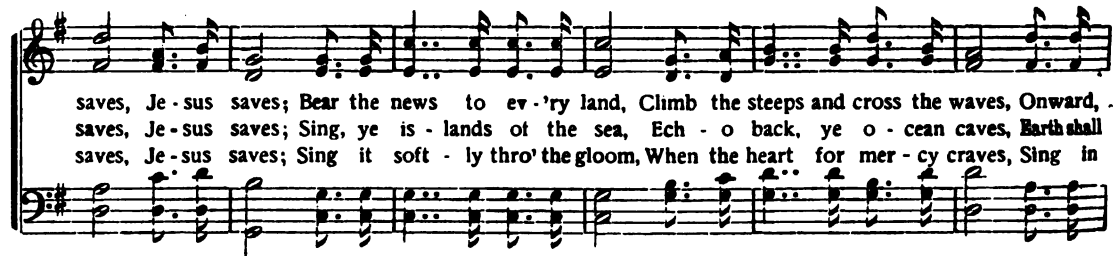
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—Rom. 10:13.

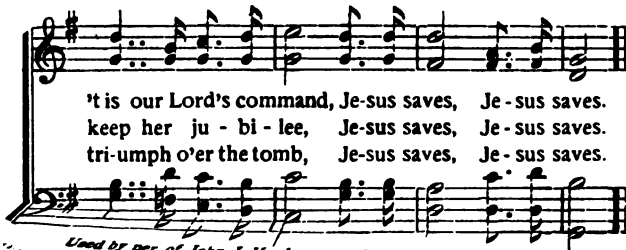
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the gladness all a-round, Je-sus
 2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus
 3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By his death and end-less life, Je-sus



saves, Je-sus saves; Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves, Onward,
 saves, Je-sus saves; Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves, Earth shall
 saves, Je-sus saves; Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves, Sing in



't is our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
 keep her ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
 tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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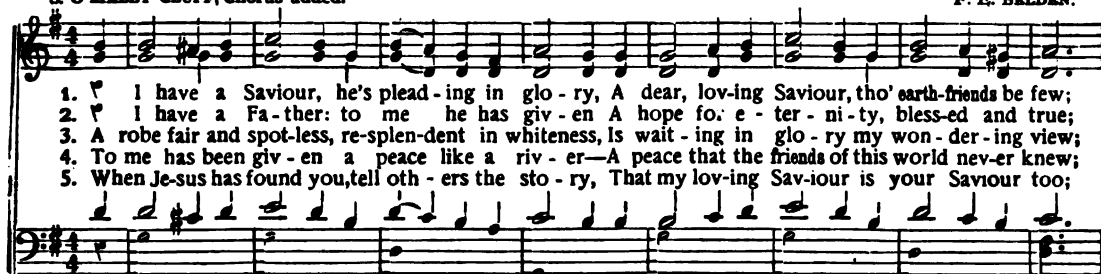
4. Give the winds a mighty voice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Let the nations now rejoice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves,
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO.

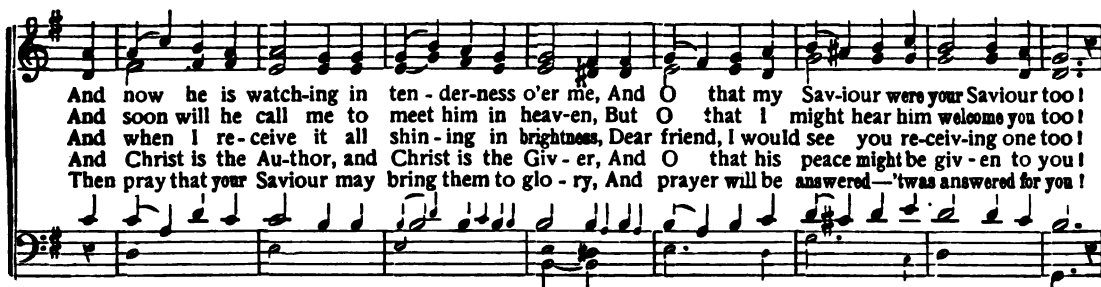
(TRIO. If sung as duet for Soprano and Tenor, Tenor take small notes.)

S. O'MALLY CLUFF, Chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. ♪ I have a Saviour, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Saviour, tho' earth - friends be few;
 2. ♪ I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope fo: e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true;
 3. A robe fair and spot - less, re - splen - dent in whiteness, Is wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der - ing view;
 4. To me has been giv - en a peace like a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew;
 5. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav - iour is your Saviour too;



And now he is watch - ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, And O that my Sav - iour were your Saviour too!
 And soon will he call me to meet him in heav - en, But O that I might hear him welcome you too!
 And when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in bright - ness, Dear friend, I would see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
 And Christ is the Au - thor, and Christ is the Giv - er, And O that his peace might be giv - en to you!
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.



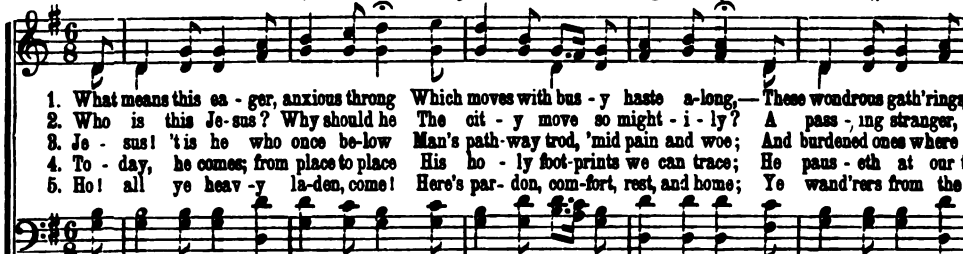
Your Sav - iour, too, Your Sav - iour, too; My Sav - iour bids me tell you, He's your Sav - iour, too.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

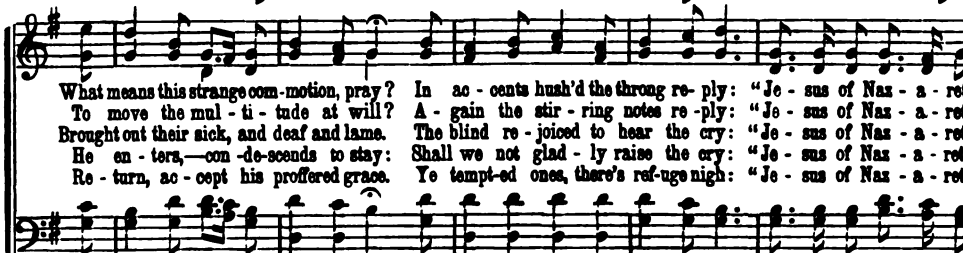
EMMA CAMPBELL.

"When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—Mark 10: 47.

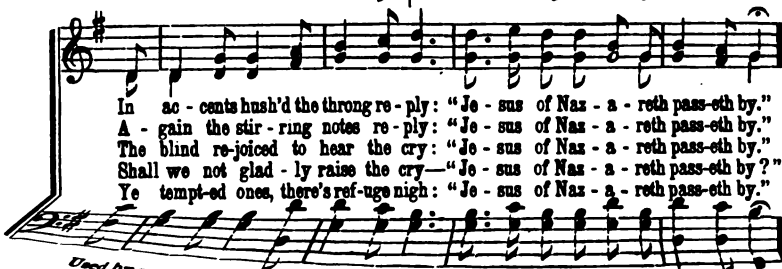
THIR



1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng Which moves with bus-y haste a-long,—These wondrous gath'ring
 2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should he The cit-y move so might-i-ly? A pass-ing stranger,
 3. Je-sus! 'tis he who once be-low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe; And burdened ones where
 4. To-day, he comes; from place to place His ho-ly foot-prints we can trace; He pass-eth at our
 5. Ho! all ye heav-y la-den, come! Here's par-don, com-fort, rest, and home; Ye wand'ers from the



What means this strange com-mo-tion, pray? In ac-cents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-ret
 To move the mul-ti-tude at will? A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-ret
 Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame. The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-ret
 He en-ter-a, con-de-scends to stay: Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-ret
 Re-turn, ac-cept his proffered grace. Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-ret



In ac-cents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by?"
 Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

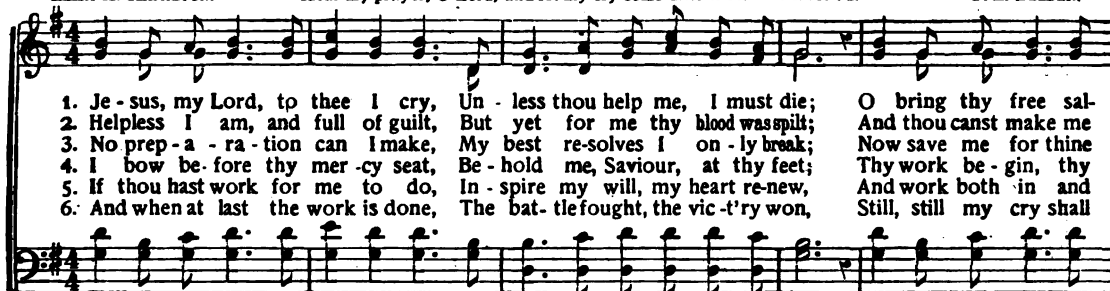
6. But if you still this c
 And all his wondrous
 At last he'll sadly fr
 Who now his invit
 !: "Too late! too late!"
 "Jesus of Nazareth has

TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."— Ps. 102 : 1.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me, I must die; O bring thy free sal-
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt; And thou canst make me
 3. No pre - pa - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break; Now save me for thine
 4. I bow be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Be - hold me, Saviour, at thy feet; Thy work be - gin, thy
 5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new, And work both in and
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, Still, still my cry shall

REFRAIN.



va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 own name's sake, And take me as I am. Take me as I am, Lord, Take me as I am,
 work com - plete, And take me as I am.
 by me too, And take me as I am.
 be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am.

Just as I am; Take me as I am, Lord, take me as I am, Just as I am.

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THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

F. E. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.
(Duet, with Quartet Chorus.)

F. E. BELDEN.

Dolce. *cres.* *dim.*

1. There's room for you to an-chor With - in the port of rest, Where tempests all are o - ver,
 2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait - ing now,—The ship of God's pre-par-ing,
 3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be - low; The same sweet voic-es greet us
 4. O heav - ing, swell - ing billows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be - yond these dreary headlands

p

And calms no more mo - lest; How sweet to wea - ry voya-gers This pre - cious promise giv'n:
 O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mer - cy No tongue can ev - er tell,—
 As in the long a - go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa - ters, Ye tem - pests, cease to blow!
 I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir - it No more for rest shall sigh;

f *dim.* *m* **REFRAIN.**

There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heaven!
 If you but trust his promise, All is well. There's room (for you), there's room (for you);
 I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.
 'Tis there I hope to an - chor, By and by.

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.

mf *f* *dim.* *p*

51

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

WILL E. WITTER. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. O hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

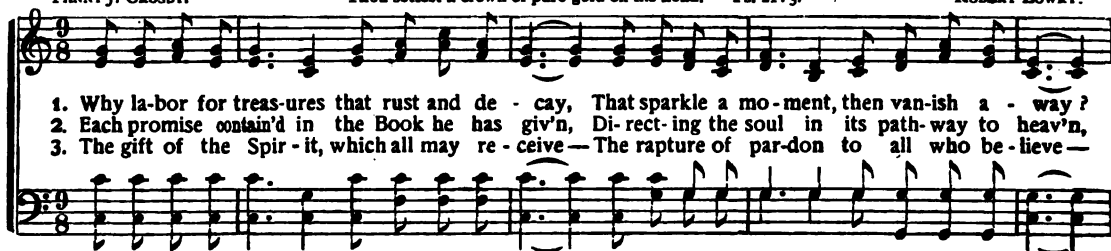
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PURE GOLD.

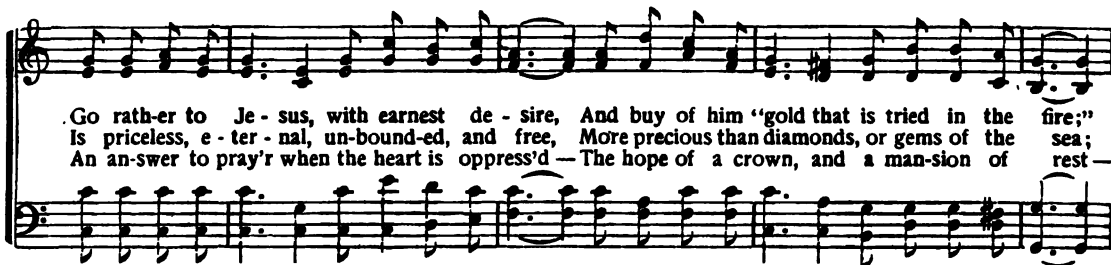
FANNY J. CROSSBY.

"Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head."—Ps. 132:3.

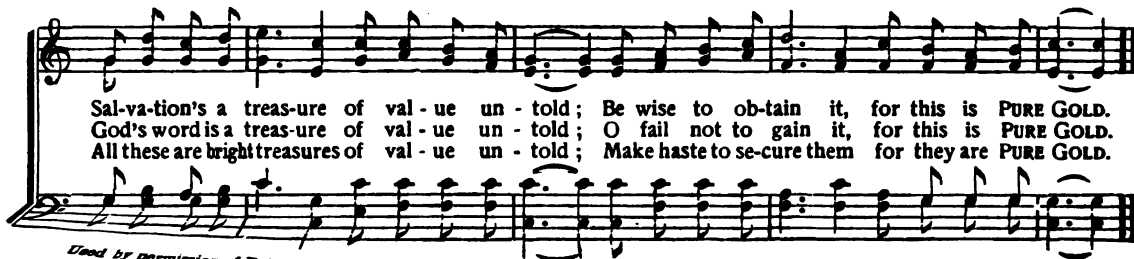
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Why la-bor for treas-ures that rust and de - cay, That sparkle a mo-moment, then van-ish a - way?
 2. Each promise contain'd in the Book he has giv'n, Di-rect-ing the soul in its path-way to heav'n,
 3. The gift of the Spir-it, which all may re-ceive—The rapture of par-don to all who be-lieve—



Go rath-er to Je - sus, with earnest de - sire, And buy of him "gold that is tried in the fire;"
 Is priceless, e - ter - nal, un-bound-ed, and free, More precious than diamonds, or gems of the sea;
 An an-swer to pray'r when the heart is oppress'd—The hope of a crown, and a man-sion of rest—



Sal-va-tion's a treas-ure of val-ue un - told; Be wise to ob-tain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 God's word is a treas-ure of val-ue un - told; O fail not to gain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 All these are bright treasures of val-ue un - told; Make haste to se-cure them for they are PURE GOLD.

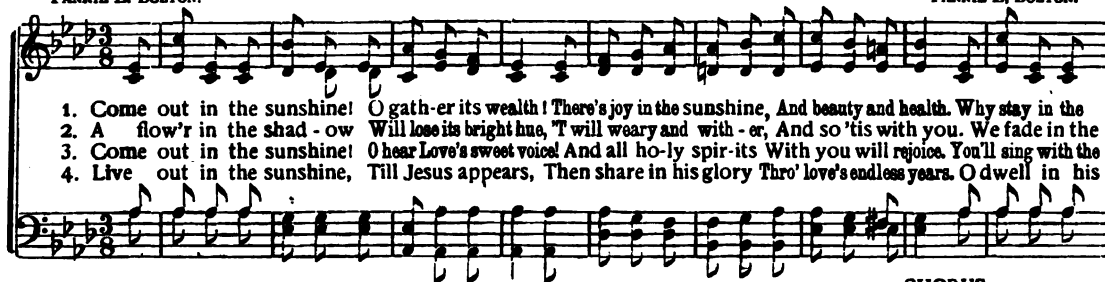
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COME OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

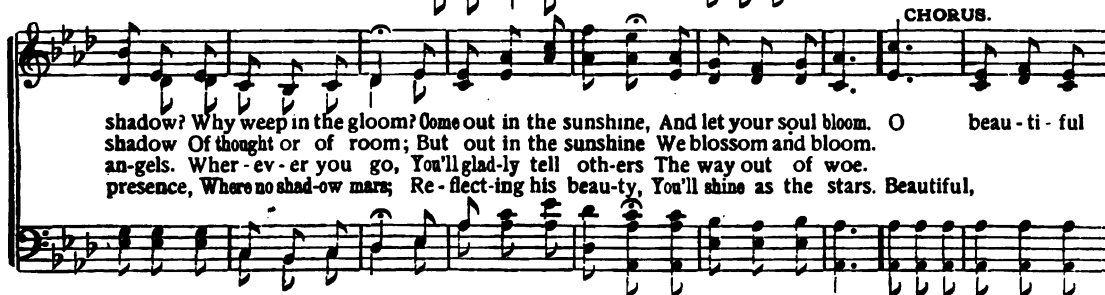
"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness; but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

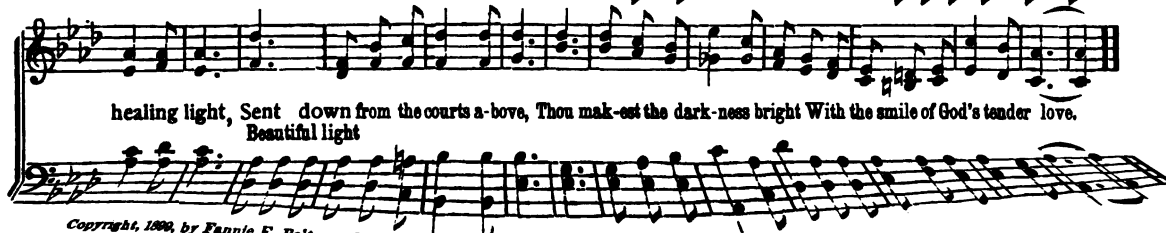
FANNIE E. BOLTON.



1. Come out in the sunshine! O gath-er its wealth! There's joy in the sunshine, And beauty and health. Why stay in the
 2. A flow'r in the shad-ow Will lose its bright hue, 'Till weary and with-er, And so 'tis with you. We fade in the
 3. Come out in the sunshine! O hear Love's sweet voice! And all ho-ly spir-its With you will rejoice. You'll sing with the
 4. Live out in the sunshine, Till Jesus appears, Then share in his glory Thro' love's endless years. O dwell in his



CHORUS.
 shadow? Why weep in the gloom? Come out in the sunshine, And let your soul bloom. O beau-ti-ful
 shadow Of thought or of room; But out in the sunshine We blossom and bloom.
 an-gels. Wher-ev-er you go, You'll glad-ly tell oth-ers The way out of woe.
 presence, Where no shad-ow mars; Re-flect-ing his beau-ty, You'll shine as the stars. Beautiful,



healing light, Sent down from the courts a-bove, Thou mak-est the dark-ness bright With the smile of God's tender love.
 Beautiful light

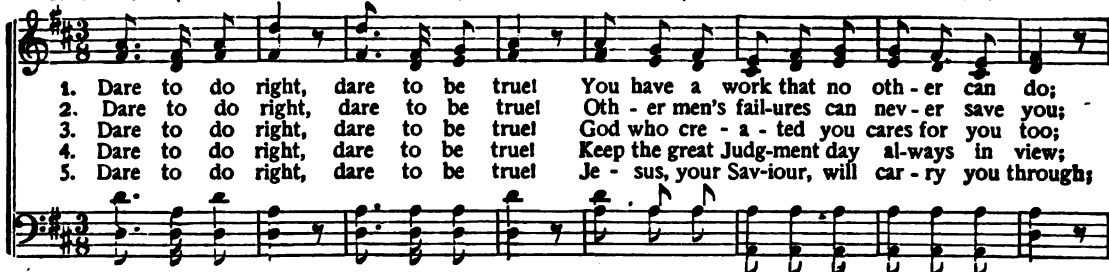
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DARE TO DO RIGHT.

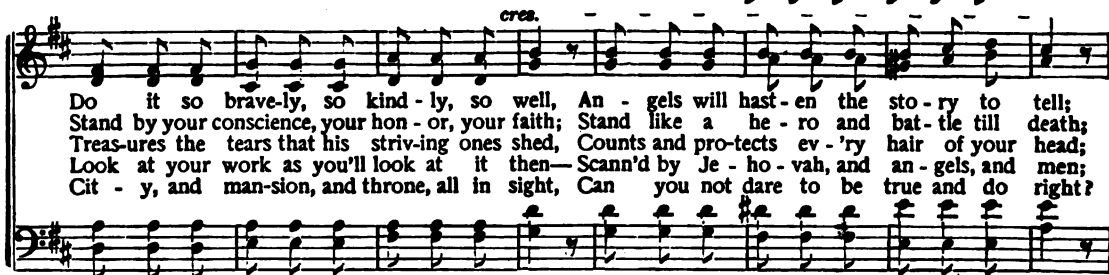
Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR.

"Fear not, I am with thee."—Isa. 41 : 10.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Dare to do right, dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;
 2. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail-ures can nev - er save you;
 3. Dare to do right, dare to be true! God who cre - a - ted you cares for you too;
 4. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Keep the great Judg - ment day al - ways in view;
 5. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Je - sus, your Sav - iour, will car - ry you through;



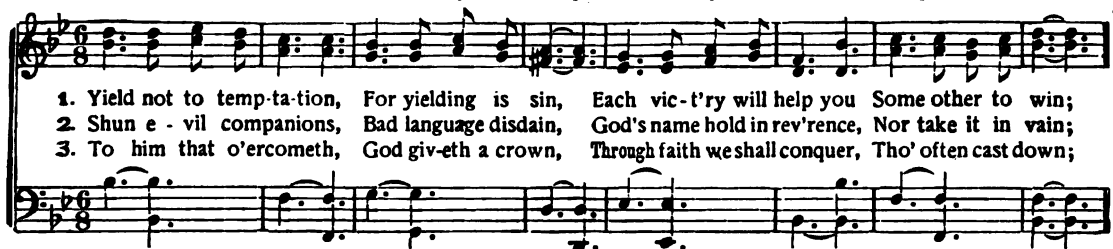
Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell;
 Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith; Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle till death;
 Treas - ures the tears that his striv - ing ones shed, Counts and pro - tects ev - 'ry hair of your head;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—Scann'd by Je - ho - vah, and an - gels, and men;
 Cit - y, and man - sion, and throne, all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right?



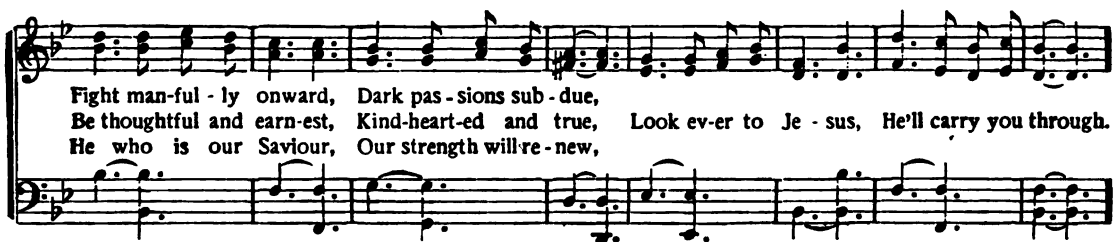
CHORUS.
 An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell. Dare to do right, Dare to be true, Dare! dare! dare to be true!
 Repeat last line of each stanza.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10:13. H. R. PALMER.

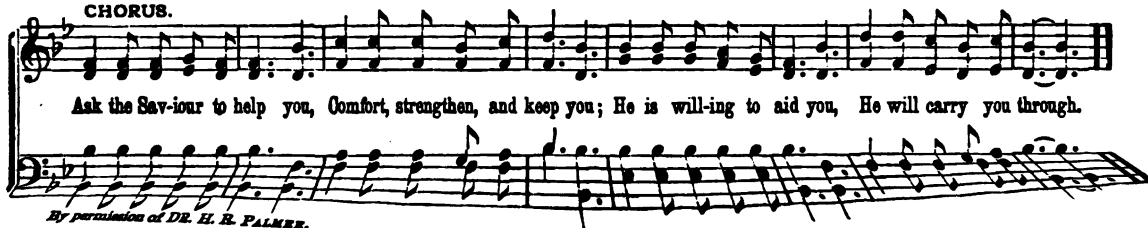


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some other to win;
 2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
 3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;



Fight man-ful - ly onward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
 Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

By permission of DR. H. R. PALMER.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. 44:3. "Return unto me" . . . "ye have robbed me . . . in tithes and offerings. . . . Bring ye *all* the tithes into the storehouse . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. 3:7-12.

F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B.

1. "I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirs - ty, Floods of the Spir - it up - on the dry ground;"
2. Ye who have robbed me in tithes and in off'ings, All to my storehouse now hast-en to bring;
3. Herewith now prove me, by faith-ful-ness prove me, Giv-ing for oth - ers as I give to thee;

On - ly re - turn ye, re - pent and re - turn ye, Seek-ing for-give-ness while mer-cy is found.
Closed are my win-dows, my win-dows of blessing; Can they be o-pened while Self is your king?
Love is the key that un - lock-eth my treasures, Love o - pens heav-en, by faith of-fered free.

REFRAIN.

Lord! Are we not waiting with one ac - cord? } Ye are not ful - ly fol-l'wing my word.
(Omit.)

THE LOST SHEEP.

F. E. BELDEN.

Solo preferred.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
 2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine, Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer,
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the
 4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's track?" They were shed for one who had
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a cry to the

hills a - way, Far, far from the gates of gold; A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the
 "One of mine Has wandered a - way from me, And al-though the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost. Far out on the desert he heard its cry, Fainting and
 gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to
 gate of heav'n,—"Re - joice! I have found my sheep;" And the an - gels sang around the throne, "Re - joice! for the

ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care. [For last stanza only, from old
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep." song, joyfully.]
 helpless, and ready to die, Fainting and helpless, and ready to die.
 night by many a thorn, They are pierced to - night by many a thorn."
 Lord brings back his own, (Omit) Re-joice! for the Lord brings back his own."

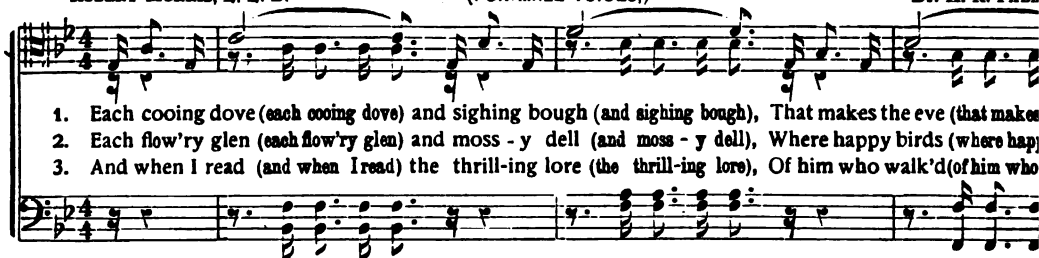
MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

"And he went forth again by the sea side, and all the multitude resorted unto him."—Mark 2:13.

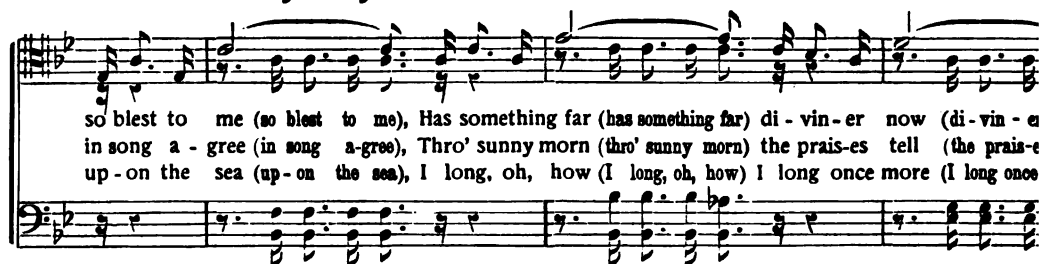
ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

Dr. H. R. PALM

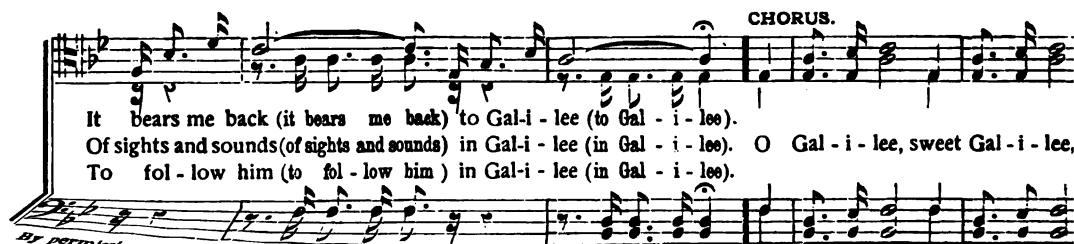


1. Each cooing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough (and sighing bough), That makes the eve (that makes
 2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss - y dell (and moss - y dell), Where happy birds (where hap-
 3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore), Of him who walk'd (of him who



so blest to me (so blest to me), Has something far (has something far) di - vin - er now (di - vin - er
 in song a - gree (in song a - gree), Thro' sunny morn (thro' sunny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es
 up - on the sea (up - on the sea), I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once

CHORUS.



It bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i - lee (to Gal - i - lee).
 Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee). O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,
 To fol - low him (to fol - low him) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—CONCLUDED.



59 JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- REFRAIN.—Just as I am, just as I am,
I'm coming now, just as I am;
Just as I am, just as I am,
I'm coming now, just as I am.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, peace for troubled mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
4. Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken all the barriers down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

60 CALVARY.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- CRO.—O Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus gave his life for me;
O Calvary, dark Calvary!
I look away to Calvary.
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
3. Since I, who was undone and lost,
Have pardon through his name and word;
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

ISAAC WATTS

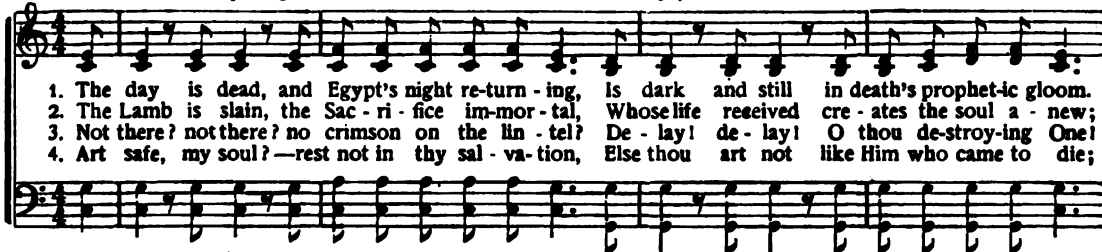
THE PASSOVER.

F. E. B.

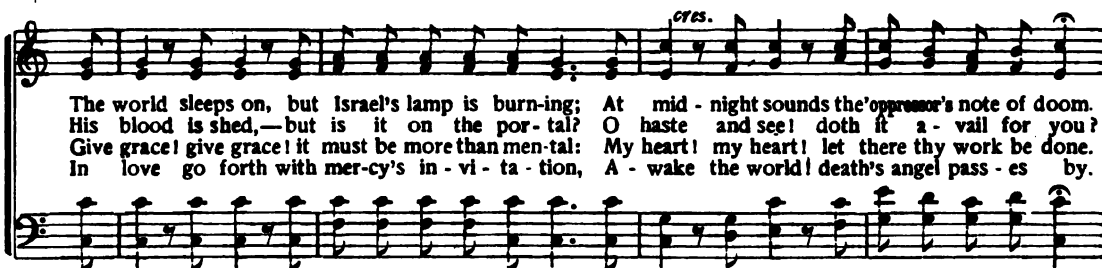
Slow, with feeling.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13. "Christ our passover
is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

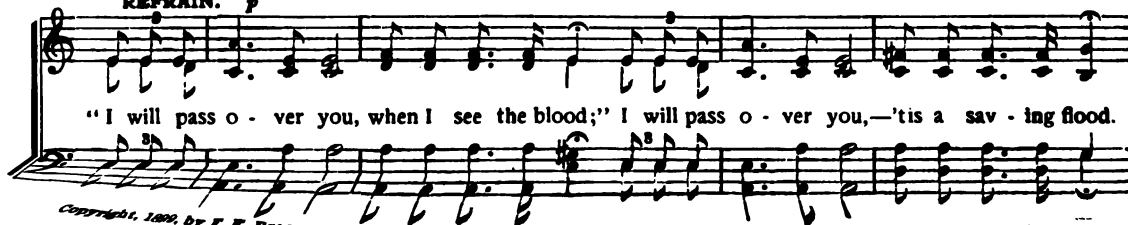
F. E. BELDEN.



1. The day is dead, and Egypt's might re-turn - ing, Is dark and still in death's prophet-ic gloom.
2. The Lamb is slain, the Sac - ri - fice im-mor - tal, Whose life reeived cre - ates the soul a - new;
3. Not there? not there? no crimson on the lin - tel? De - lay! de - lay! O thou de-destroy-ing One!
4. Art safe, my soul?—rest not in thy sal - va - tion, Else thou art not like Him who came to die;



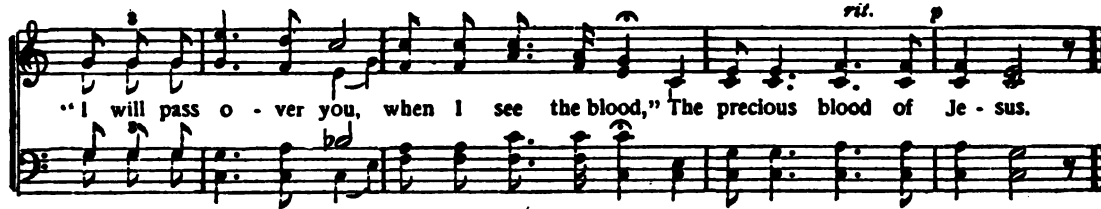
Yes.
The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burn-ing; At mid - night sounds the oppressor's note of doom.
His blood is shed,—but is it on the por - tal? O haste and see! doth it a - vail for you?
Give grace! give grace! it must be more than men-tal: My heart! my heart! let there thy work be done.
In love go forth with mer-cy's in - vi - ta - tion, A - wake the world! death's angel pass - es by.

REFRAIN. *p*


"I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood;" I will pass o - ver you,—'tis a sav - ing flood.

Copyright, 1890, by F. E. BELDEN.

THE PASSOVER.—CONCLUDED.



rit.
 "I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood," The precious blood of Je - sus.

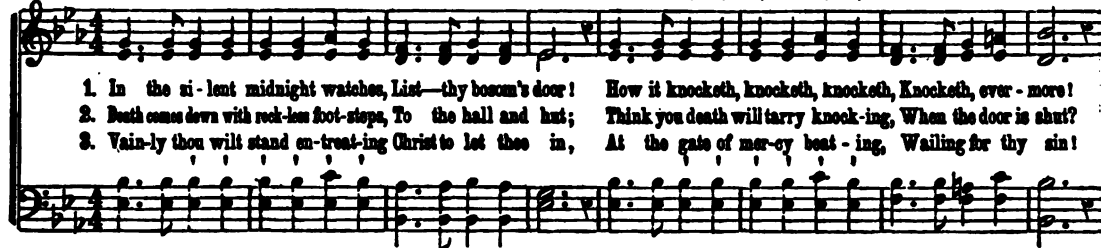
62

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

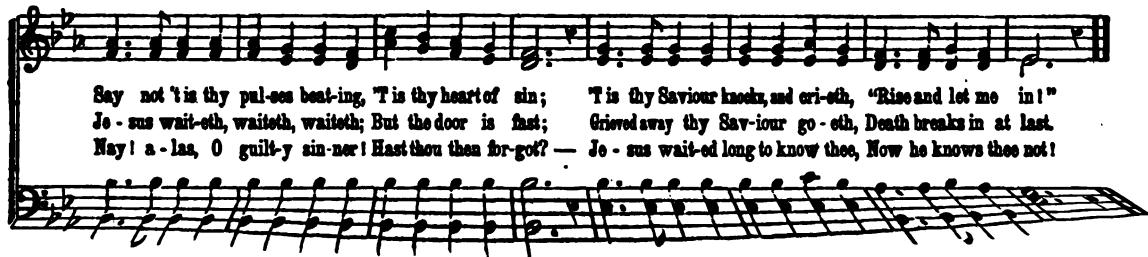
REV. A. C. COKE, Arr.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3:20.

GEO. F. ROOT.



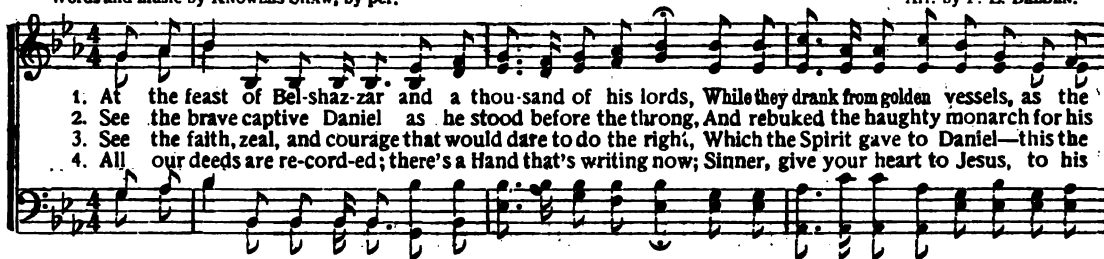
1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh, ever - more!
 2. Death comes down with rock-ken foot-steps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
 3. Vain-ly thou wilt stand on-treat-ing Christ to let thee in, At the gate of mer-cy beat - ing, Waiting for thy sin!



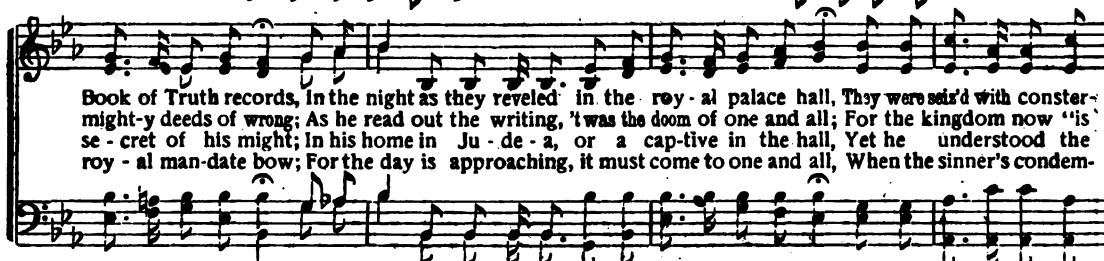
Say not 'tis thy pal-ces beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Saviour knock, and cri-eth, "Rise and let me in!"
 Je - sus wait-eth, waiteth, waiteth; But the door is fast; Grieved away thy Sav-iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
 Nay! a - laa, O guilt-y sin-ner! Hast thou then for-got? — Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5:5.
 Words and music by KNOWLES SHAW, by per. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

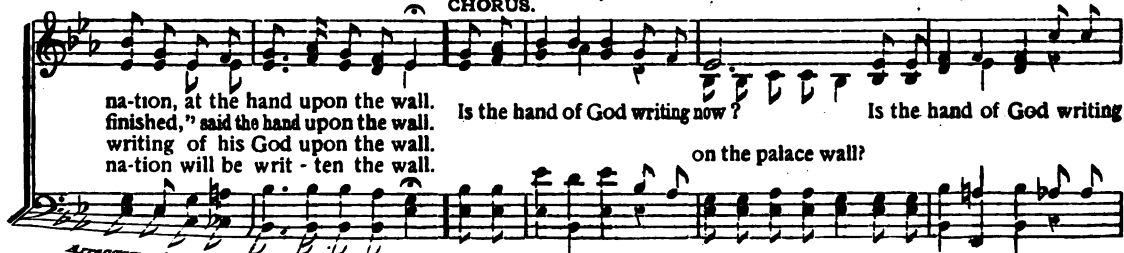


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the
 2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
 4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his



Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the roy-al palace hall, Thy were said with con-ster-
 might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing, 't was the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is"
 se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he understood the
 roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approach-ing, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condem-

CHORUS.



na-tion, at the hand upon the wall.
 finished," said the hand upon the wall.
 writing of his God upon the wall.
 na-tion will be writ-ten the wall.

Is the hand of God writing now?
 Is the hand of God writing
 on the palace wall?

Arrangement copyright, 1909, by F. E. Belden.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—CONCLUDED.

p *m* *p* *rit.*
 NOW?
 on the palace wall? Shall the record be "Found wanting," Or shall it be "Found trusting," While the hand is writing on the wall? (the palace wall.)
 on the

64

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5:27.

F. E. BELDEN.

Slow.
 1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives, For e - ter - nal gain or loss, Shall we stand as gold be - fore him?
 2. Shall we hear the glad words spok - en: "Faithful servant," and "Well done," Or the dread and awful sentence,
 3. Shall we heed the Spir - it's plead - ing, While for mer - cy we may call, Or de - lay till God's handwriting

REFRAIN.

Or as vile and worthless dross? { Weigh'd in the balance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and want-ing;
 "Thou art wanting," sinful one? { Weigh'd by the standard of his word, (*Omit.*) - - - Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.
 Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

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THE LOVE OF JESUS.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—John 15: 13.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fail or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Fill'd with a ten - der love; No throb of woe that our
 3. Oh, hearken now to the voice of Je - sus; Why will you longer roam? There's peace and rest on his

CHORUS.

D. S.—Oh, turn to that love, wea - ry,

D. S.

peace of God, He has gath - ered us all.
 hearts can know, But he feels it a - bove. Je - sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free!
 lov - ing breast, And a glad heav'nly home.

wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead - eth for thee.

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ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. BISS.

1. Al - most per - suad - ed now to be - lieve; Al - most per - suad - ed Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some
 2. Al - most per - suad - ed, come, come, to - day; Al - most per - suad - ed; turn not a - way. Je - sus in -
 3. Al - most per - suad - ed; har - vest is past; Al - most per - suad - ed; doom comes at last! "Al - most" can

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ALMOST PERSUADED.—CONCLUDED.

soul to say, "Go Spir - it, go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee
vites you here, An - gels are ling - 'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d
not a - vall; "Al - most" is but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail — "Almost, —

67

I WILL EARLY SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth."—Ecc. 12:1.

FRED A. FILL

1. I will ear - ly seek the Sav - iour, I will learn of him each day; I will fol - low in
2. I will hast - en where he bids me, I am not too young to go In the pathway where
3. He is stand - ing at the doorway Of es - cape from ev - 'ry sin; I will knock, for he

D. S.—Je - sus loves me, died

End. CHORUS.

I will walk the nar - row way.
Not too young his will to know. For he loves me, yes, he loves me, Je - sus loves me, tl
He will hear and let me in.

... is why I love him so.

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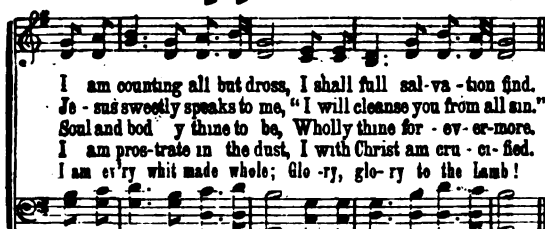
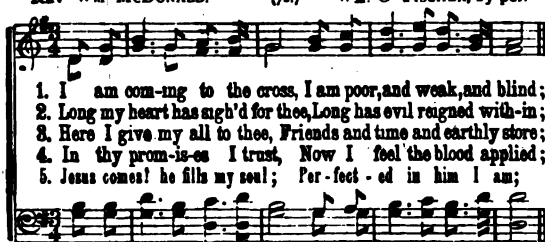
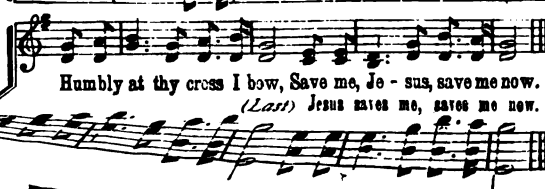
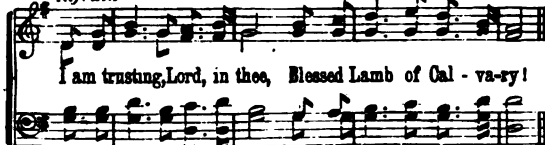
68

COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV WM McDONALD.

(78.)

WM. G FISCHER, by per.

*Refrain*

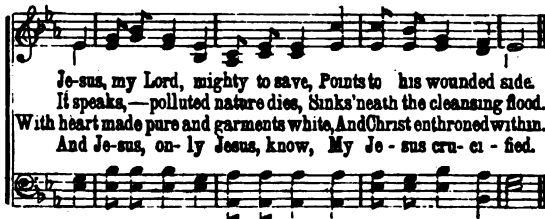
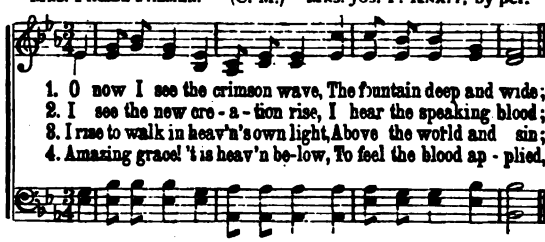
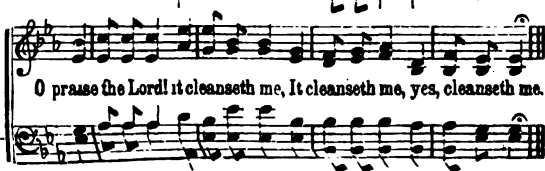
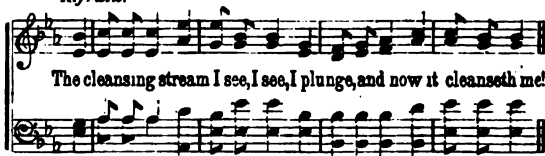
69

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

(C. M.)

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.


*Refrain.*

70


JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. E. M. HALL.


JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.




1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him complete,



Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Refrain.


Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;



Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.


71

MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s & 4s.)

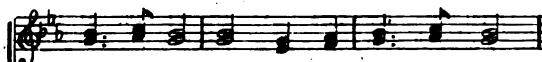
LOWELL MASON.



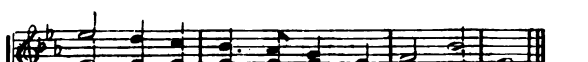
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-



Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire; As thou hast
round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark-ness



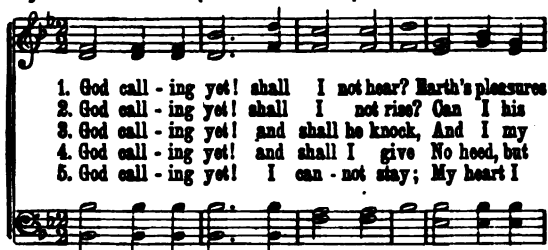
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way,



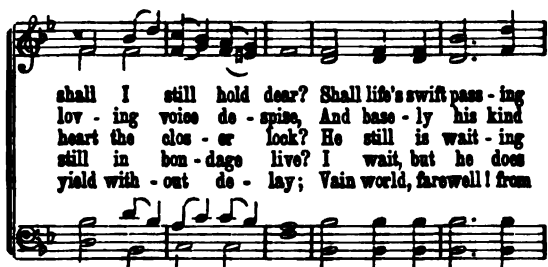
O, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv-ing fire!
Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a - side.

72 GOD CALLING YET.

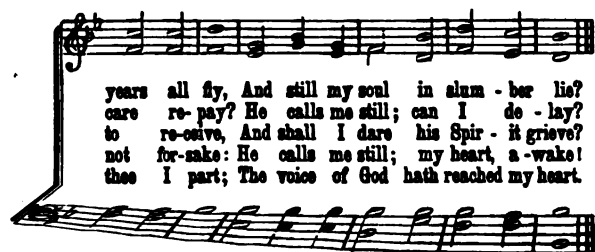
JANE BORTWICK. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his
3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my
4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but
5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I



shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind
heart the clos - er look? He still is wait - ing
still in bon - dage live? I wait, but he does
yield with - out de - lay; Vain world, farewell! from

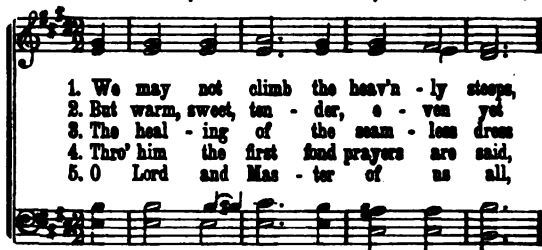


years all fly, And still my soul in alum - ber lie?
care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
to re - vive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?
not for - sake: He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
thou I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

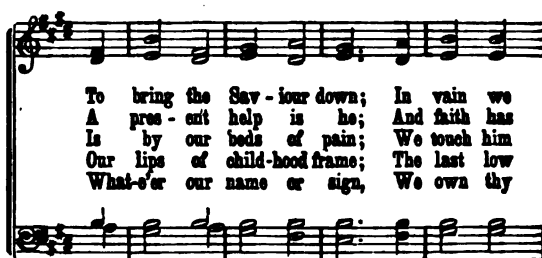
73

A PRESENT HELP.

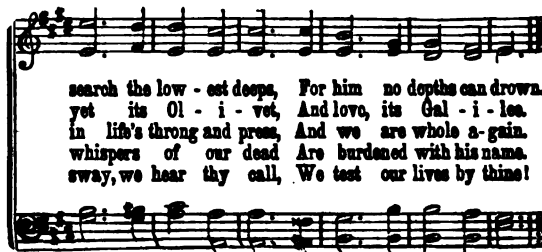
WHITTIER. (INVITATION. C. M.) WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steep,
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress
4. Thro' him the first and prayers are said,
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all,



To bring the Sav - iour down; In vain we
A pres - ent help is he; And faith has
Is by our beds of pain; We touch him
Our lips of child - hood frame; The last low
What - e'er our name or sign, We own thy

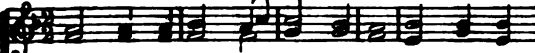


search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown
yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal - i - lee.
in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.
sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!


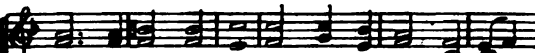
74

ASHAMED OF JESUS.


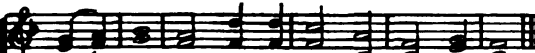
JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.



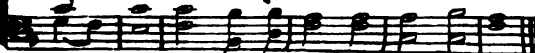
1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mer - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my
5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no
6. Till then, - nor is my boast - ing vain, - Till then I

man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an -
nush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
be ashamed of noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul
hopes of heav'n de - pend! No; when I blush, he this
guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good
boast a Sa - iour slain; And O, may this my glo -

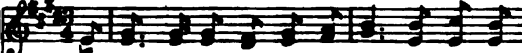
gals praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
till he, Bright Morning Star, bade dark - ness flee.
my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
ry he, That Christ is not a - shamed of me!





75

AT THE DOOR.



ANON. (HARTEL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.




1. Be - hold the Sav - iour at the door! He gen - tly
2. He coun - sels thee to buy of him Gold tried by
3. O, hear the faith - ful Witness' voice, He of - fers
4. His mis - sion now is al - most o'er, Be - fore the
5. His looks with dews of night are wet, But at thy
6. Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest; So shalt thou

knocks, has knocked be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is
fire, and rai - ment clean; A - noint thine eyes, that
now a fi - nal choice; Thou art of - fen - sive,
throne he'll plead no more; The filth - y must his
heart he lin - g'ers yet A - wake! and o - pen
in his pres - ence rest, And in com - mun - ion

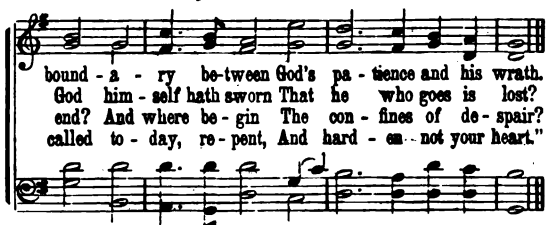
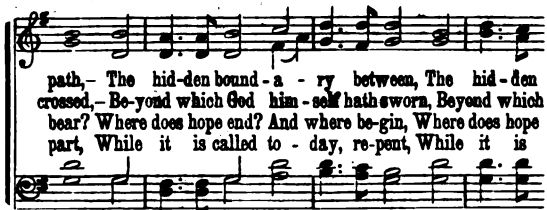
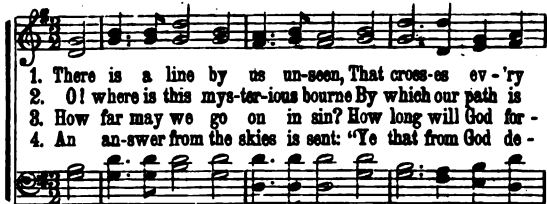
wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
thou may'st see, And put a - way thy stains from thee.
O lukewarm! There here be seal - ous and re - form.
filth re - tain, He that is ho - ly, so re - main.
wide the door; Bid thy Be - lov - ed wait no more.
sweet and free, Shalt sup with him and he with thee.



76

THERE IS A LINE.

J. A. ALEXANDER. (WOODLAND, C. M.) N. D. GOULD.



- 1 The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful men to bleed.

2 He gives himself, his life, his all,
A sinless sacrifice.

77

For man he drains the cup of gall,
For man the Maker dies.

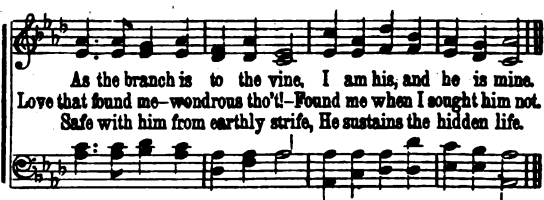
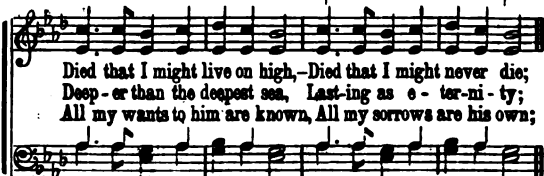
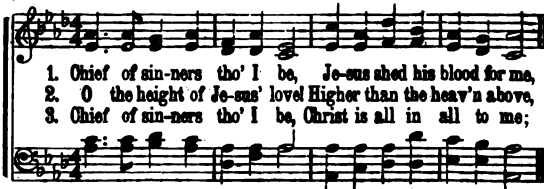
- 3 And now before his Father's face
His precious blood he pleads;
For those who seek the throne of grace
His love still intercedes.

R. F. CATRELL.

78

CHIEF OF SINNERS.

McCOMB. (SPANISH HYMN. 78. 6L.) SPANISH.



79

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
See the wormwood and the gall;
See the pangs his soul sustained;

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

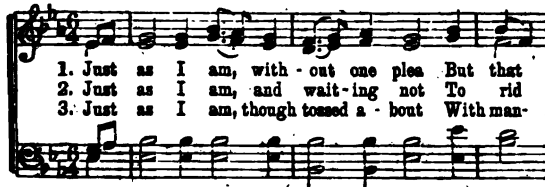
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

JAMES MORTONKENT.

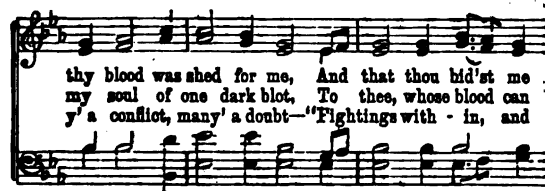
80

JUST AS I AM.

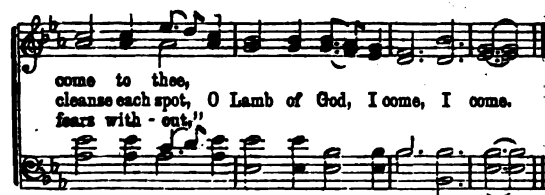
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man -



thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can
y' a conflet, many' a doubt - "Fightings with - in, and



come to thee,
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
fears with - out,"

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

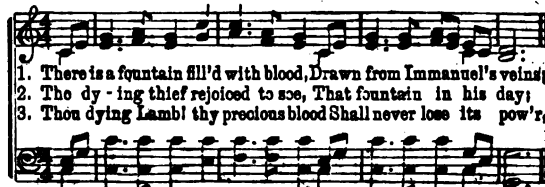
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

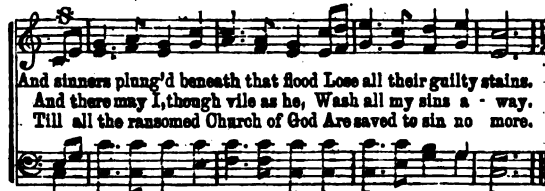
81

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

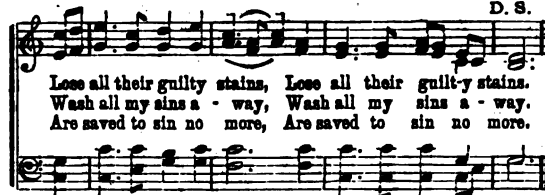
WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,



And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.



D. S.
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more.

4 'Er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,

For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.

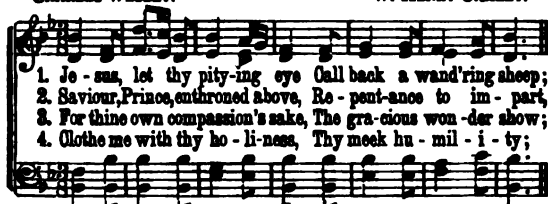
6 There is a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy love to men,
When this poor limping, shuffling creature
Is ransomed from the grave.

82

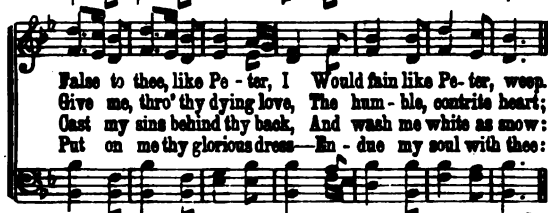
PENITENCE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

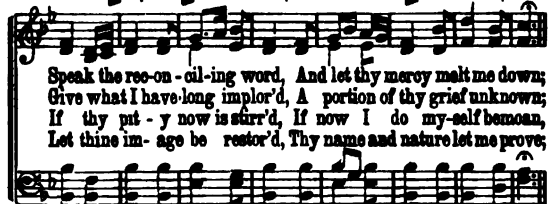
W. HENRY OAKLEY.



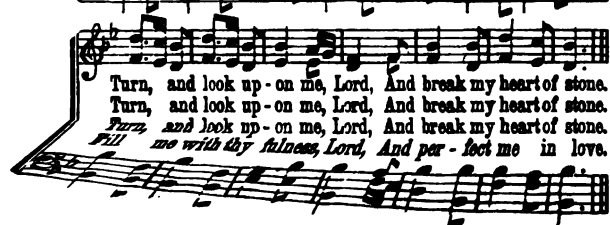
1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Re - pent-ance to im - part;
 3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gra-cious won - der show;
 4. Clothe me with thy ho - li-ness, Thy meek hu - mil - i - ty;



False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter, weep.
 Give me, thro' thy dying love, The hum - ble, contrite heart;
 Oast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow;
 Put on me thy glorious dress - En - due my soul with thee:



Speak the ree-on - cil-ing word, And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown;
 If thy put - y now is stirr'd, If now I do my-self bemoan,
 Let thine im - age be restor'd, Thy name and nature let me prove;



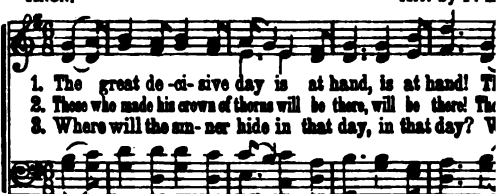
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Fill me with thy fulness, Lord, And per - fect me in love.

83

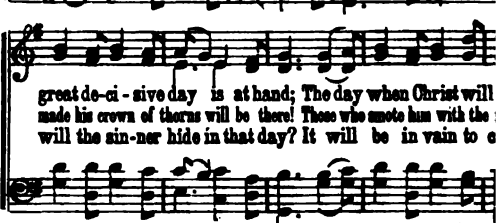
DECISIVE DAY.

ANON.

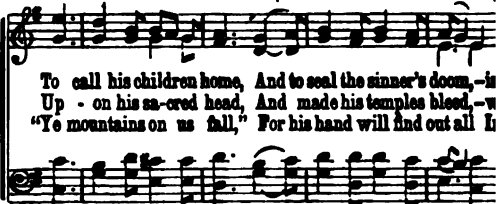
Arr. by F. E.



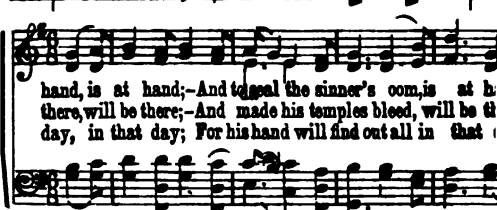
1. The great de-ci-sive day is at hand, is at hand! Ti
 2. Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there! Th
 3. Where will the sin-ner hide in that day, in that day? V



great de-ci-sive day is at hand; The day when Christ will
 made his crown of thorns will be there! Those who smote him with the
 will the sin-ner hide in that day? It will be in vain to c



To call his children home, And to seal the sinner's doom, - is
 Up - on his sa-cred head, And made his temples bleed, - w
 "Ye mountains on us fall," For his hand will find out all I



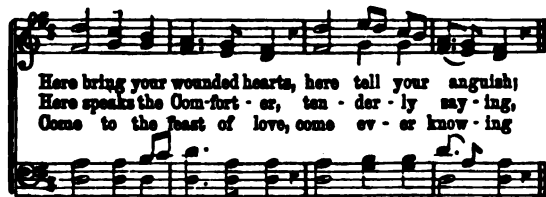
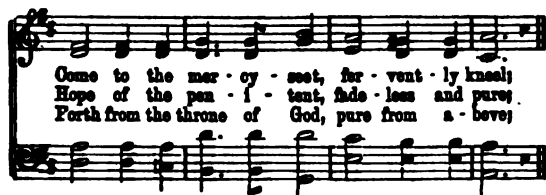
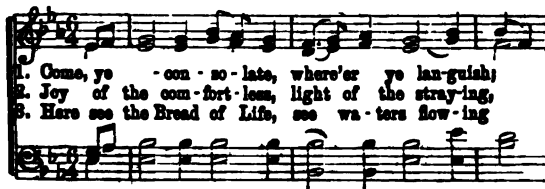
hand, is at hand; - And to seal the sinner's com, is at h
 there, will be there; - And made his temples bleed, will be th
 day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that

84 COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE.

(115 & 108)

SAMUEL WEBBE

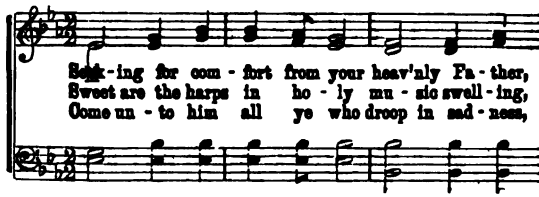
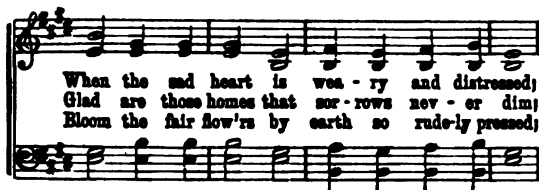
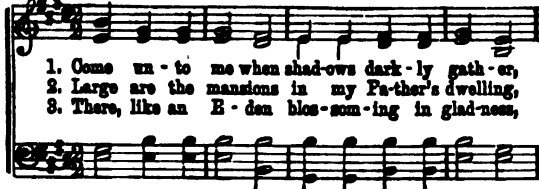


85 COME UNTO ME.

ANON.

(115 & 108)

LOWELL MASON.



86

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

ARR. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phys-i-cian now is near, The sym-pa-this-ing Je - sus;
 2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus;
 5. And when he comes to bring the crown, - The crown of life and glo - ry;

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus!
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless-ed Sar-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 O how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus!
 Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.

Chorus.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, - Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

87

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LA

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je
 2. For my cleansing this I see- Nothing but the blood of Je
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone-Nothing but the blood of Je
 4. This is all my hope and peace-Nothing but the blood of Je
 5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing-Nothing but the blood of Je

What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Je
 For my par-don this my plea-Nothing but the blood of Je
 Naught of good that I have done-Nothing but the blood of Je
 This is all my righteousness-Nothing but the blood of Je
 All my praise for this I bring-Nothing but the blood of Je

Refrain.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as

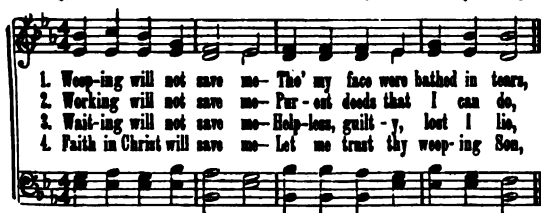
No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je

Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry. Used by permission.

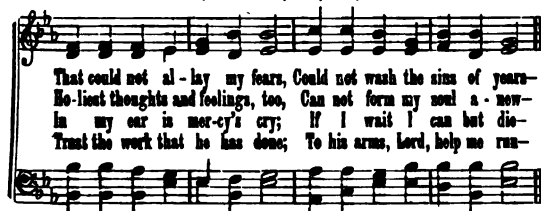
88 WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

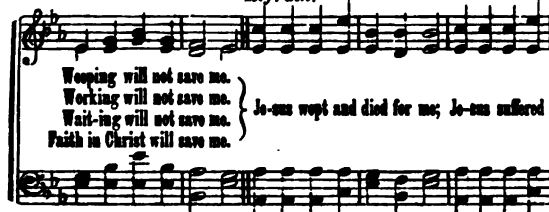


1. Weep-ing will not save me- Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work-ing will not save me- Fur- out deeds that I can do,
3. Wait-ing will not save me- Help-less, guilt-y, lost I lie,
4. Faith in Christ will save me- Let me trust thy weep-ing Son,

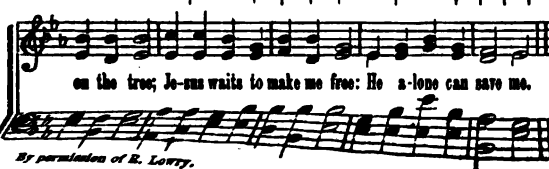


That could not al-lay my fears, Could not wash the aims of years-
Ho-liest thoughts and feelings, too, Can not form my soul a - now-
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but dis-
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run-

Refrain.



Weep-ing will not save me.
Work-ing will not save me.
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me. } Je-sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered



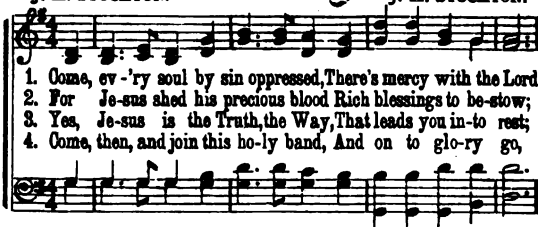
on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free: He a-lone can save me.

By permission of R. Lowry.

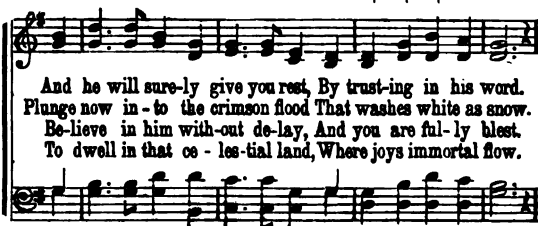
89 ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. STOCKTON.

J. H. STOCKTON.

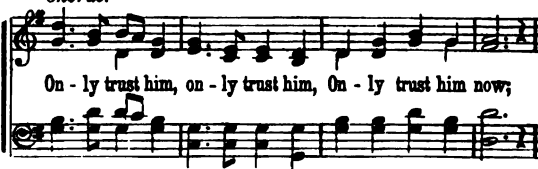


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

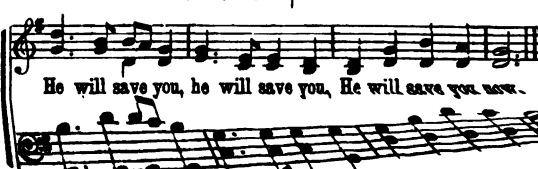


And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Chorus.



On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

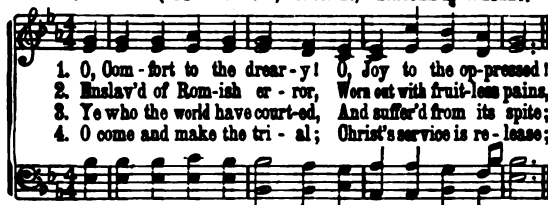


He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

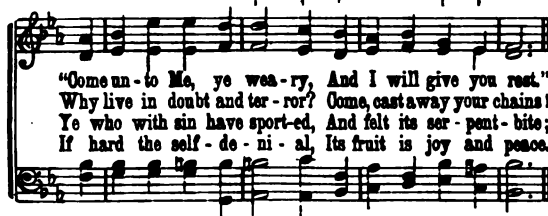
Used by permission of John J. Hood.

90 COMFORT TO THE DREARY.

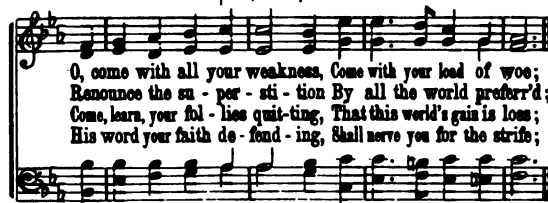
ANON. (AURELIA. 78 & 68. D.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



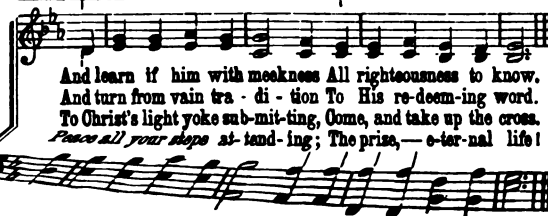
1. O, Com-fort to the drear-y! O, Joy to the op-pressed!
 2. Enslav'd of Rom-ish er-ror, Worn out with fruit-less pains,
 3. Ye who the world have court-ed, And suffer'd from its spike;
 4. O come and make the tri-al; Christ's service is re-lease;



"Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest."
 Why live in doubt and ter-ror? Come, cast away your chains!
 Ye who with sin have sport-ed, And felt its ser-pent-bite;
 If hard the self-de-ni-al, Its fruit is joy and peace.



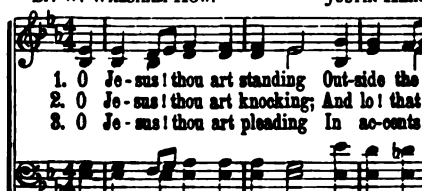
O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe;
 Renounce the su-per-sti-tion By all the world preferr'd;
 Come, leave your fol-lies quit-ting, That this world's gain is loss;
 His word your faith de-fend-ing, Shall serve you for the strife;



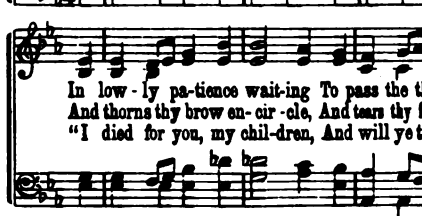
And learn of him with meekness All righteousness to know.
 And turn from vain tra-di-tion To His re-deem-ing word.
 To Christ's light yoke sub-mit-ting, Come, and take up the cross.
Peace all your steps at-tend-ing; The prize,—e-ter-nal life!

91 OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

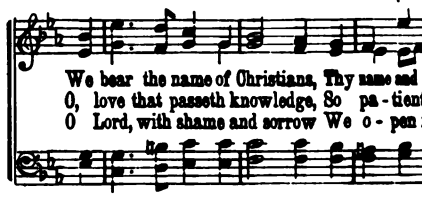
BP. W. WALSHAM HOW. (ST. HILDA. 78 & 68. D.) JUSTIN HEIN



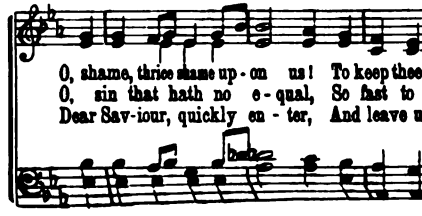
1. O Je-sus! thou art standing Out-side the
 2. O Je-sus! thou art knocking; And lo! that
 3. O Je-sus! thou art pleading In ac-cents



In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the th
 And thorns thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears thy f
 "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will yet



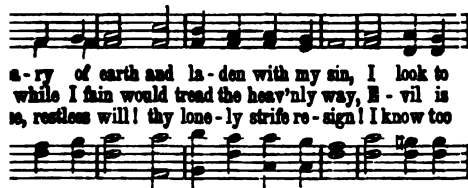
We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and
 O, love that passeth knowledge, So pa-tient
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o-pen



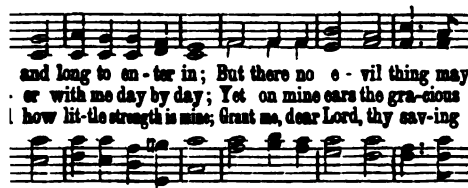
O, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep thee
 O, sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to
 Dear Sav-iour, quickly en-ter, And leave us

WEARY OF EARTH.

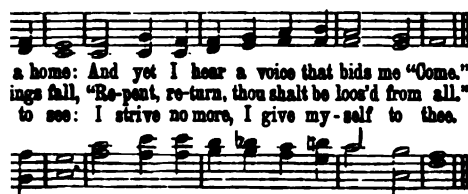
ISRAEL J. STONE. (LANGRAN. 1884.) JAMES LANGRAN.



a-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look to
while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is
so, restless will! thy lone-ly strife re-sign! I know too



and long to en-ter in; But there no e - vil thing may
er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra-cious
how lit-tle strength is mine; Grant me, dear Lord, thy sav-ing



a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
ings fall, "Re-pent, re-turn, thou shalt be loos'd from all."
to see: I strive no more, I give my-self to thee.

(Tune, Perseverance, No. 94.)

first empties whom he fills,
own whom he would raise;
us when the latter kills,
g than his praise.
upplies his healing blood
un-sick soul,
a, powerful, precious, good,
able to make it whole.

2 On as he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve;
Mankind's redemption now holds good
For sinners who believe.
Lord, I believe! what'e'r befall,
A thankful heart be mine,—
A heart that answers to thy call,—
One that is wholly thine.

ERSKINE.

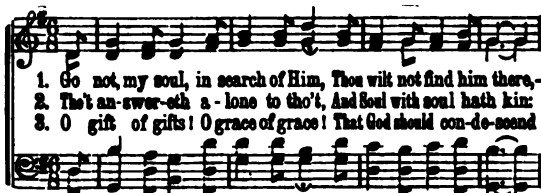
94

HE SPEAKS WITHIN.

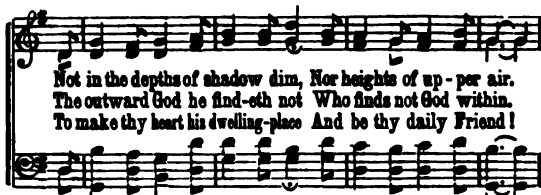
(PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

REV. F. L. HOSMER.

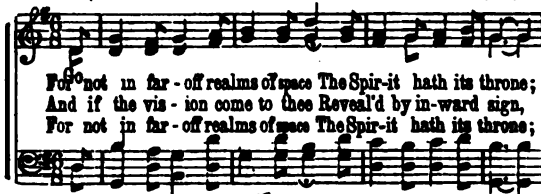
UNKNOWN.



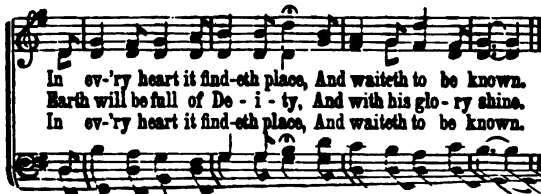
1. Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find him there,—
2. The an-swer-eth a - lone to tho't, And soul with soul hath kin:
3. O gift of gifts! O grace of grace! That God should con-de-scend



Not in the depths of shadow dim, Nor heights of up - per air.
The outward God he find-eth not Who finds not God within.
To make thy heart his dwelling-place And be thy daily Friend!



For not in far - off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;
And if the vis-ion come to thee Reveal'd by in-ward sign,
For not in far - off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;



In ev-'ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
Earth will be full of De - i - ty, And with his glo - ry shine.
In ev-'ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.

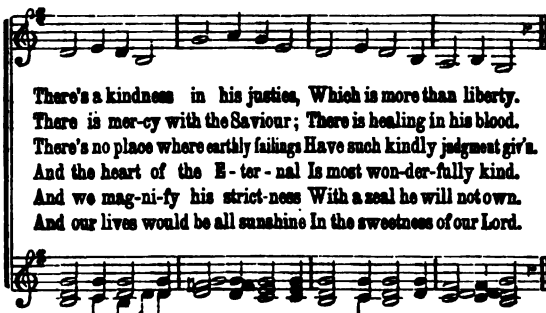
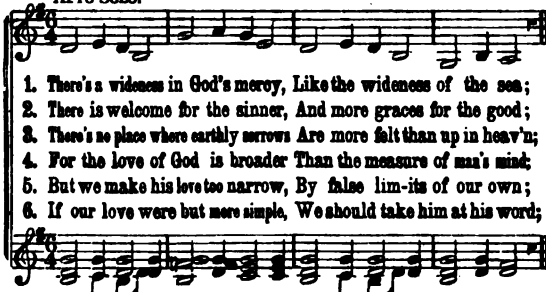
HE IS CALLING.

FABER.

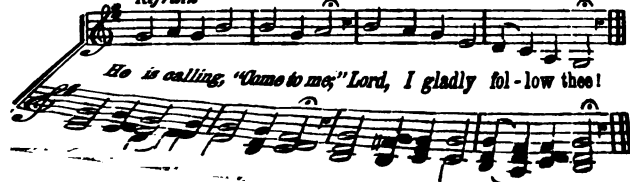
(LADIES' VOICES.)

ARRANGED.

ALTO SOLO.



Refrain



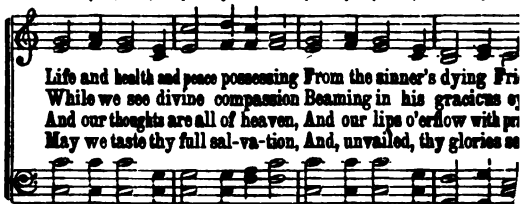
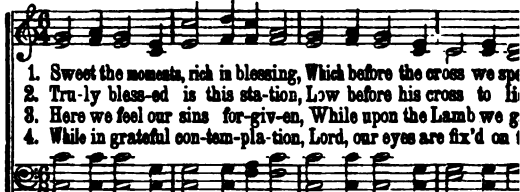
96

REST IN ME.

F. W. FABER.

(8s & 7s.)

ARRANGE



Chorus.



97

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and we he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love. | 3 For the hour that darkness
With his changeless good
From the gloom his brightness
God is wisdom, God is love |
| 2 Chance and change are busy over;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waxes never:
God is wisdom, God is love. | 4 He with earthly cares eng
Hope and comfort find
Everywhere his glory ad
and |

98

NOTHING FOR JESUS.

MRS. M. D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 4. Bear-ing on-ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Capt-ured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Spend-ing these God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
 Striv-ing not to conquer sin, Seek-ing not a soul to win,
 Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
 Not a grain to store away, Naught your la-bor to re-pay,

Hear him pleading ev-er-more; Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Bringing not a wand'rer in; Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 Striv-ing on-ly self to please; Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je - sus.

99

I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee;
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
 4. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace!

For cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry.
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spot-less all, and pure.
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Chorus.
 I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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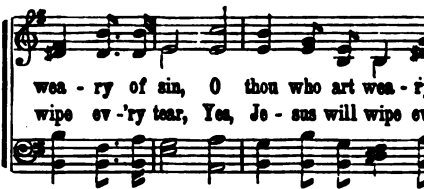
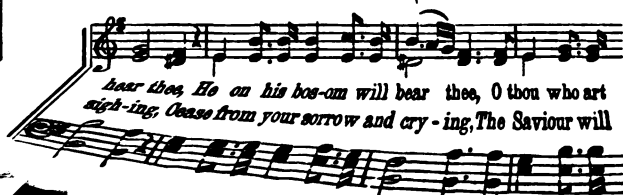
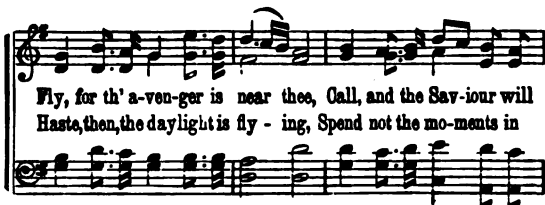
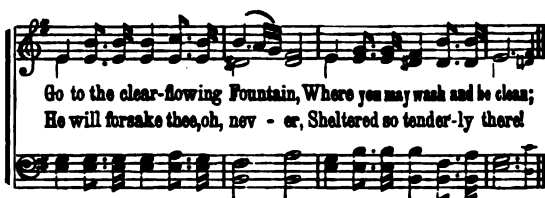
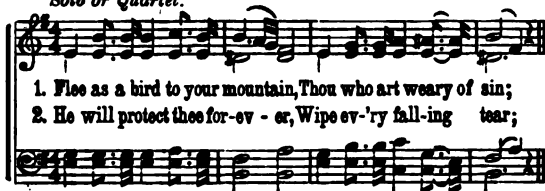
100

FLEE AS A BIRD.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Solo or Quartet.

SPANISH.

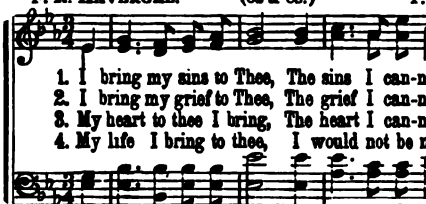


101 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE

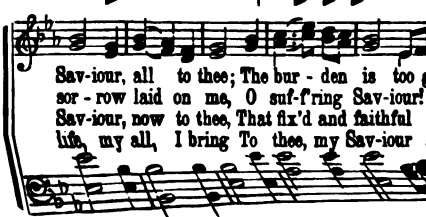
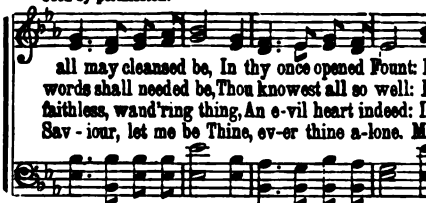
F. R. HAVERGAL.

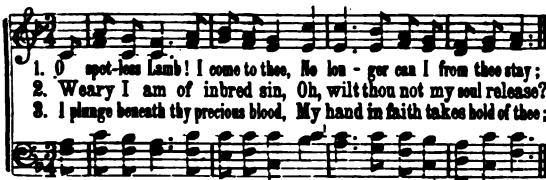
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T.

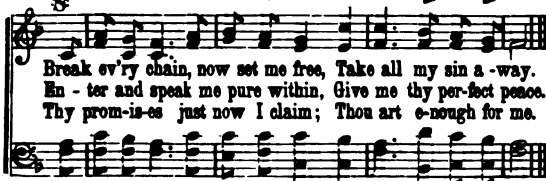


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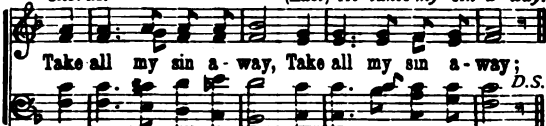


1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to thee, No lo - ger can I from thee stay;
2. Weary I am of inbred sin, Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?
3. I plunge beneath thy precious blood, My hand in faith takes hold of thee;



Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sin a - way.
En - ter and speak me pure within, Give me thy per-fect peace.
Thy prom-is-es just now I claim; Thou art e-nough for me.

*D.S.—O spotless Lamb, I come to thee; Take all my sin a-way.
Chorus. (Last) He takes my sin a-way.*

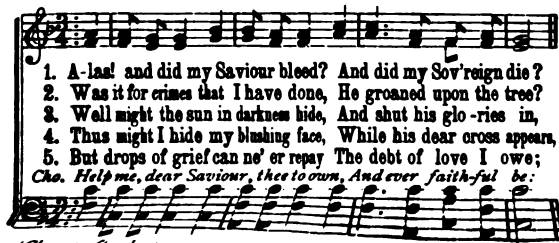


Take all my sin a - way, Take all my sin a - way; *D.S.*

Last.—He takes my sin a - way, He takes my sin a - way.

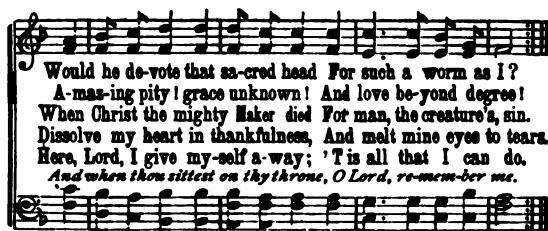
103 WATTS. REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL



1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;
Cho. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faith-ful be:

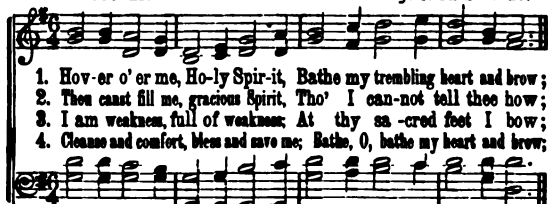
(Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.)



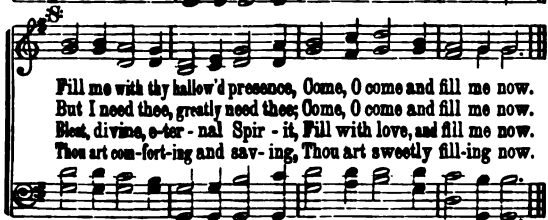
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-mas-ing pity! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's sin.
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.
And when thou sittest on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

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104 STOKES. FILL ME NOW. JNO. R. SWENEY.

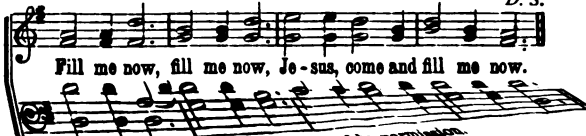


1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow;



Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with love, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.

*D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
D. S.*



Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now.

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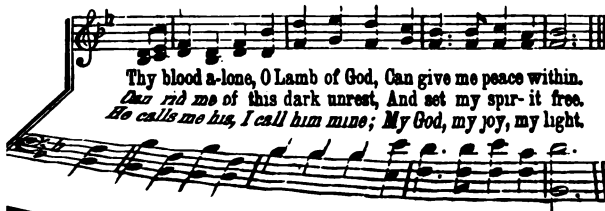
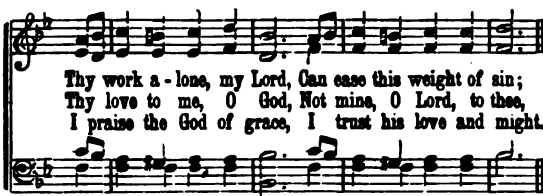
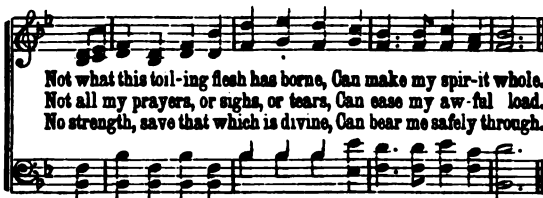
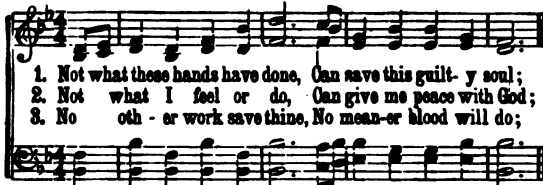
105

THY WORK ALONE.

H. BONAR.

(HUBERT. S. M. D.)

F. E. BELDEN.



106 CLEANSED.

1 Cast out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart;
Cleans me from carnal thought and
word,
And purify my heart.
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal Son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the Sunless One.

2 The love of self o'erthrow;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.
Rise up! thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength lay bare,
That taught in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and pray'r.

3 When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of pray'r,
Do Thou with all thy power come,
And dwell forever there,—
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts make whole:
In me do thou alone appear
To ev'ry sin-sick soul.

F. E. B.

107 BORN AGAIN.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
"T is life your sinners need.

2 "Ye must be born again
And life in Christ is
In vain the soul may seek
'T is He alone can
"Ye must be born again
Or never enter heav-
'T is only blood-wash
there—
The ransomed and I

108 COME!

1 He's coming once again
To set his people free
That where he is, in his
His saints may all
Then lift the drooping
Look up, rejoice as
He comes in majesty as
Salvation's glorious

2 The earth shall quake
The heav'n's shall fall
And where shall guilty
In that tremendous
No refuge then is nigh,
No shelter from the
The night of vengeance
When mercy's day

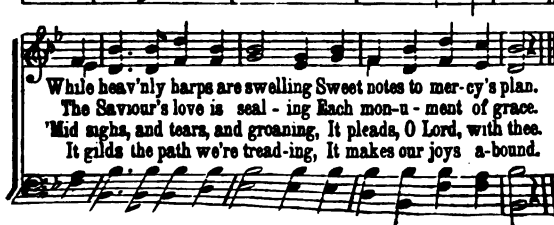
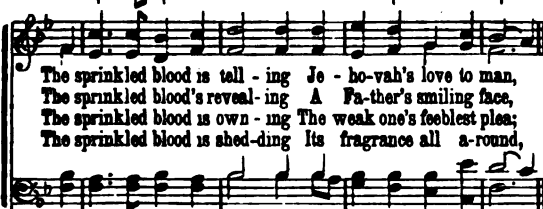
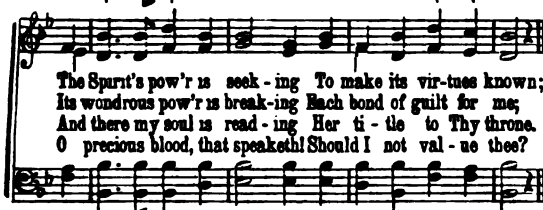
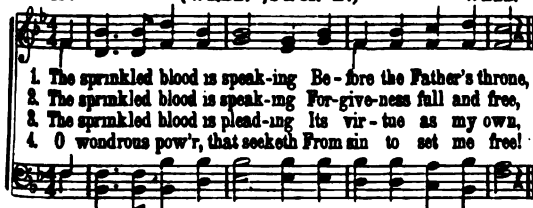
3 His eyes of living flame
The wicked shall see
No tongue will lightly say
Of Jesus in that hour
No scorn, no words of
For his meek folk
But prayers and tears
too late,
Will mark their

THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

ANON.

(WHEB. 7s & 6s. D.)

WHEB.



110 ON JESUS.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He hears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him,
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

2 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
HORATIUS BONAR.

111 I NEED THEE.

1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

2 I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
I need the Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne.
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy ceaseless praises,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!
FREDERICK WHITEFIELD.

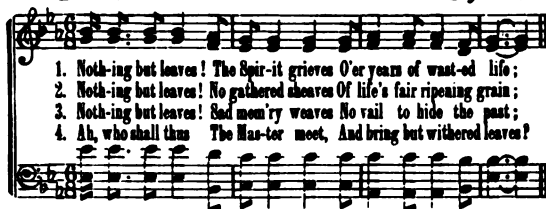
112 JUBILEE.

1 The gospel trump is sounding
The year of jubilee.
And grace is all abounding
To set the bondmen free.
For sake your wretched service
Your master's claims are o'er;
Avail yourselves of freedom,
Be Satan's slaves no more.

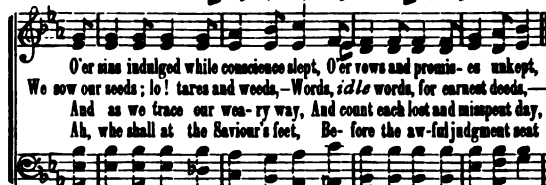
2 A better Master's calling,
In accents true and kind;
He asks a loving service,
And claims a will-ing mind.
He offers you salvation,
And points to joys above;
And, longing, waits to make you
The objects of his love.

3 In living faith accept him,
Give up all else beside;
While grace is loudly calling,
Look to the Crucified.
Return, return ye captives,
Return unto your home,
The gospel trump is sounding,
The jubilee is come.

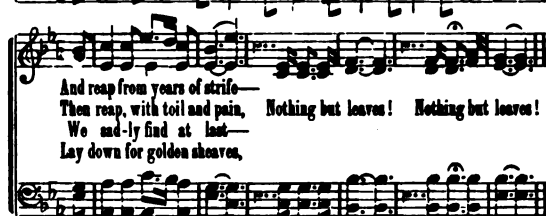
113. L. E. A. NOTHING BUT LEAVES. S. J. VAN.



1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of want-ed life;
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain;
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No rail to hide the past;
 4. Ah, who shall thus The Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?



O'er sins indulged while consciences slept, O'er vows and promis-es un-kept,
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,—
 And as we trace our wa-ry way, And count each lost and mispent day,
 Ah, who shall at the Sav-iour's feet, Be-fore the aw-ful judgment seat

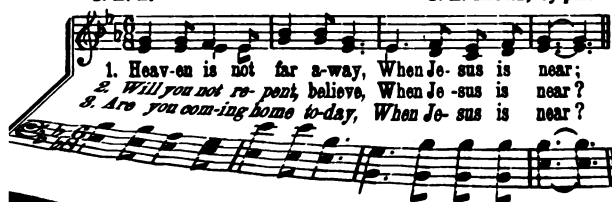


And reap from years of strife—
 Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 We sad-ly find at last—
 Lay down for golden sheaves,

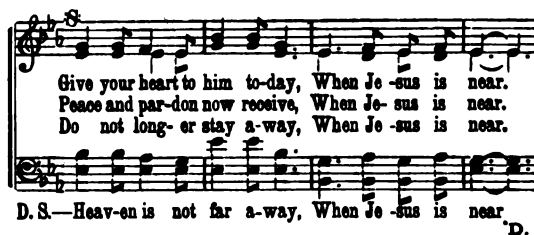
114 HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

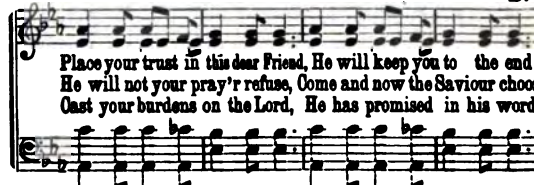


1. Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near;
 2. Will you not re-pent, believe, When Je-sus is near?
 3. Are you com-ing home to-day, When Je-sus is near?



Give your heart to him to-day, When Je-sus is near.
 Peace and par-don now receive, When Je-sus is near.
 Do not long-er stay a-way, When Je-sus is near.

D. S.—Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near. D.



Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end
 He will not your pray'r refuse, Come and now the Sav-iour choos
 Cast your burdens on the Lord, He has promised in his word

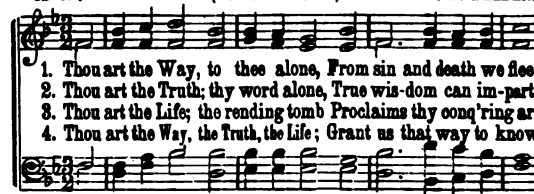
115

THOU ART THE WAY.

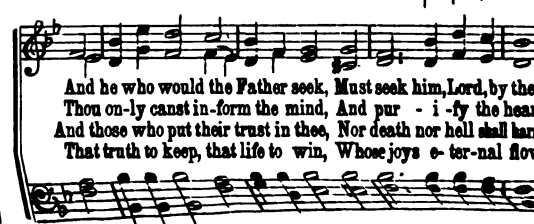
ANON.

(BLISS. C. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone, From sin and death we flee
 2. Thou art the Truth; thy word alone, True wis-dom can im-part
 3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims thy conq'ring ar
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know



And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee
 Thou on-ly canst in-form the mind, And pur - i - fy the hear
 And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall bar
 That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow

116

BAPTIZE US ANEW.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Baptize us a - new With pow'r from on high. With love, O re-
 2. Un-worthy we cry, Un - ho-ly, unclean. O wash us and
 3. O heav-en-ly dove, Descend from on high! We plead thy rich
 4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came: Thou art my be-

Chorus.

fresh us! Dear Sav-our, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord
 cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.
 bleas-ing; In mer-cy draw nigh. (*Last vs.*)
 lov - ed, Well pleased I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear

Je - sus, we pray, With love and the Spirit baptize us to-day.
 Lamb that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

117

WRITE THY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS.

(LITCHFIELD. C. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat-utes still!
 2. O send thy Spir-it down to write Thy law up- on my heart,
 3. From van-i-ty turn off my eyes, Let no corrupt de - sign
 4. Or - der my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere;

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
 Nor let my tongue indulge de-cait, Nor act the li-ar's part.
 Nor cov-e - tous de - sires a - rise Within this soul of mine.
 Let sin have no do-min-ion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

118

THE LAST CALL OF MERCY.

ANON

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

Irish Air, arr.

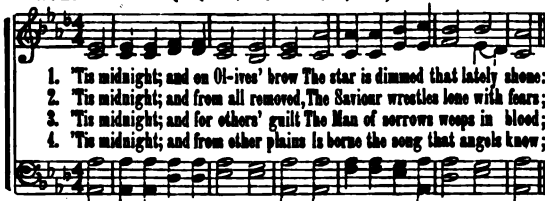
1. { The last call of mercy now lin-gers for thee;
 O sin-ner, re-ceive it; to Je - sus now flee! }
 2. { O slight not the warning now of-fered at last,
 Till sum-mer is end-ed and har-vest is past; }
 3. { While Je-sus is call-ing, O turn not a-way;
 For swift-ly approaches the dread Judgment day: }

- D.C. { 1. His offered sal-va-tion and love are a-bused.
 2. And pardon, sweet pardon is offered no more.
 3. Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.

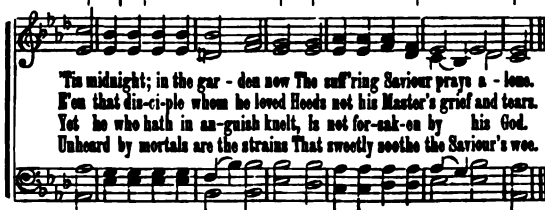
D. C.
 He oft-en has called thee, but thou hast re - fused;
 Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart's door,
 The Spir-it in-vites you, O why will you roam?

119 FOR OTHERS' GUILT.

W. B. TAPPAN. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) BRADBURY.



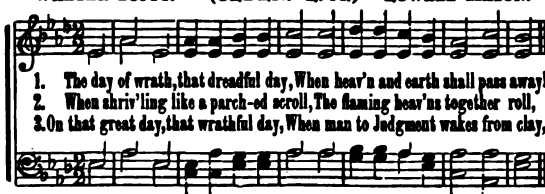
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;



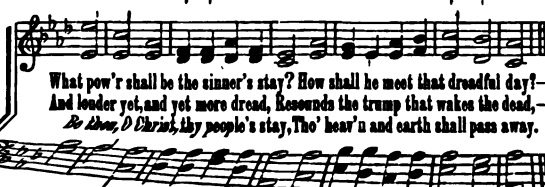
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suf'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
For that dis-ciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

120 THAT DREADFUL DAY.

WALTER SCOTT. (OLDEN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



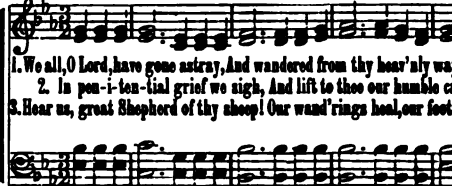
1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When hear'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming hear'n's together roll,
3. On that great day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay,



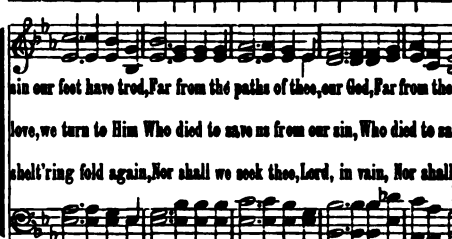
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
And louder yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay, Tho' hear'n and earth shall pass away.

121 ALL HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

JOSIAH PRATT. (BACA. L. M.) W. B. BR.



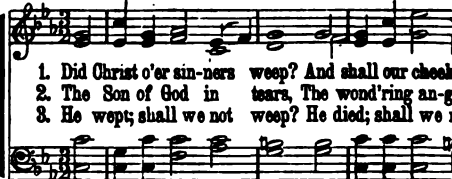
1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy hear'ly wa-
2. In pen-i-ten-tial grief we sigh, And lift to thee our humble ci-
3. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wand'rings heal, our feet



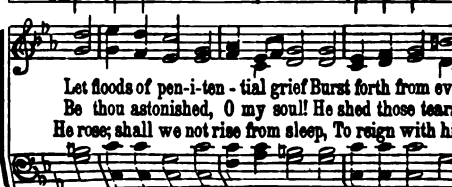
sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God, Far from the
love, we turn to Him Who died to save us from our sin, Who died to us
shelt'ring fold again, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall

122 SHALL OUR CHEEKS BE DR

BEDDOME. ARR. (CONTRITION. S. M.) EDWIN



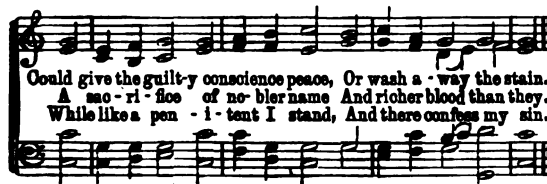
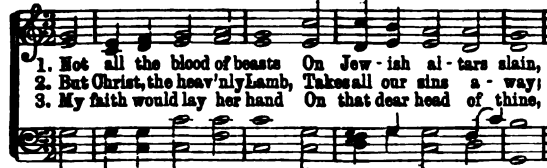
1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our cheeks
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an-g
3. He wept; shall we not weep? He died; shall we



Let floods of pen-i-ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev
Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tear
He rose; shall we not rise from sleep, To reign with h

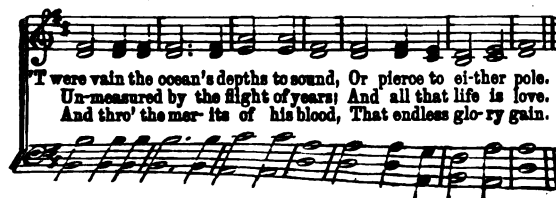
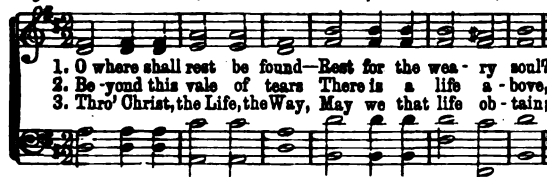
123 NOT BLOOD OF BEASTS.

ISAAC WATTS. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.



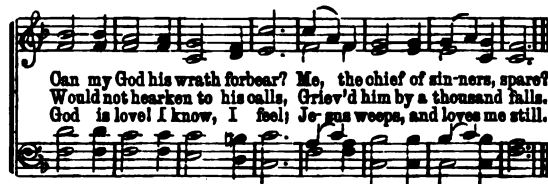
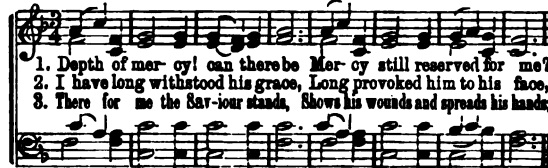
124 WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?

J. MONTGOMERY. (SHAWMUT. S. M.) L. MASON, SR.



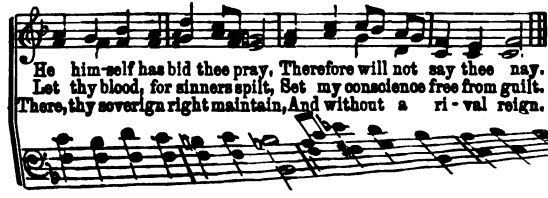
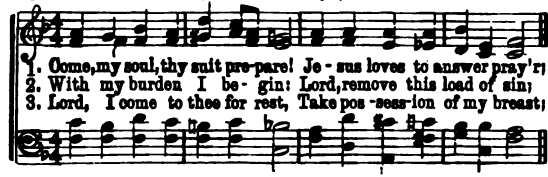
125 DEPTHS OF MERCY.

C. WESLEY. (ALETIA. 72.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



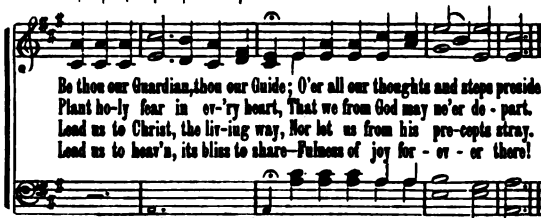
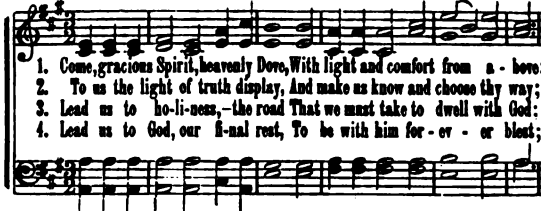
126 COME, MY SOUL.

JOHN NEWTON. (SEYMOUR. 72.) C. M. VON WEBER.



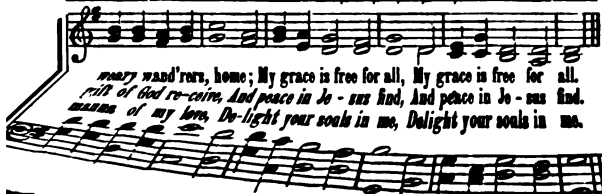
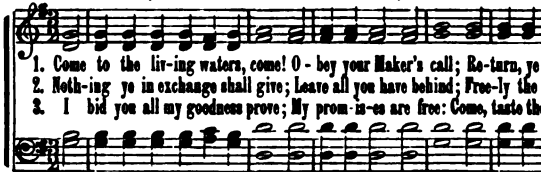
127 COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

SIMON BROWNE. (WARE. L. M.) KINGSLEY.



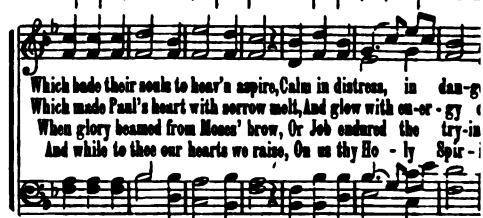
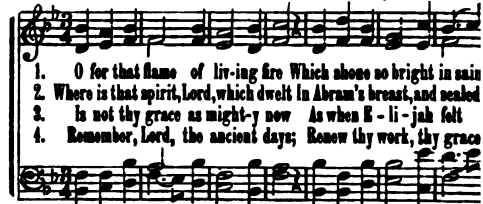
128 COME TO THE LIVING WATERS.

ANON. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.



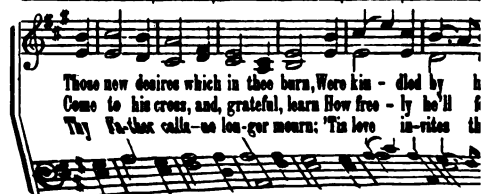
129 O FOR THAT FLAME!

WM. H. BATHURST. (MENDON. L. M.) GZ



130 RETURN, O WANDERER!

WM. B. COLLYER. (BALERMA. C. M.) ARR. R. SIA



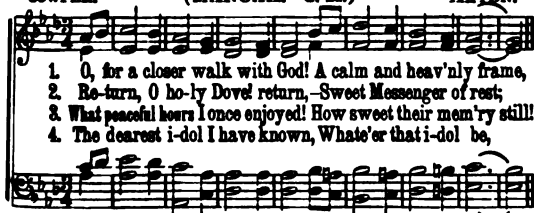
131

A CLOSER WALK.

COWPER.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

HAYDN.



1. O, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! return, Sweet Messenger of rest;
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. The dearest i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee.

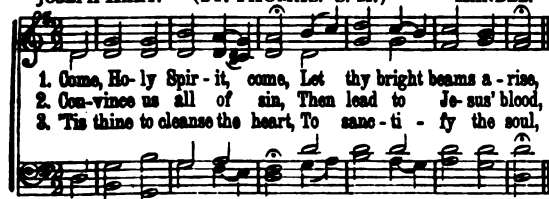
132

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

HANDEL.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, Let thy bright beams a-rise,
2. Con-vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je-sus' blood,
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc-ti-fy the soul,

Dis-pel the sor-row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wond'ring view re-veal The mercies of our God.
To pour fresh life in ev-'ry part, And new-create the whole.

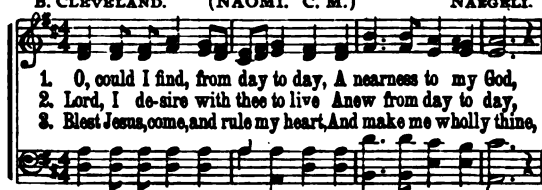
133

FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. CLEVELAND.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

NABGILL.



1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,
2. Lord, I de-sire with thee to live Anew from day to day,
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While leaning on his word.
In joys the world can never give, Nor ev-er take a-way.
That I may nev-er-more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

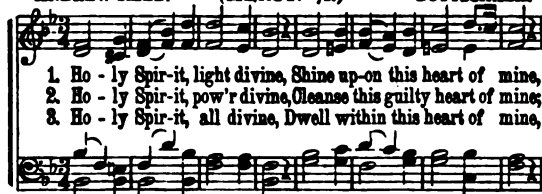
134

LIGHT DIVINE.

ANDREW REED.

(MERCY. 78.)

GOTTSCHALE.



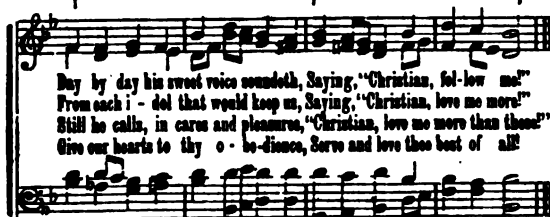
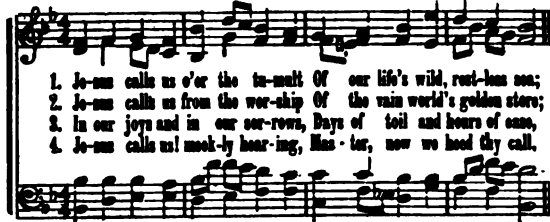
1. Ho-ly Spir-it, light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine,
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine,

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my darkness in-to day.
Long has sin, without con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone.

135

JESUS CALLS US.

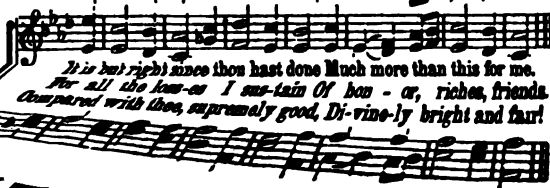
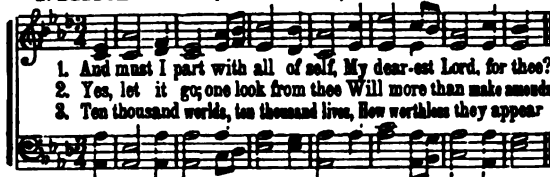
C. F. ALEXANDER. (TRUST. 8s & 7s.) MENDELSSOHN.



136

PARTING WITH SELF.

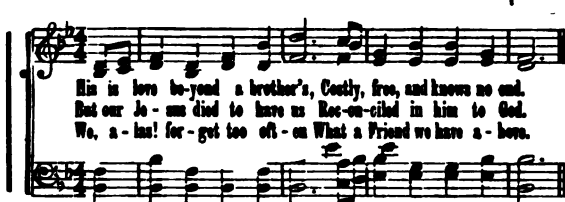
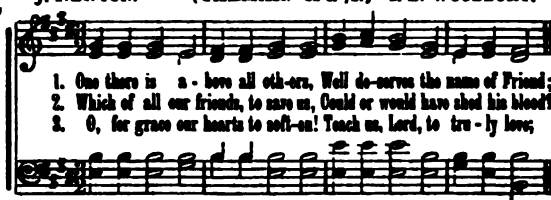
B. BEDDOME. (AVON. C. M.) HUGH WILSON.



137

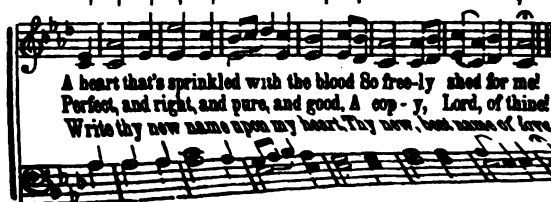
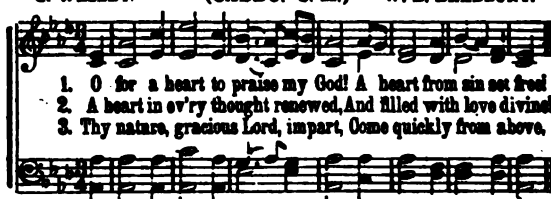
ONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

J. NEWTON. (TALMAR. 8s & 7s.) I. B. WOODBURY.



138 O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE!

C. WESLEY. (CADDO. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



139

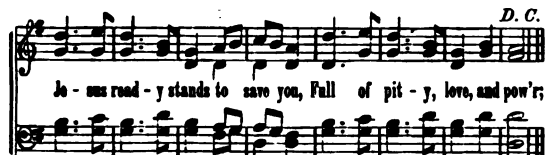
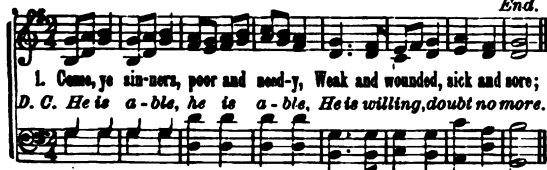
POOR AND NEEDY.

JOSEPH HART.

(8s & 7s. D.)

J. INGALLS.

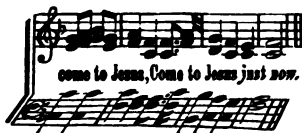
End.



- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,-
||: Without money, ||
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
||: This he gives you, ||
Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

140

COME TO JESUS.



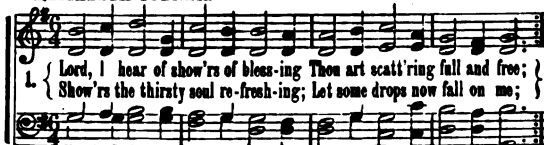
- 2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 Call upon him, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 Only trust him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

141

EVEN ME.

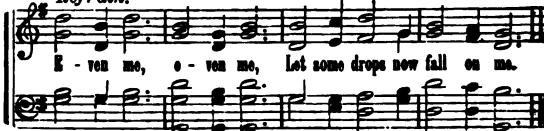
ELIZABETH CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.



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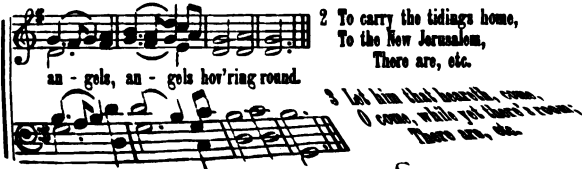
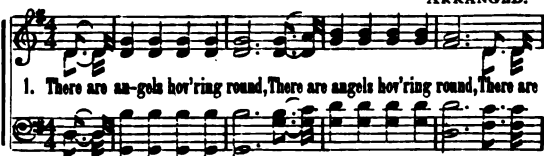
Refrain.



- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy rest on me.
- Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!
- 4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.
- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?

142 ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

ARRANGED.



G

143 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

CHARLES WESLEY. (SELENA. L. M. 6L.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Come, O thou Trav-el - er un-known, Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My com - pa - ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee;
2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis - er - y de - clare;
Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there;
2. In vain thou strug-glest to get free; I nev-er will un-loose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un-fold;

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.

144 BROAD IS THE ROAD.

ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. Be - sy thy-self, and take thy cross, Is thy Redeemer's great command;
2. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more;

But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Heaven must cost her gold but does, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Is that ex-tem-p'le almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

145 THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. (MC CABBÉ L. M.) E. S. WIDDERMER.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the prince of glo-ry died,
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have pardon thro' his name and word;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib-ute far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
Did o'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
For - bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
Love so a - max - ing, so di-vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

146 TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6s. & 4s.) I. MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-night-ed
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these nar-row
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For ref-uge fly; The storm of jus-tice

4. The Spirit calls to-day;
souls, Why lon - ger roam?
walks To Je - sus bow.
falls, And death is nigh.
Yield to his pow'r,
Oh, grieve him not away,
Thy mercy's here.

147

COME TO ME.

C. ELLIOTT.

(WARD. L. M.)

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. With tearful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;
 2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;
 3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest-ing-place for thee;
 4. O voice of mer-cy! voice of love! In con-flict, grief, and ag-o-ry,

Yet, mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
 O, to the wea-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
 To heav'n's di-rect thy weep-ing eye, I am thy por-tion; come to me."
 Sup-port me, cheer me from a-bove! And gen-tly whisper, "Come to me."

148

GIVE THY YOUTH TO GOD.

H. BOWAR.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

JOHN G. NAGELL.

1. Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud-ding love;
 2. He seeks thy heart, my child; He wants to make thee blest;
 3. Take, thou, the side of God, In all things great or small,

Send up thy op-n'ing heart to him, Fix it on things a-bove.
 Thy soul with his own joy to fill, To give thee peace and rest.
 So shall he ev - er take thy side, And bear thee safe thro' all.

149

WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.

T. DWIGHT, D. D.

(WINDHAM. L. M.)

DANIEL READ.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv'n;
 2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave;
 3. Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
 Be - fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
 Come, sinners, haste, O, haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

150

ALL THINGS ARE READY.

A. MIDLAND.

(GOLDEN HILL. S. M.)

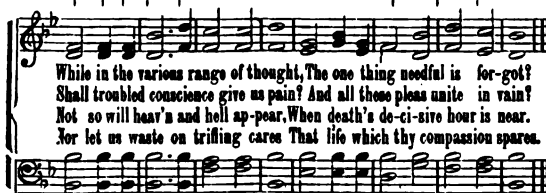
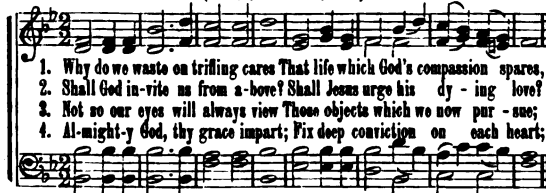
A. CHAPIN.

1. "All things are read-y," come! Come to the sup-per spread;
 2. "All things are read-y," come! The in - vitation's giv'n;
 3. "All things are read-y," come! The door is o - pen wide;
 4. "All things are read-y," come! To - mor-row may not be;

Come, rich and poor, come, old and young; Come, and be rich - ly fed.
 Thro' Him who now in glo - ry sits At God's right hand in heav'n.
 O feast up - on the love of God; For Christ, his Son, has died.
 O sin - ner, come! the Saviour waits This hour to wel-come thee.

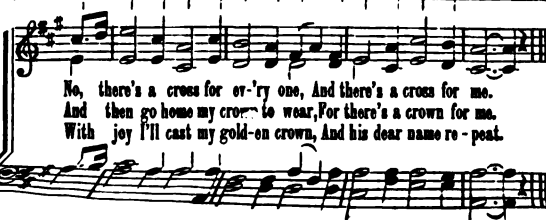
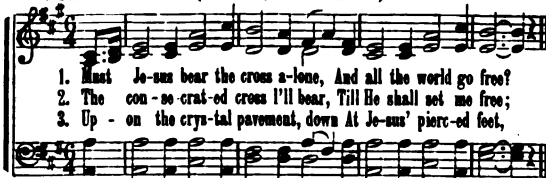
151 ON TRIFLING CARES.

P. DODDRIDGE. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.



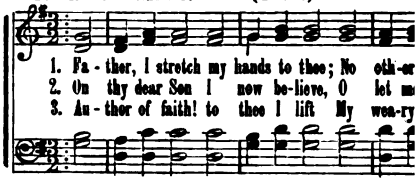
152 CROSS AND CROWN.

T. SHEPHERD. (MAITLAND. C. M.)

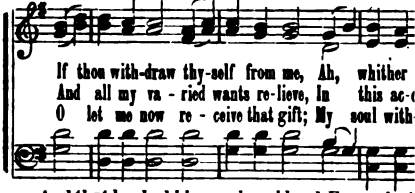


153 I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.)



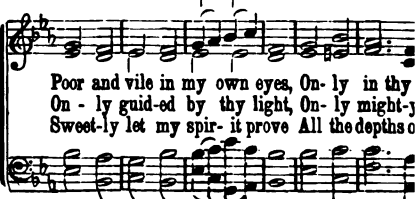
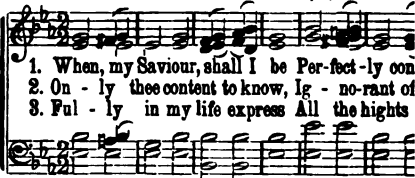
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now believe That Jesu



And that he shed his precious blood From sin t.

154 CONFORMED TO THE

C. WESLEY. (HOLLEY. 72.)



PART II.

Consecration and Praise.

165

GOD SHALL BE FIRST.

(LOWRY. L. M.)

(Dedicated to my Redeemer, with the prayer that it may lead thousands to join His MORNING BAND, consisting of those who cheerfully devote at least the first and the last half hour of every day to the study of his word and to secret prayer, thus being strengthened for continual service; remembering that HIS work can be done only in HIS strength whose words are "spirit and life.") F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. God shall be first in ev - 'ry - thing; No oth - er gods be - fore him;
 2. First when with ro - sy morn I wake, His pow'r mine eyes un - seal - ing;
 3. First when the crowd - ing cares of day Im - pa - tient press up - on me;
 4. First when I leave mor - tal - i - ty, The glad new song up - rais - ing;

Conclude last stanza with the Doxology.

Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er - King, 'Tis pleas - ure to a - dore him.
 First when his bount-eous gifts I take, His Fa - ther- love re - veal - ing.
 First when the gen - tle twi - light ray With peace - ful calm falls on me.
 First all E - ter - ni - ty, where we Shall dwell who here are prais - ing.

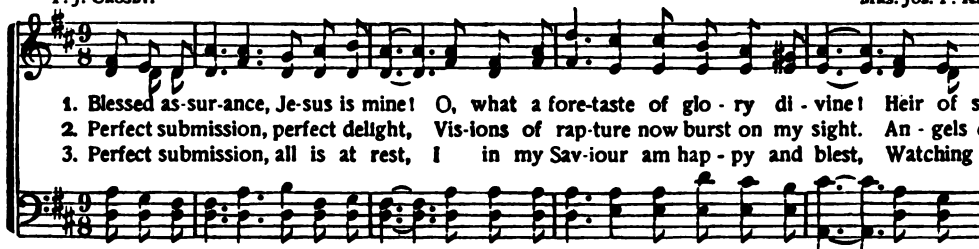
Permission to republish this hymn and tune, without alteration, is hereby freely granted to all, upon condition that the dedication note be printed therewith, as above, and these words below,—From "CHRIST IN SONG." Used by permission of the author.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

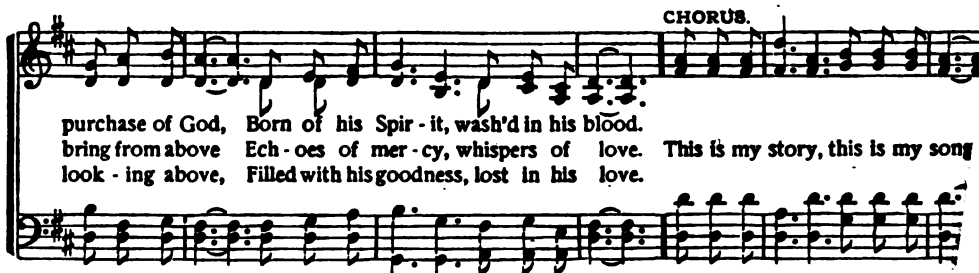
"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies." — Cant. 2: 16.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

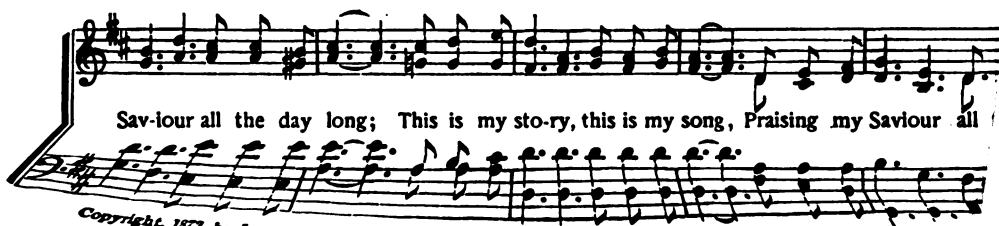


1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of s
 2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An-gels
 3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching

CHORUS.



purchase of God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
 bring from above Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song
 look-ing above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.



Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all

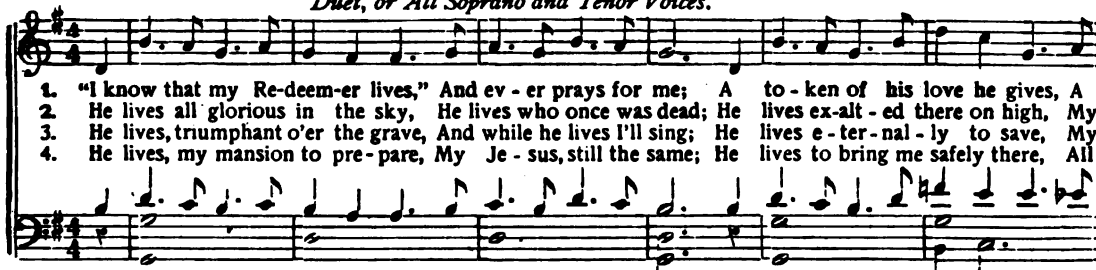
167

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1st stanza; others
arr. from SAMUEL MEDLEY.

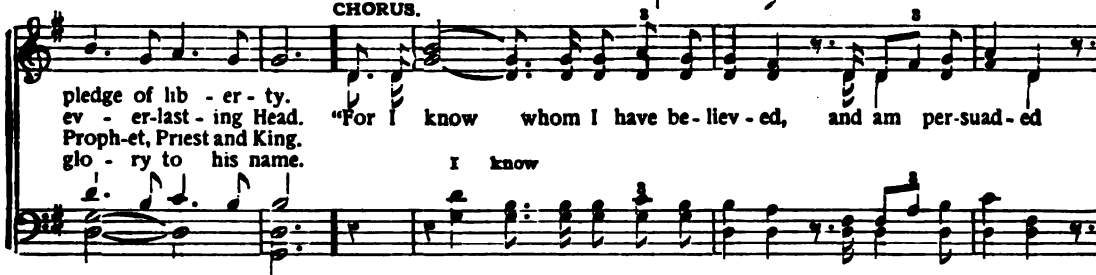
Job. 19:25; 2 Tim. 1:12.

F. E. BELDEN.

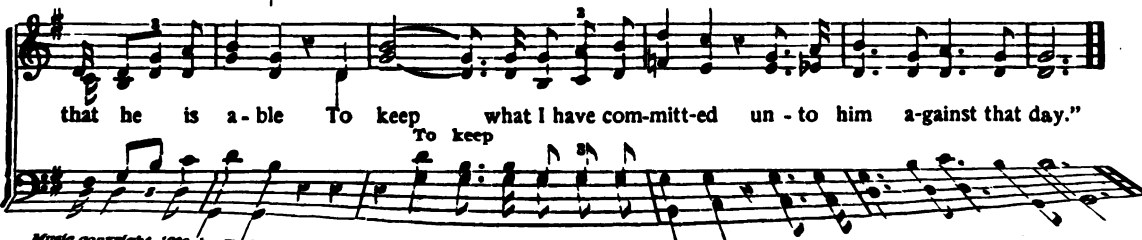
Duet, or All Soprano and Tenor Voices.


1. "I know that my Re-deem-er lives," And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of his love he gives, A
 2. He lives all glorious in the sky, He lives who once was dead; He lives ex-alt - ed there on high, My
 3. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave, And while he lives I'll sing; He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save, My
 4. He lives, my mansion to pre-pare, My Je - sus, still the same; He lives to bring me safely there, All

CHORUS.



pledge of lib - er - ty.
 ev - er-last - ing Head. "For I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per-suad - ed
 Proph-et, Priest and King.
 glo - ry to his name. I know



that he is a - ble To keep what I have com-mitt-ed un - to him a-gainst that day."
 To keep

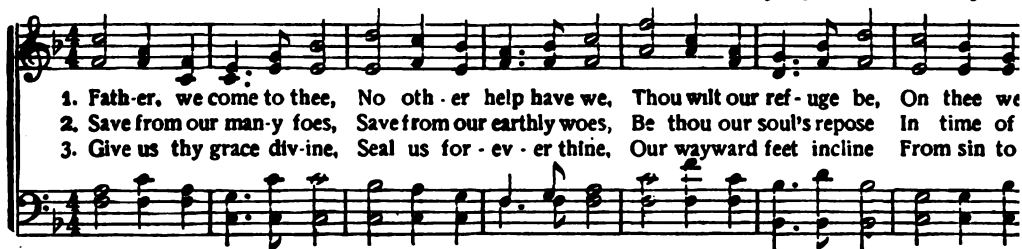
Music copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.

FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

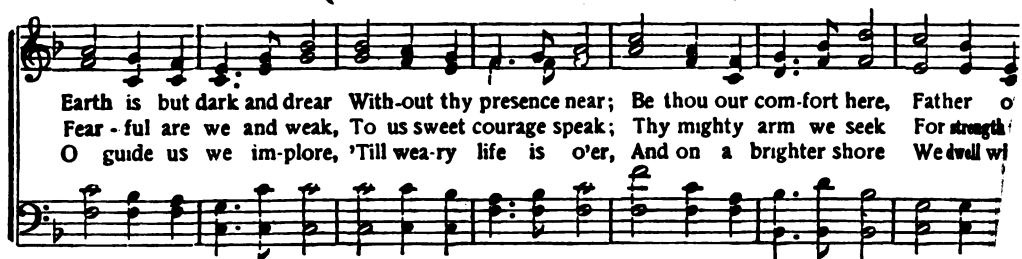
F. E. BELDEN.

"Behold we come unto thee: for thou art the Lord our God."—Jer. 3:23.

W. J. BOS

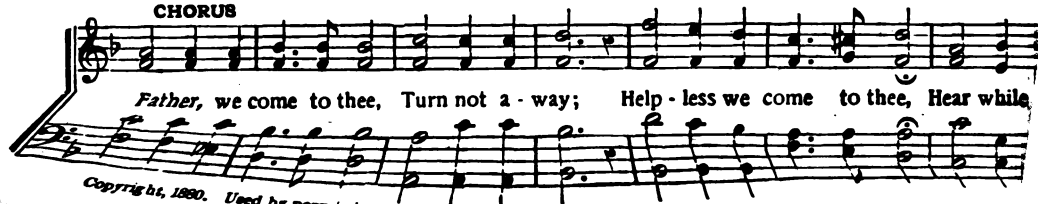


1. Fath-er, we come to thee, No oth-er help have we, Thou wilt our ref-uge be, On thee we
 2. Save from our man-y foes, Save from our earthly woes, Be thou our soul's repose In time of
 3. Give us thy grace div-ine, Seal us for-ev-er thine, Our wayward feet incline From sin to



Earth is but dark and drear With-out thy presence near; Be thou our com-fort here, Father o
 Fear-ful are we and weak, To us sweet courage speak; Thy mighty arm we seek For strength
 O guide us we im-plore, 'Till wea-ry life is o'er, And on a brighter shore Wedwell wi

CHORUS



Father, we come to thee, Turn not a-way; Help-less we come to thee, Hear while

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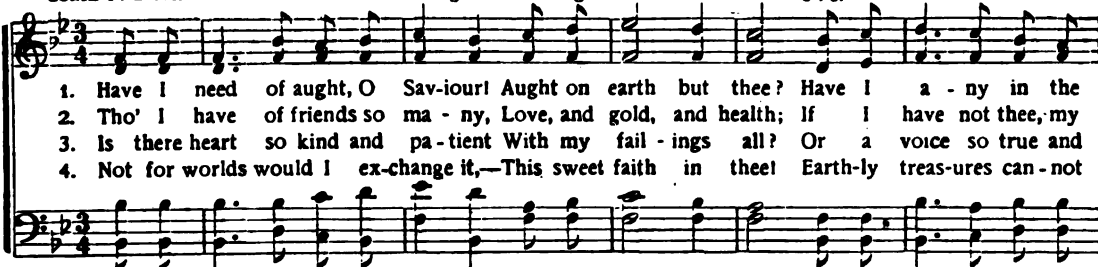
ONLY THEE.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

CORIE F. DAVIS.

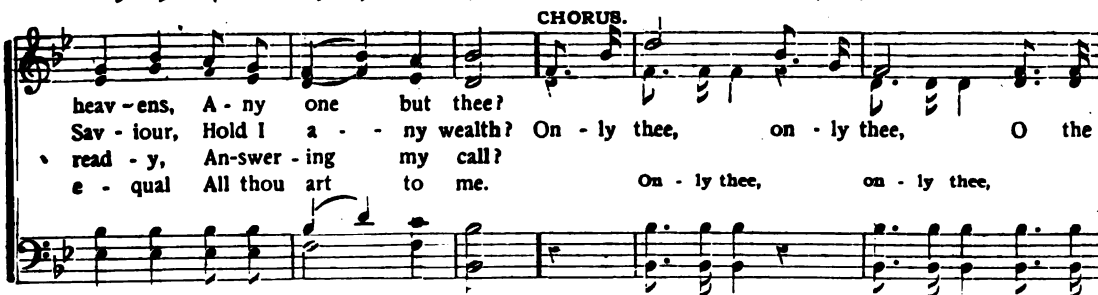
Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8. 36, 37.

Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

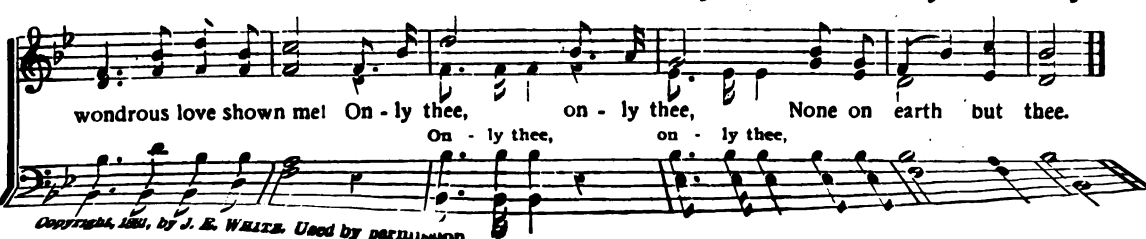


1. Have I need of aught, O Sav-iour! Aught on earth but thee? Have I a - ny in the
 2. Tho' I have of friends so ma - ny, Love, and gold, and health; If I have not thee, my
 3. Is there heart so kind and pa - tient With my fail - ings all? Or a voice so true and
 4. Not for worlds would I ex-change it,—This sweet faith in thee! Earth-ly treas-ures can - not

CHORUS.



heav - ens, A - ny one but thee?
 Sav - iour, Hold I a - - ny wealth? On - ly thee, on - ly thee, O the
 read - y, An - swer - ing my call?
 e - qual All thou art to me. On - ly thee, on - ly thee,



wondrous love shown me! On - ly thee, on - ly thee, None on earth but thee.
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

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FRESH FROM THE THRONE OF GLORY.

HORATIUS BONAR,
4th stanza added.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22:1.

F. E. BELDEN

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang si - le
 3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Now not a - far, but near; My soul to thy still wa - t

REFRAIN.

Swells on the liv - ing Stream.
 Nor hap - py voi - ces cease. Ho - ly Riv - er, I would ev - er Draw my life from thee;
 Hastes in its thirst-ings here. (from the

Might-y Riv - er, I will nev - er Cease to sing of thee

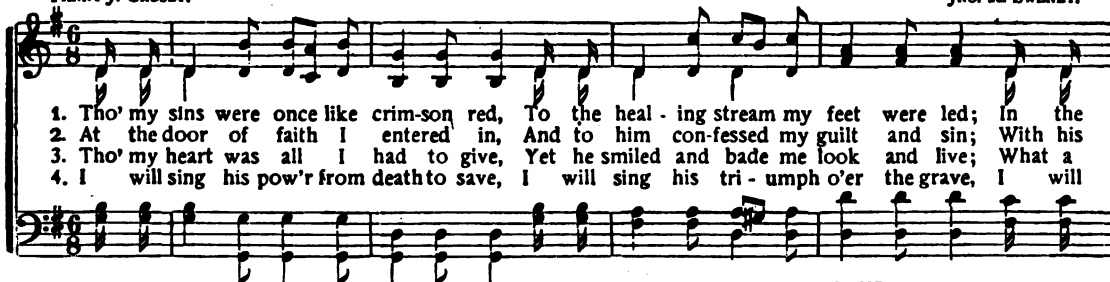
4. Jesus, the healing Fountain,
 Fresh from the throne above
 Thou art the living water,
 Thou art the stream of love.

WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1: 18.

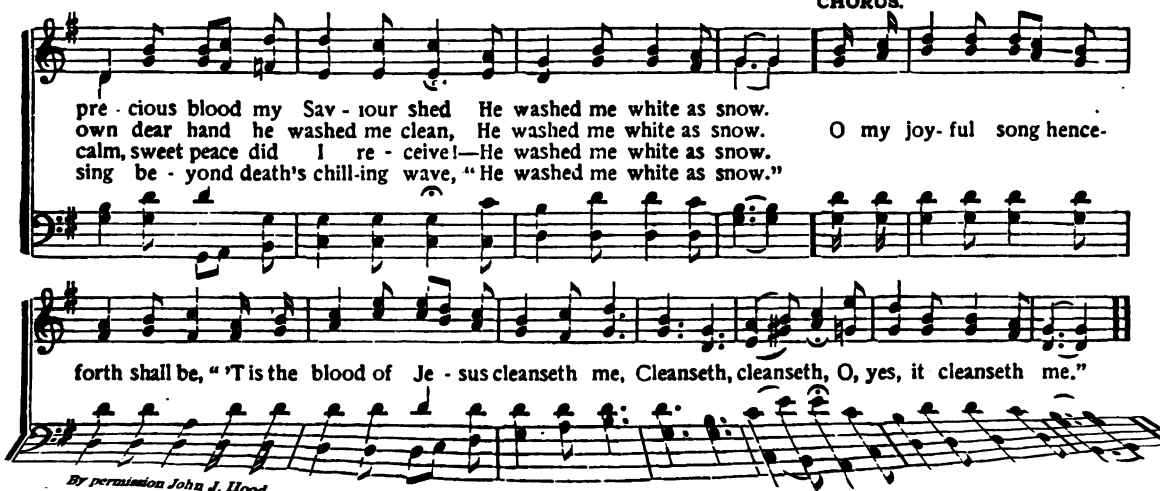
FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tho' my sins were once like crim-son red, To the heal - ing stream my feet were led; In the
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin; With his
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live; What a
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri - umph o'er the grave, I will

CHORUS.



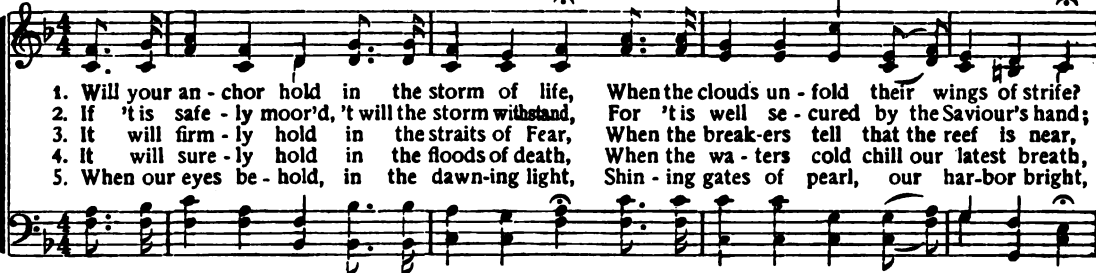
pre - cious blood my Sav - iour shed He washed me white as snow.
 own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow. O my joy - ful song hence -
 calm, sweet peace did I re - ceive!—He washed me white as snow.
 sing be - yond death's chill-ing wave, "He washed me white as snow."

forth shall be, "T is the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me."

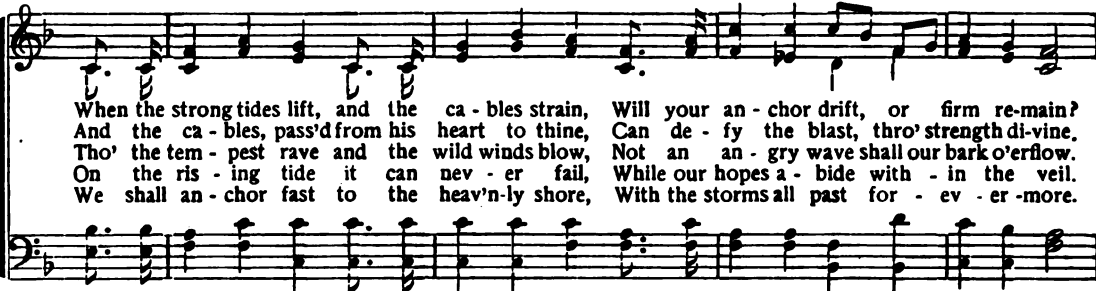
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WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

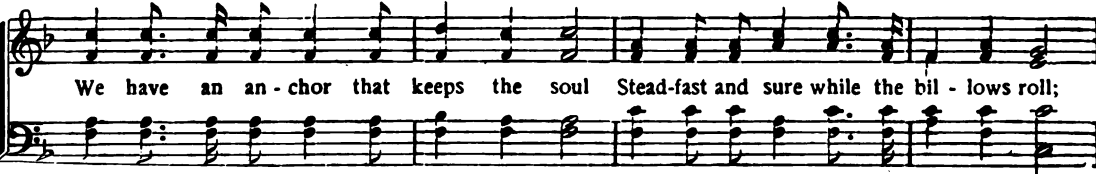


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife?
 2. If 't is safe - ly moor'd, 't will the storm withstand, For 't is well se - cured by the Saviour's hand;
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break - ers tell that the reef is near,
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our latest breath,
 5. When our eyes be - hold, in the dawn-ing light, Shin - ing gates of pearl, our har - bor bright,



When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 And the ca - bles, pass'd from his heart to thine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine,
 Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 We shall an - chor fast to the heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.



We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll;

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

Fastened to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sa - viour's love.

173

HALLELUJAH TO JESUS.

F. E. B.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—Luke 46:47. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hal - le - lu-jahs to Je - sus! Hal-le - lu-jahs for - ev - er! His wondrous sal - va - tion our tongues shall declare.
2. Strike the cymbals of gladness, Hush the lone harps of sadness; He lives who redeemed us from death's awful gloom.
3. With the angels u - nit - ing, In his praises de - light-ing, Both here and in heav'n shall our joy- an- them ring.

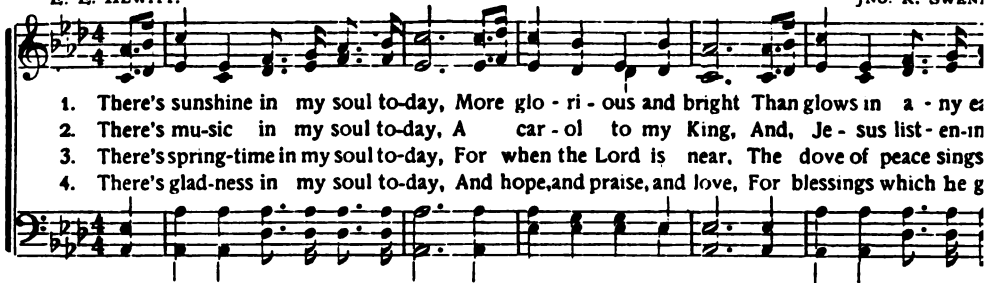
Sound the life in - vi - ta - tion, Call the glad cor - o - nation; The Lord of cre - a - tion the crown shall wear.
 Tell the wonderful sto - ry, From the manger to glo - ry; All hail to King Je - sus who burst the tomb!
 For his love ev - er ver - nal, For his mer - cy e - ter - nal, Let glo - ry su - per - nal crown Jesus King.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15 13.

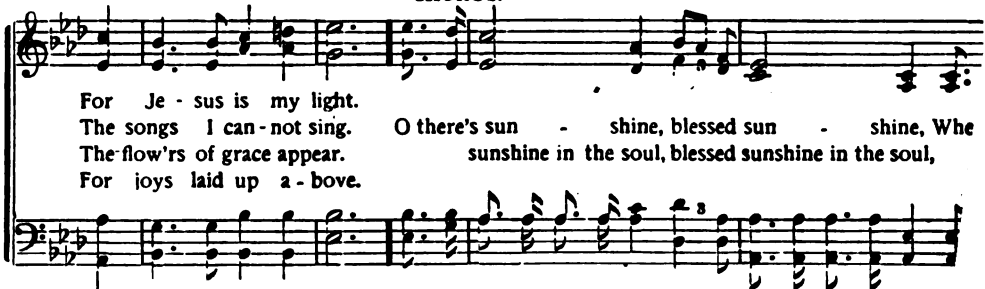
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENY



1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than glows in a - ny e
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And, Je - sus list - en - in
 3. There's spring - time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of peace sings
 4. There's glad - ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he g

CHORUS.



For Je - sus is my light.
 The songs I can - not sing. O there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, Whe
 The flow'rs of grace appear. sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
 For joys laid up a - bove.



hap - py moments roll; When Je - sus shows his smiling face There is sun - shine
 hap - py moments roll,

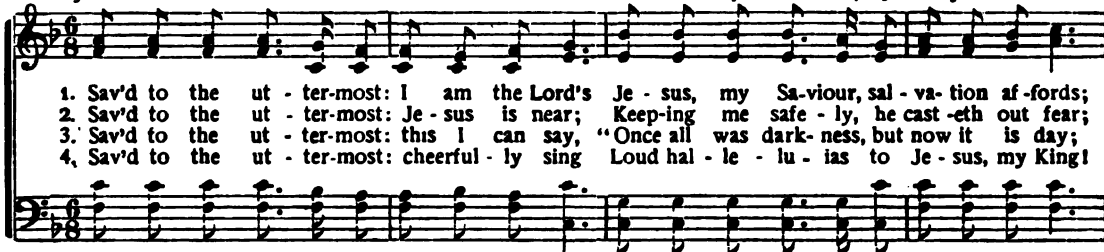
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SAVED TO THE UTMOST.

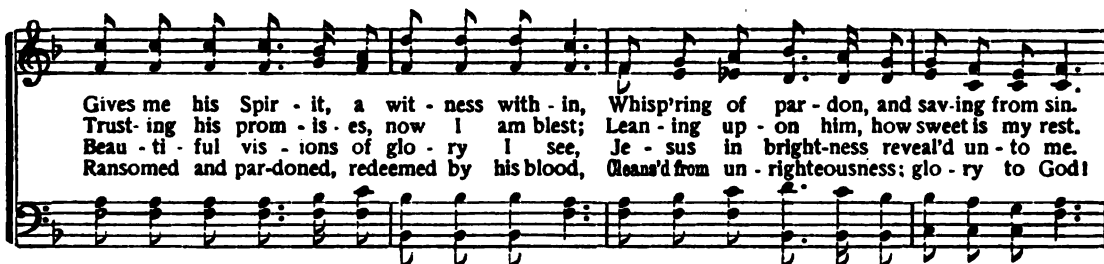
W J R.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7:25.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's Je - sus, my Sa-viour, sal - va-tion af-fords;
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, he cast-eth out fear;
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but now it is day;
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King!



Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin.
 Trust-ing his prom - is - es, now I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness reveal'd un - to me.
 Ransomed and par-doned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from un - righteousness; glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.



{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost, Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine; }
 { Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: } Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!

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MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

F. E. B.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter 1:8.

F. E. BELDEN

1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-su
 2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the world's com-plain-
 3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed heart," says Je-su
 4. Don't bind the gi-ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on Si-ni's moun-tai
 5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-ment lost in sigh-in

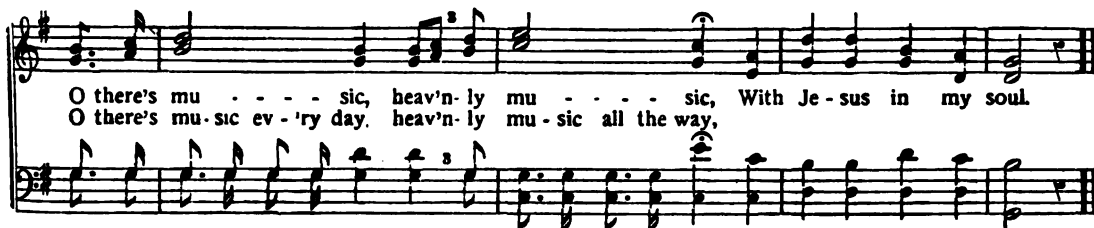
But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gen-tle touch of Je-su
 And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With prom-ise of the life re-main-in
 Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With Self there is no room for Je-su
 There's on-ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,—A bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's foun-tai
 To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For love is more than self-de-n-y-in

CHORUS.

O there's mu-sic, sweet-est mu-sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-su
 O there's mu-sic in my soul, sweet-est mu-sic in my soul,

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MUSIC IN MY SOUL.—CONCLUDED.



O there's mu - - - sic, heav'n-ly mu - - - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
O there's mu - sic ev - 'ry day, heav'n-ly mu - sic all the way,

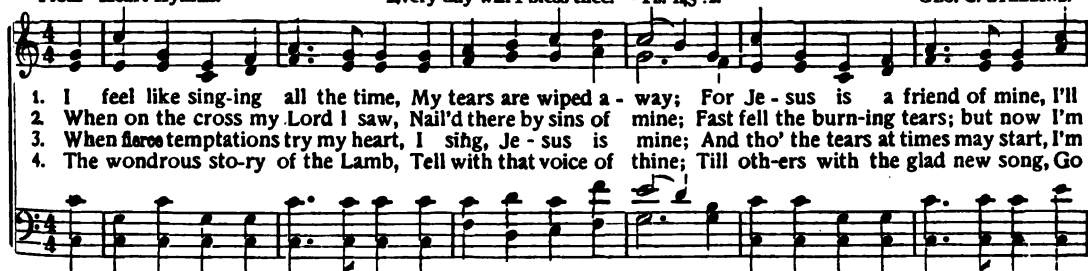
177

SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns."

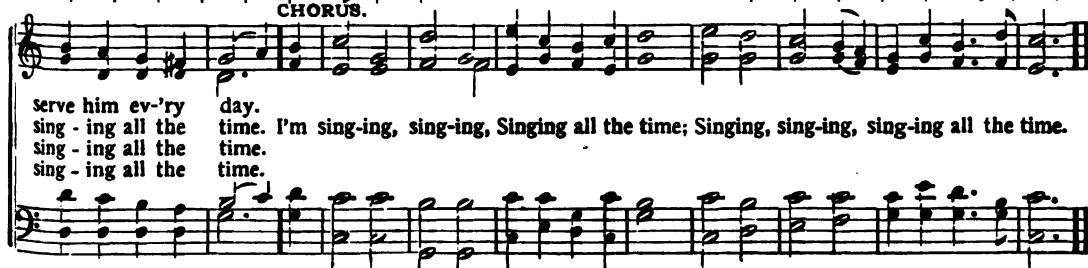
"Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. 145 : 2.

GEO. C. STREIBER.



1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way; For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine; Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm
3. When ~~flame~~ temptations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine; And tho' the tears at times may start, I'm
4. The wondrous sto-ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine; Till oth-ers with the glad new song, Go

CHORUS.



serve him ev-'ry day.
sing - ing all the time. I'm sing-ing, sing-ing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.

THERE'S NO OTHER NAME LIKE JESUS.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear - est name we know, 'Tis the an - gels' joy in
 2. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, When the heart with grief is sad, There's no oth - er name like
 3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him, When in glo - ry he ap - pears, 'Tis the hope to hear his
 4. If he wills that I should la - bor In his vine - yard day by day, Then 'tis well if on - ly
 5. If he wills that death's cold fin - ger Touch my fee - ble, mor - tal clay, Then 'tis well if on - ly

REFRAIN.

heav - en, 'Tis the Chris - tian's joy be - low.
 Je - sus When the heart is free and glad. Sweet name, dear name, There's no
 wel - come, That my faint - ing spir - it cheers.
 Je - sus Bless - es all I do or say. Sweet name, dear name,
 Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

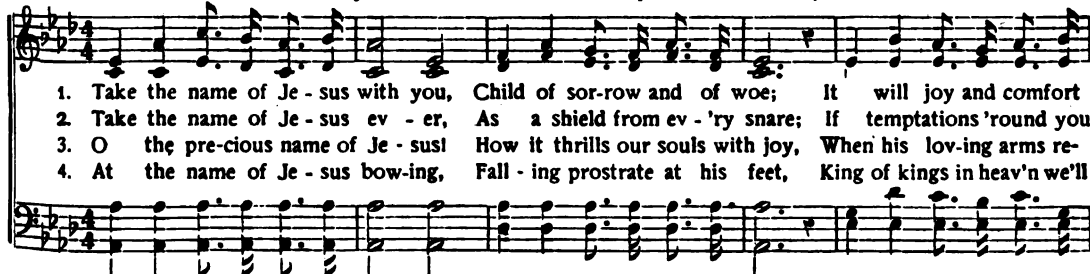
oth - er name like Je - sus; Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.
 Sweet name, dear name,

PRECIOUS NAME.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

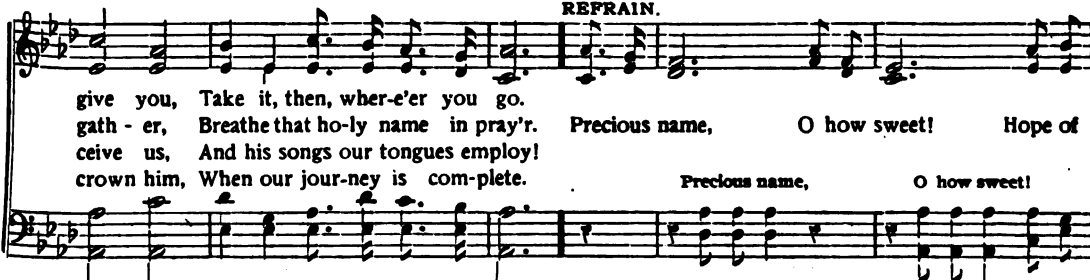
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7.

W. H. DOANE.

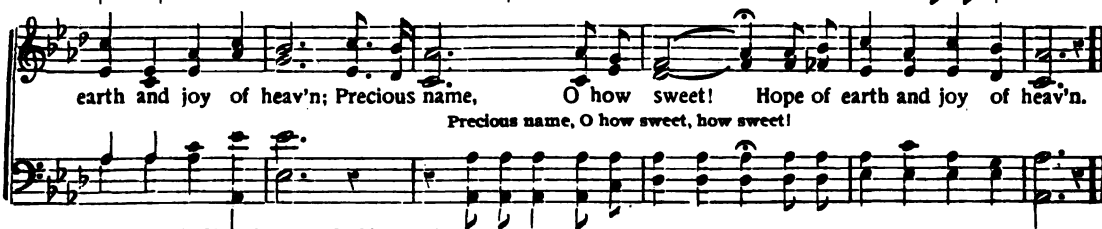


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe; It will joy and comfort
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare; If temptations 'round you
 3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his lov-ing arms re-
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.



give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
 gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
 crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete. Precious name, O how sweet!



earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

NOT MY OWN.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sag - es from thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold,
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect, and use
 5. Take my love, my God, I pour At thy feet, its treas - ure store; Take my - self, and I will be

CHORUS.

At the im - pulse of thy love. Not my own, not my own, Thine am I, thine a -
 Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
 Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee. Not my own, not my own, Thine am I,
 lone; Draw me clos - er to thy throne, Not my own, thine a - lone (not my own).
 thine alone; Draw me close to thy throne, Not my own,

MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN.

"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118: 14.

D. S. HANES.

1. O Je - sus my Re - deem - er, Thou art my joy and song, My Sav - iour and my
 2. Thou art my hope and com - fort, Thro' all the wea - ry years, round me, When fall the bit - ter tears.
 3. I trust in thee, my Sav - iour, My faith - ful friend and guide, dear - er Than all on earth be - side.
 4. Thou art my soul's re - joic - ing While in this world of sin, joic - ing The heav'n - ly gates with - in.

CHORUS.

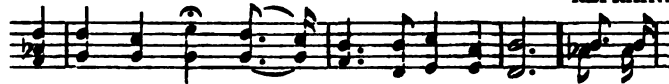
sol - ace When griefs a - round me throng.
 round me, When fall the bit - ter tears.
 dear - er Than all on earth be - side. O Je - sus my Re-deem - er, My
 joic - ing The heav'n - ly gates with - in.

song shall be of thee; No oth - er friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.

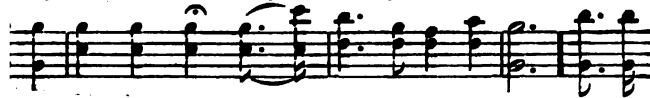
ing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first
 ar - - - had dim'd mine eyes, Je - sus' tears - - - for me
 this - - - of love di - vine! Earth or heav'n - - - can nev -
 er - - - for him I've done; How could he - - - such love



REFRAIN.



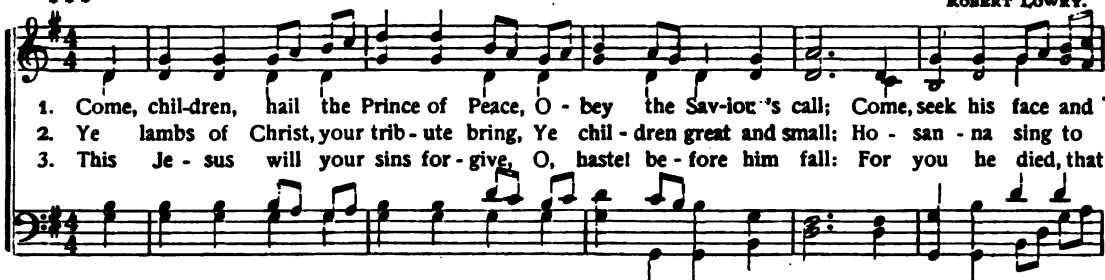
t) bright world a - bove, And died on Cal - va - ry. I will s'
 faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
 - as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
 my heart is won; Help me now *my love* to show.



CROWN HIM.

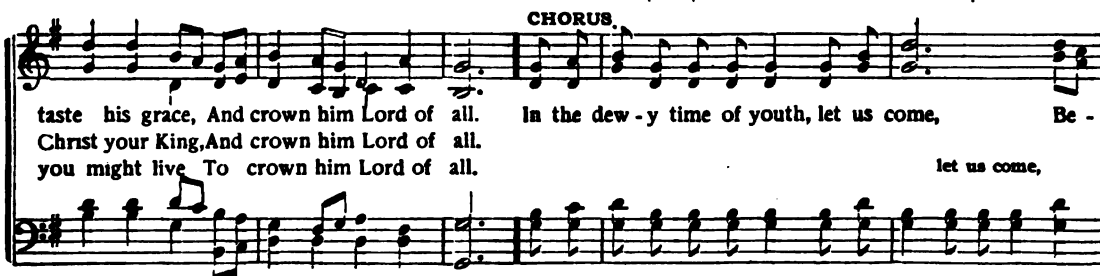
*** "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power to the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. 5:13.

ROBERT LOWRY.

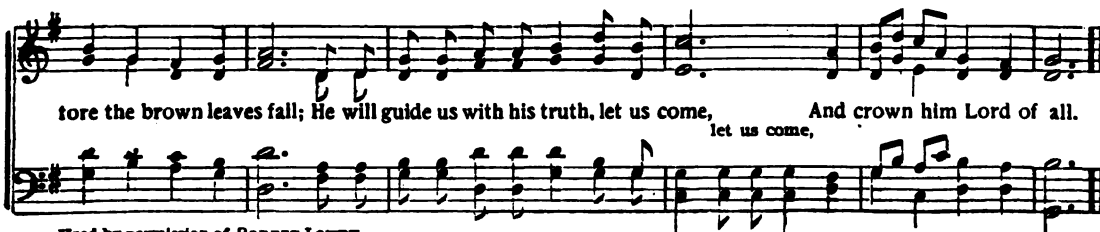


1. Come, chil-dren, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Sav-iour's call; Come, seek his face and
 2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib-ute bring, Ye chil-dren great and small; Ho-san-na sing to
 3. This Je-sus will your sins for-give, O, haste! be-fore him fall: For you he died, that

CHORUS.



taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all. In the dew-y time of youth, let us come, Be -
 Christ your King, And crown him Lord of all.
 you might live To crown him Lord of all. let us come,



fore the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with his truth, let us come, And crown him Lord of all.
 let us come,

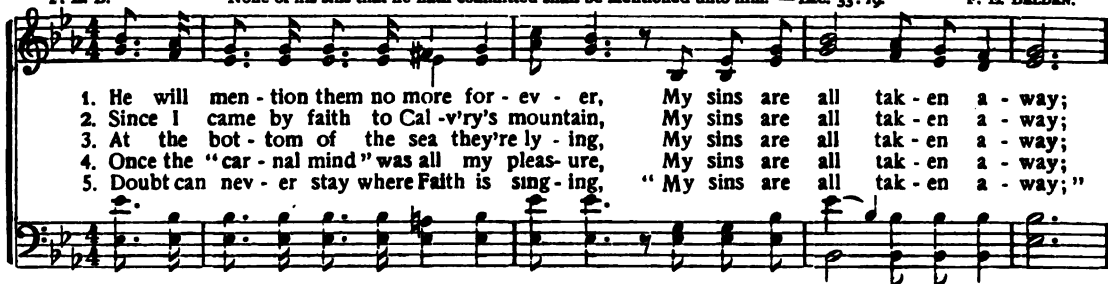
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MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

F. E. B.

"None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him."—Esa. 33: 19.

F. E. BELDEN.

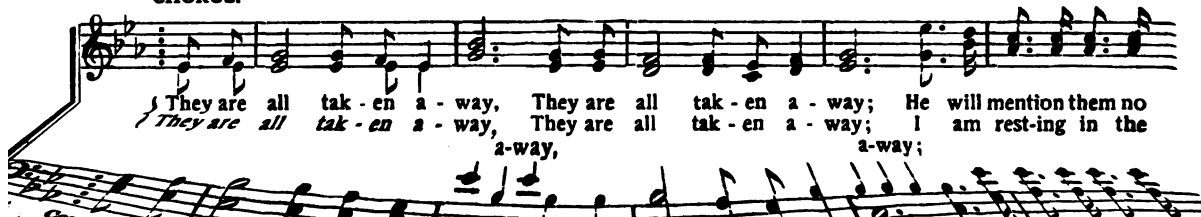


1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 2. Since I came by faith to Cal - v'ry's mountain, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 3. At the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 5. Doubt can nev - er stay where Faith is sing - ing, "My sins are all tak - en a - way;"



For his roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Thro' the cleans - ing pow'r of that blest Foun - tain, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the word of God is my chief treas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 "Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.



They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will mention them no
 They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am rest - ing in the
 a-way, a-way;

MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.—CONCLUDED.

more for - ev - er; Praise the Lord! sing it all day. (Hallelujah!) } My sins are all tak-en a - way.
 great Peace-Giv - er, (Omit.) }

188

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN.

"Follow not that which is evil."—3 John 11.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low thee, For I hear thee call - ing me; Lov - ing, trust - ing,
 2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit - tle feet might go a - stray; I might weak and
 3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool-ish sins my way op-pose; Full of cour - age

End. CHORUS. D. S.
 glad I come, To let thee lead me home.
 wea - ry be, But thou art strong for me. I will fol-low thee, I will fol - low thee, I will
 I will be, Whene'er I fol-low thee.

D. S.—fol - low thee Where - ev - er thou dost lead.

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AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45: 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
 2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my- self a-way,

CHORUS.

For such a worm as I?
 And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my
 'Tis all that I can do!

heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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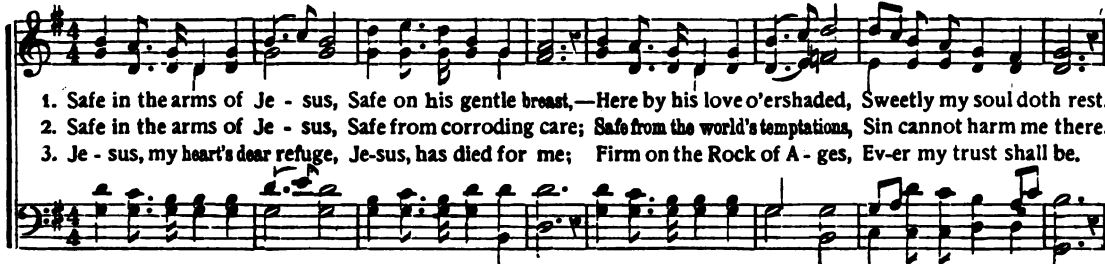
187

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

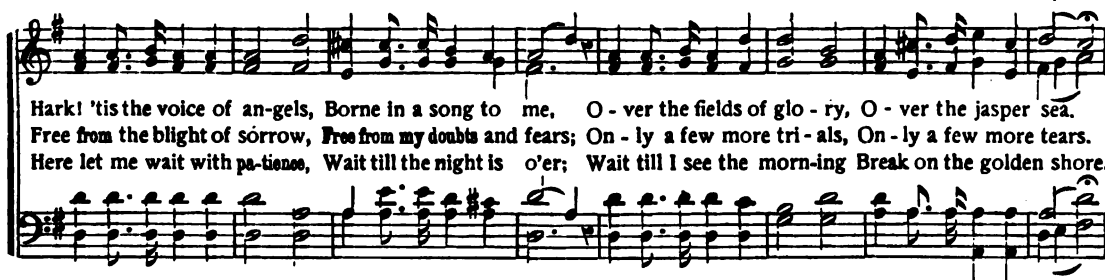
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

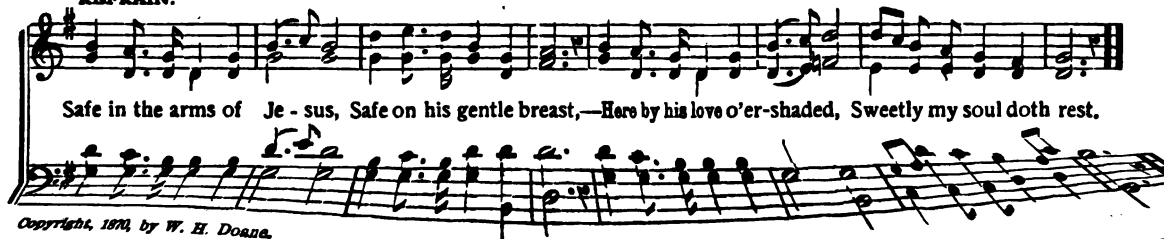


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev-er my trust shall be.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jasper sea.
 Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore.

REFRAIN.



Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

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HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS I—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! It nev - er shall
 Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for - ev - er! Nev - er fail or

suf - fer loss; Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! We glo - ry in the grand old cross.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for - ev - er! Glorious em - blem! grand old cross.

189

"IN HIM."

F. E. B.

"Ye are complete in him."—Col. 2: 10.

F. E. B.

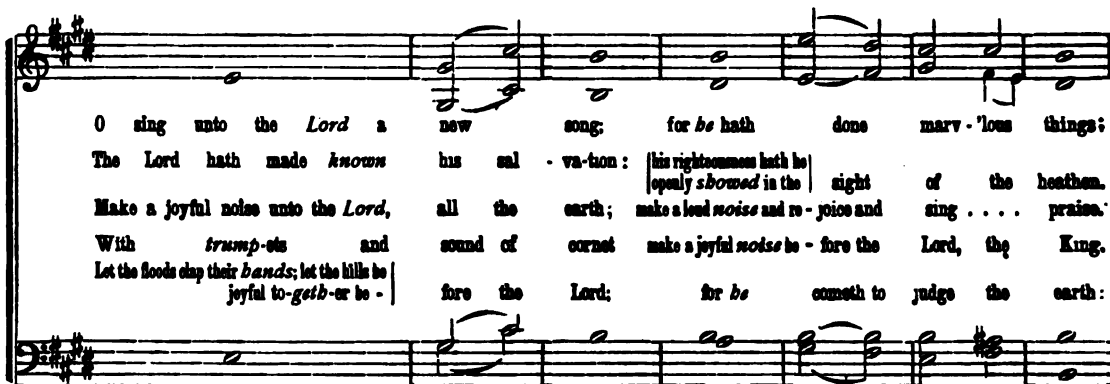
1. In Him; O life of glo-ry! In him; O life of love! In him; this is mysto-ry, In him a-bove.
 2. In Him; how like a riv - er! In him I meet the sea; In him; and here forev - er My rest shall be.
 3. In Him, no love of straying; In him, release from care; In him; O glad obey-ing While rest-ing there!
 4. In Him, with joy I la - bor, In him, un-til he come; Then, O, e - ter - nal favor! In him at home.

"A NEW SONG."

PSALM 98.

(Words in italics for emphatic dwelling tones.)

J. BARNEY.



0 sing unto the *Lord* a new song; for *he* hath done marv-'lous things:
 The Lord hath made *known* his sal - va-tion: *his righteousness hath he* | *openly showed* in the sight of the heathen.
 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise and re-joice and sing . . . praise.
 With *trump-ets* and sound of cornet make a joyful noise be-fore the Lord, the King.
 Let the floods clap their *hands*; let the hills be | joyful to-geth-er be-fore the Lord; for *he* cometh to judge the earth:



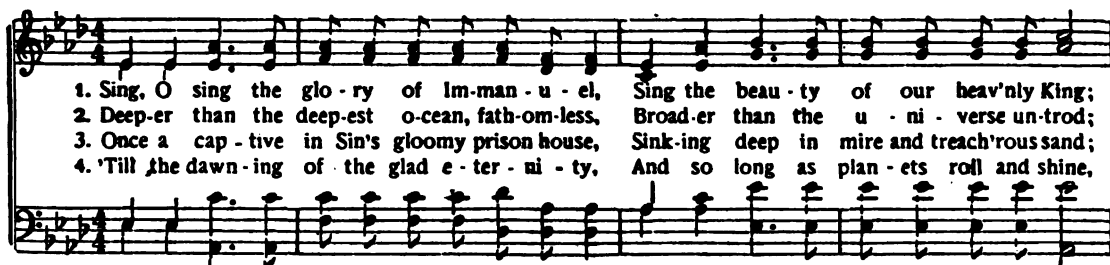
his right *band*, and his ho - ly arm hath got - ten him the victory.
 He hath remembered his mercy and his *truth* | toward the house of Israel. | All the ends of the earth | have *seen* the sal - va - tion of our God.
 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the *harp* and the voice of a psalm.
 Let the sea *roar*, and the fulness there - of; the *world* and they that dwell there - in.
 with right - eous - ness *shall* he judge the world, and the peo - ple with . . . equity.

THE GLORY OF IMMANUEL.

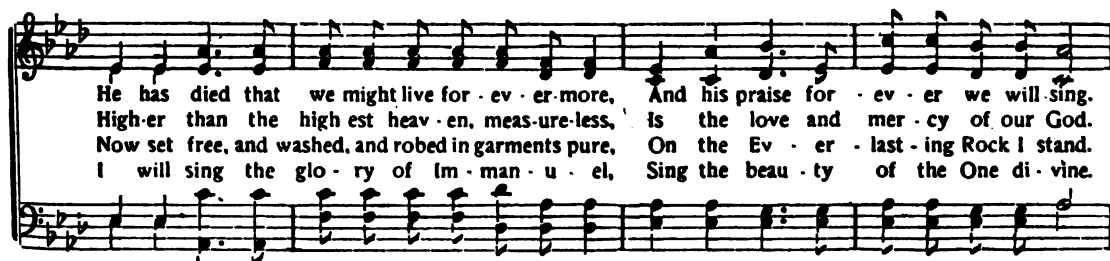
F. E. B.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5:9

F. E. BELDEN.

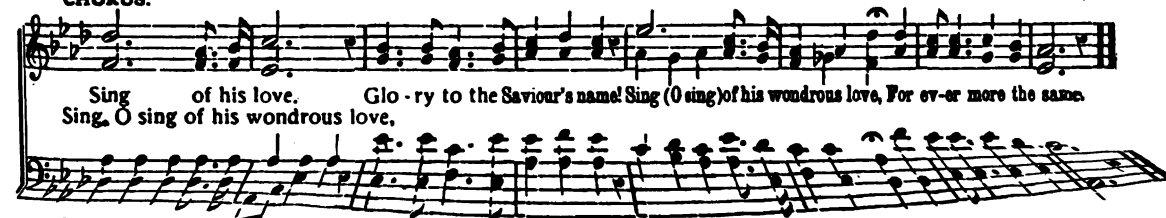


1. Sing, O sing the glo - ry of Im-man - u - el, Sing the beau - ty of our heav'nly King;
 2. Deep-er than the deep-est o-cean, fath-om-less, Broad-er than the u - ni - verse un-trod;
 3. Once a cap - tive in Sin's gloomy prison house, Sink-ing deep in mire and treach'rous sand;
 4. 'Till the dawn-ing of the glad e - ter - ni - ty, And so long as plan - ets roll and shine,



He has died that we might live for - ev - er-more, And his praise for - ev - er we will sing.
 High-er than the high est heav - en, meas-ure-less, Is the love and mer - cy of our God.
 Now set free, and washed, and robed in garments pure, On the Ev - er - last - ing Rock I stand.
 I will sing the glo - ry of Im - man - u - el, Sing the beau - ty of the One di - vine.

CHORUS.



Sing of his love. Glo - ry to the Sav-iour's name! Sing (O sing) of his wondrous love, For ev-er more the same.
 Sing, O sing of his wondrous love,



192

OUR GOD IS A GOD OF LOVE.

M. H. II.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."—1 John 4:8.

M. H. HOWLIS.

1. Do you know what the dew-drops say, As they sparkle at break of day? It is "Love, love
2. Do you know what the sun-beams bright, Are singing from morning till night? It is "Love, love
3. Do you know what the soft rain tells, As it tinkles like fair - y bells? It is "Love, lov
4. Do you know what the winds pro - claim, As they rustle the gold - en grain? It is "Love, lov

love, Our God is a God of love;" It is "Love, love, love, Our God is a God of lov

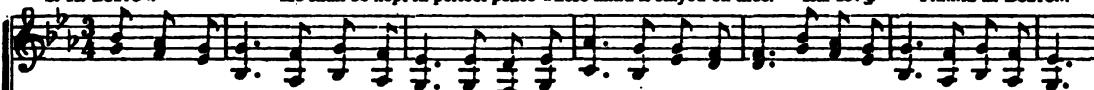
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THE DOVE OF PEACE.

S. H. BOLTON.

"He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26:3.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.



1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part; Thy place among the hosts of wrong
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel-o-dy he brings; He tells of my soon-coming King,
3. O gen-tle voice of Je-sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a-bove, And thro' all sorrow and all wrong
4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de-part, But keep his home within my heart. E'en when I rise to worlds a - bove,
5. O wouldst thou hear the dove with-in? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin: Then in sweet measures from a - bove

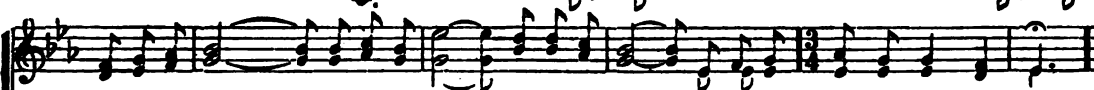
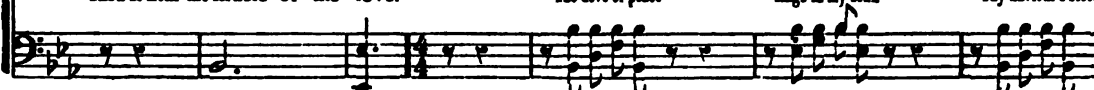


REFRAIN.



Is but to ech-o love's sweet song."
Of prais-es that the an-gels sing. The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood
O'erflows the soul with tender song.
I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove.
Then 't'll hear the music of his love.

The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood



doth make thee whole;" The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Sa-viour's deathless love.
doth make thee whole;"



REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSSY.

"Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3: 58.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
 2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je-sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell; I know that the
 3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light, Who lov-ing-ly
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright mansion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN.

in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er, I am. Re-deemed, re-deemed, Re-
 light of his presence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell.
 can-not be si-lent; His love is the theme of my song.
 guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 spir-its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re-deemed, re-deemed, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.

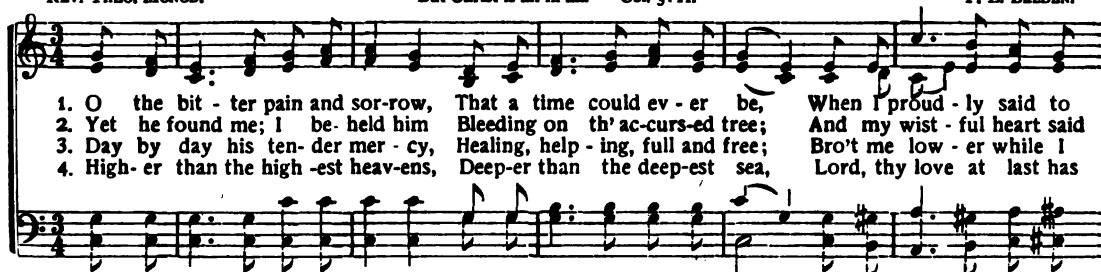
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NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

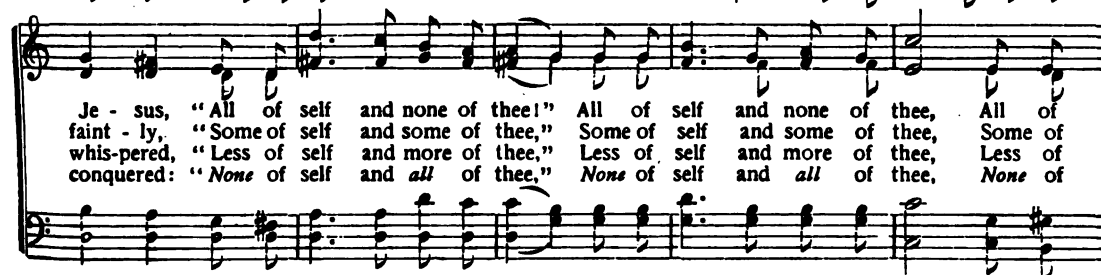
REV. THEO. MONOD.

"But Christ is all in all."—Col. 3:11.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. O the bit - ter pain and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be, When I proud - ly said to
 2. Yet he found me; I be-held him Bleeding on th' ac-curs-ed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
 3. Day by day his ten-der mer - cy, Healing, help - ing, full and free; Bro't me low - er while I
 4. High-er than the high - est heav-ens, Deep-er than the deep-est sea, Lord, thy love at last has



Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!" All of self and none of thee, All of
 faint - ly, "Some of self and some of thee," Some of self and some of thee, Some of
 whis-pered, "Less of self and more of thee," Less of self and more of thee, Less of
 conquered: "None of self and all of thee," None of self and all of thee, None of



self and none of thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!"
 self and some of thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of thee!"
 self and more of thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee!"
 self and all of thee, Lord, thy love at last has conquered: "None of self and all of thee!"

WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

R. D. MUND.

"He loved them unto the end."—John 13 : 1.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In joy - ful high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; But who can sing the
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light, In pain a balm, in
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

REFRAIN.

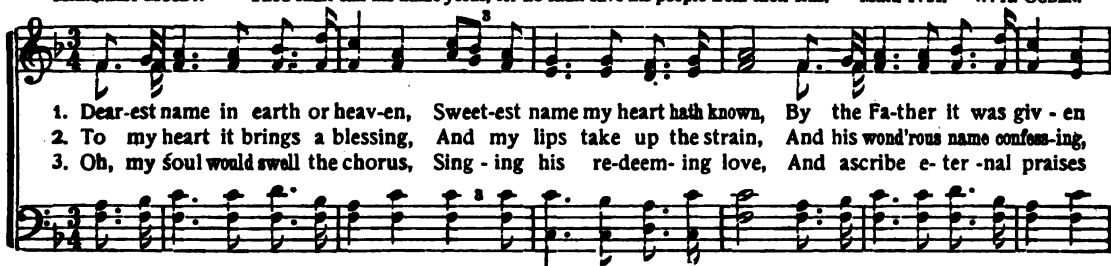
worthy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus?
 weakness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love!
 all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

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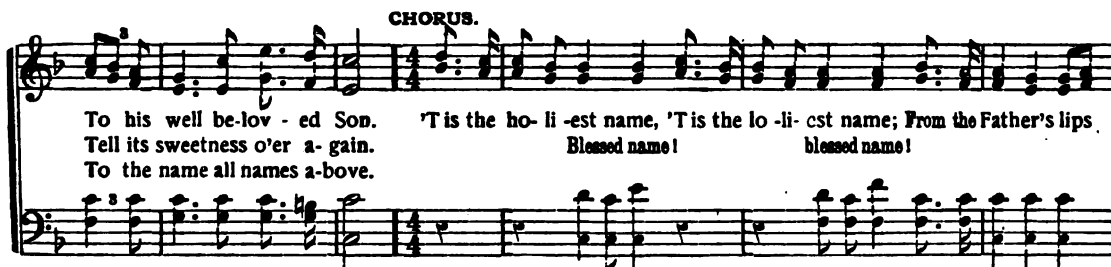
THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins,"— Matt. 1:21. W. A. OGDEN.

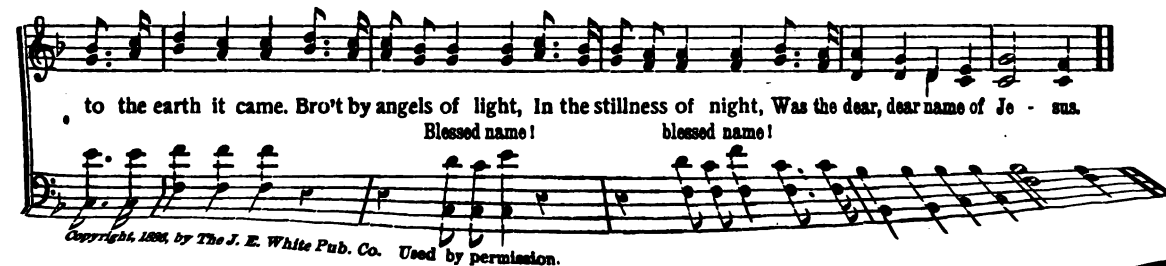


1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweet-est name my heart hath known, By the Fa-ther it was giv - en
 2. To my heart it brings a blessing, And my lips take up the strain, And his wond'rous name confess-ing,
 3. Oh, my soul would swell the chorus, Sing - ing his re-deem-ing love, And ascribe e-ter-nal praises

CHORUS.



To his well be-lov - ed Son. 'T is the ho - li - est name, 'T is the lo - li - est name; From the Father's lips,
 Tell its sweetness o'er a - gain. Blessed name! blessed name!
 To the name all names a-bove.



to the earth it came. Bro't by angels of light, In the stillness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je - su.

Blessed name! blessed name!

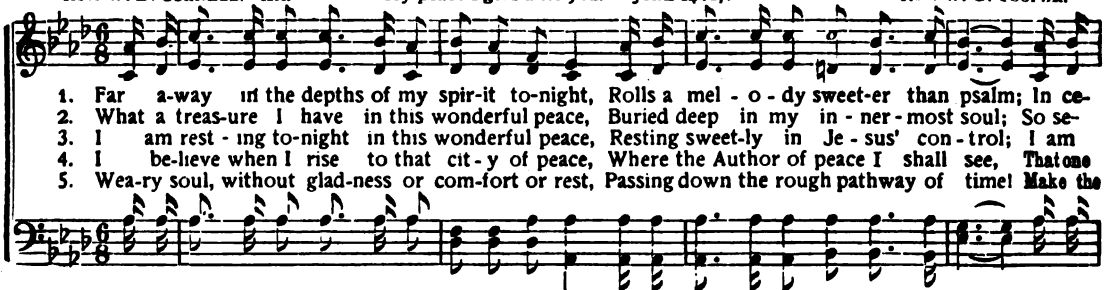
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WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

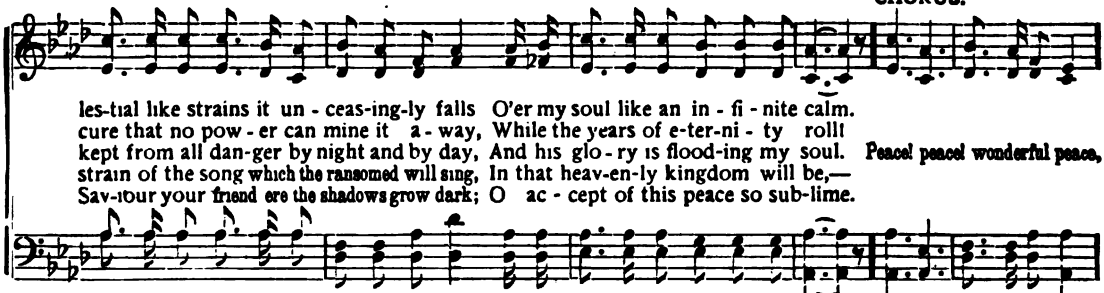
"My peace I give unto you."—John 14:27.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my in - ner - most soul; So se-
 3. I am rest - ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; I am
 4. I be-lieve when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
 5. Wea-ry soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the

CHORUS.



les-tial like strains it un - ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 kept from all dan - ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
 strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
 Sav-iour your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.



Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

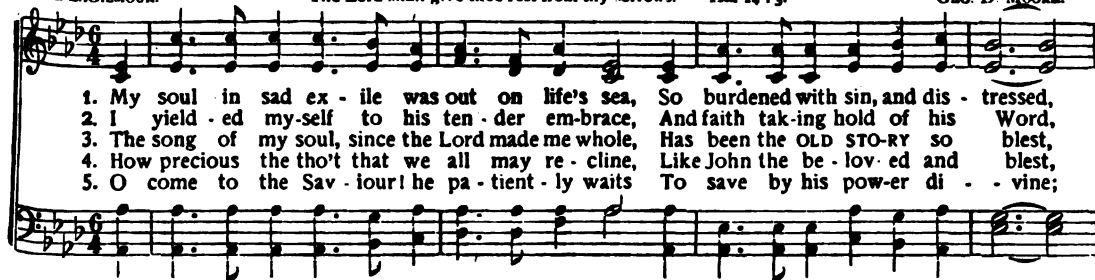
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THE HAVEN OF REST.

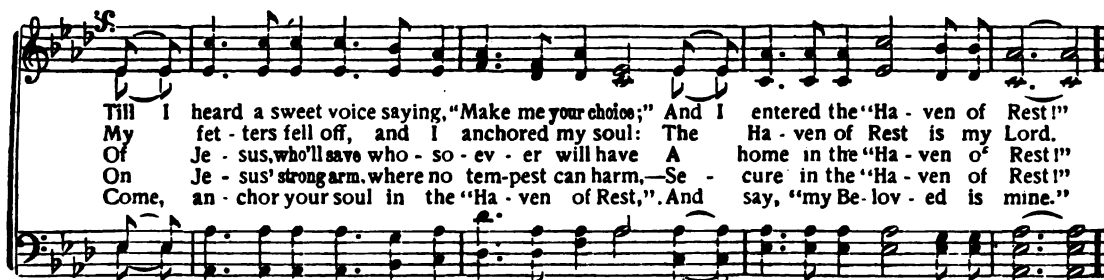
H. L. GILMOOR.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows."—Isa. 24:3.

Geo. D. MOORE.



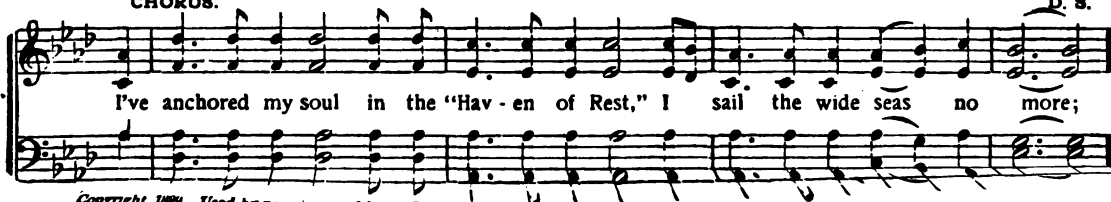
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and dis - tressed,
 2. I yield - ed my-self to his ten - der em-brace, And faith tak-ing hold of his Word,
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO-ry so blest,
 4. How precious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest,
 5. O come to the Sav - iour! he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his pow - er di - - vine;



Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem-pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

D. S.— The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



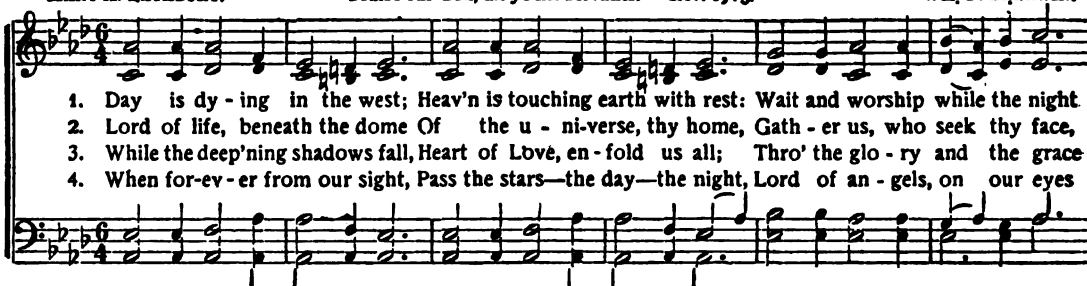
I've anchored my soul in the "Hav - en of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;

TWILIGHT.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

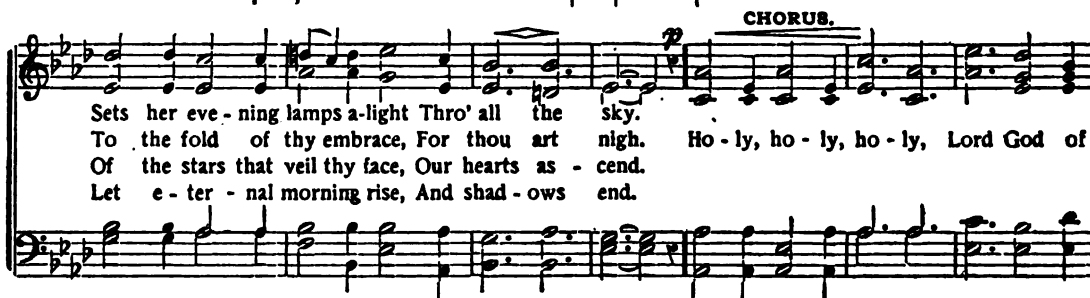
"Praise our God, all ye his servants."—Rev. 19:5.

WM. F. SHAWIN.

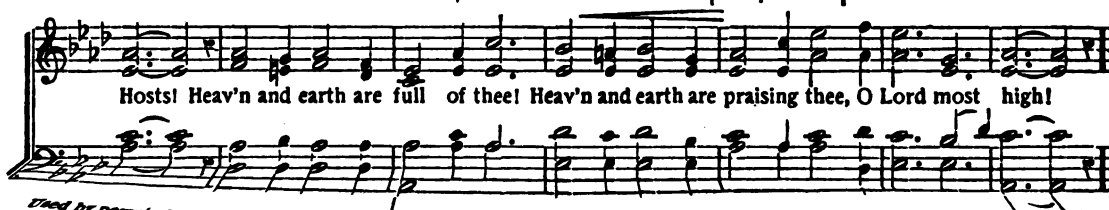


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
 2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, thy home, Gath - er us, who seek thy face,
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold us all; Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

CHORUS.



Sets her eve - ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of thy embrace, For thou art nigh. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of
 Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad - ows end.



Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

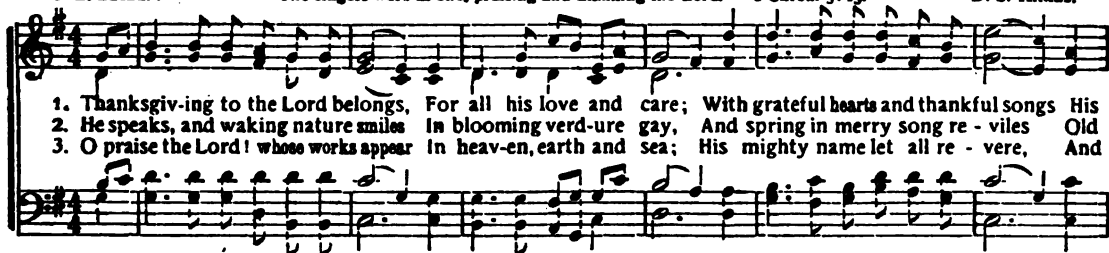
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THANKSGIVING.

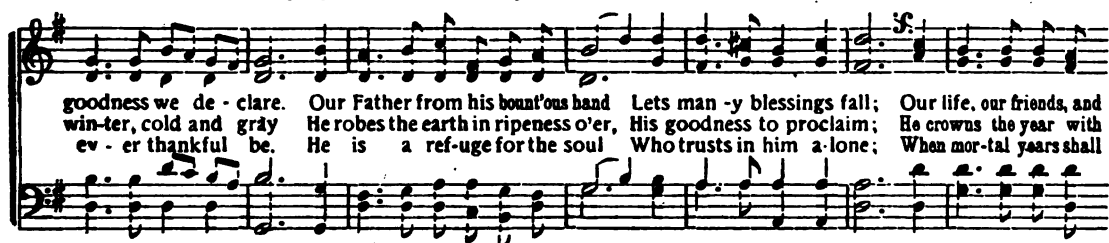
F. E. BELDEN.

"The singers were as one, praising and thanking the Lord."—2 Chron. 5:13.

D. S. HAKES.



1. Thankgiv-ing to the Lord be-longs, For all his love and care; With grate-ful hearts and thank-ful songs His
 2. He speaks, and wak-ing na-ture smiles In bloom-ing verd-ure gay, And spring in mer-ry song re-vives Old
 3. O praise the Lord! whose works ap-pear In heav-en, earth and sea; His mighty name let all re-vere, And



goodness we de-clare. Our Fa-ther from his boun-ti-ous hand Lets man-y bless-ings fall; Our life, our friends, and
 win-ter, cold and gray He robes the earth in ripeness o'er, His goodness to proclaim; He crowns the year with
 ev-er thank-ful be. He is a ref-u-ge for the soul Who trusts in him a-lone; When mor-tal years shall

D. S.—Let ev-'ry heart a

D. S.

CHORUS.



freedom's land, We owe to him our all. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, For all his mercies shown;
 har-vest store; Thank-giv-ing to his name. Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,
 cease to roll, We'll praise him round his throne.

trouble bring, And make his goodness known.

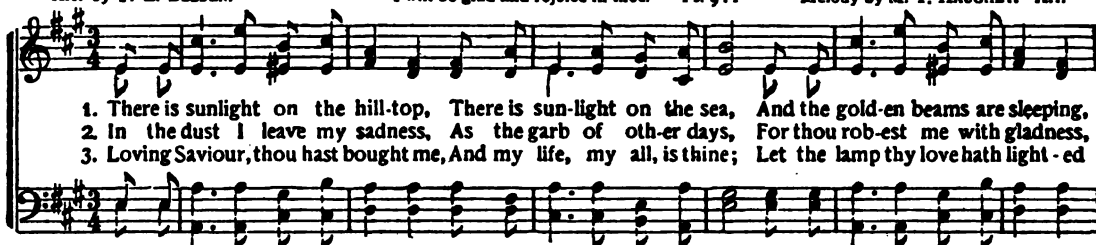
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SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.


Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9:1

Melody by M. T. HAUGHEY. Arr.



1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the gold-en beams are sleeping,
 2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of oth-er days, For thou rob-est me with gladness,
 3. Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine; Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed



On the soft and ver-dant lea; But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the chambers of my heart;
 And thou fill-est me with praise; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
 To thy praise and glo-ry shine; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

REFRAIN.



For thou dwellest there my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee. O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight!
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—CONCLUDED.

O the sun-light in the heart! Je - sus' smile can ban-ish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

203

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B.

"Not I: but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2:20.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Not I but Christ, be honored, loved, ex-alt - ed; Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gent-ly soothe in sor-row, Not I, but Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear;
 3. Christ, on-ly Christ! no i - dle words e'er fall-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ; no needless bustling sound;
 4. Not I, but Christ, my ev -'ry need sup-ply-ing, Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be:

Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry look and ac-tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry tho't and word.
 Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry bur-den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
 Christ, on-ly Christ; no self-im-por-tant bear-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ; no trace of "I" be found.
 Christ, on-ly Christ, for bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Christ, on-ly Christ, here and e - ter - nal - ly.

Music copyright, 1900, by Fannie E. Bolton.

PRAISE HIM!

F. E. B.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5:12.

F. E. BULDEN.

1. Praise him! praise him! Mighty Crea-tor and Sav-iour; Praise him! praise him! spreading abroad his fame.
 2. An - gels, an - gels, joyful-ly kneel and a-dore him, Sing - ing, sing - ing, "Worthy the Lamb once slain."
 3. Tell-ing, tell - ing, telling the wonderful sto - ry, Liv - ing, liv - ing, liv - ing it ev - 'ry hour;

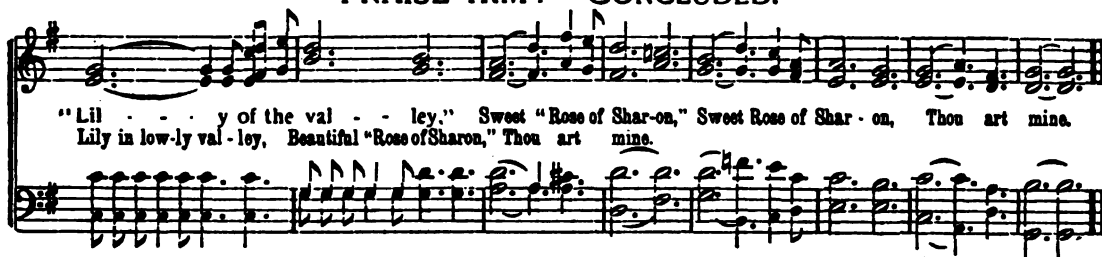
Love him, love him, crowning our lives with his fa - vor; Friend of sin - ners,— what a name!
 Mor - tals, mor-tals, grateful - ly wor-ship be-fore him; Slain for us, he lives a - gain.
 Gath'ring, gath'-ring Jew - els to add to his glo - ry, When as King he comes in pow'r.

CHORUS.

"Chief - - - est among ten thou - - - sand, One - - - al-to-geth-er love - ly,"
 "Chiefest among ten thou-sand, One al-togeth-er lovely," Jesus, the friend of sin - ners, Christ my Lord

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PRAISE HIM!—CONCLUDED.



"Lil - - - y of the val - - - ley." Sweet "Rose of Shar-on," Sweet Rose of Shar - on, Thou art mine.
Lily in low-ly val - ley, Beautiful "Rose of Sharon," Thou art mine.

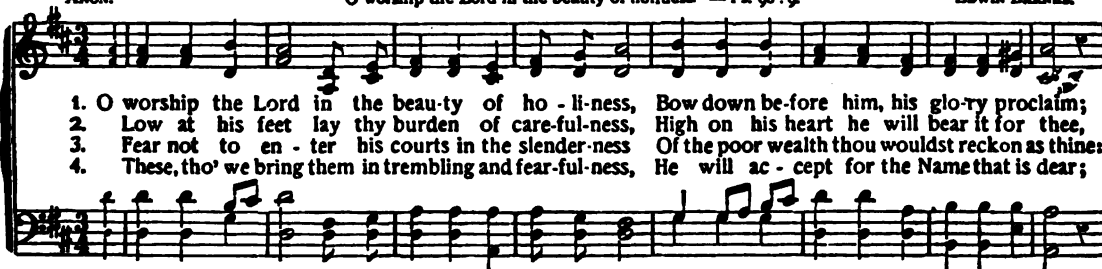
205

IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

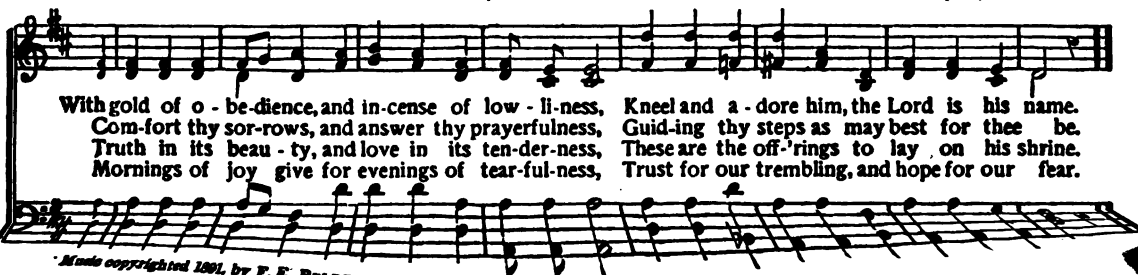
ANON.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. 96:9.

EDWIN BARNES.



1. O worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Bow down be-fore him, his glo-ry proclaim;
2. Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-ful-ness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
3. Fear not to en-ter his courts in the slender-ness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
4. These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness, He will ac-cept for the Name that is dear;



With gold of o-be-dience, and in-cense of low-li-ness, Kneel and a-dore him, the Lord is his name.
Com-fort thy sor-rows, and answer thy prayerfulness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
Truth in its beau-ty, and love in its ten-der-ness, These are the off-rings to lay on his shrine.
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Mus. copyrighted 1901, by F. E. BELDEN.

JESUS LIVES.

F. E. B. *With feeling.* "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for ever more, and have the keys of hell and death."—Rev. 1: 18. *cres.* F. E. BELDEN

1. Si - lent in death he lies, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Light up, ye morn - ing skies!
 2. Watch him, ye Ro-man guard, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Strong must his tomb be barred;
 3. Haste ye! the news re - veal; Je - sus my Sa - viour; How an - gel broke the seal;
 4. Ten - der High Priest a - bove; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Grav'n on his hands of love,
 5. "Quick-ly" he comes a - gain; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Hear it, ye sons of men,

mf *CHO* *faster.* *f*
 Speed on his hour! } Up from the grave he a - rose, Vic-to-ri-ous o-ver all his foes:
 Know ye his pow'r? }
 While demons cow'r, (4.) Up to the white throne a - bove, He rose a Con-quer-or by love:
 We are his dow'r. (5.) Up with the Lord we shall rise, Tri-umph-anthro' the op'ning skies:
 Sin to de - vour.

deliberately.
 (1-3) He lives a - gain! He lives to reign! He lives! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives a - gain.
 (4) He pleads for me, He pleads for thee; He pleads, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus' blood sets free.
 (5) He comes a - gain! He comes to reign! He comes! hal - le - lu - jah! We with him shall reign.

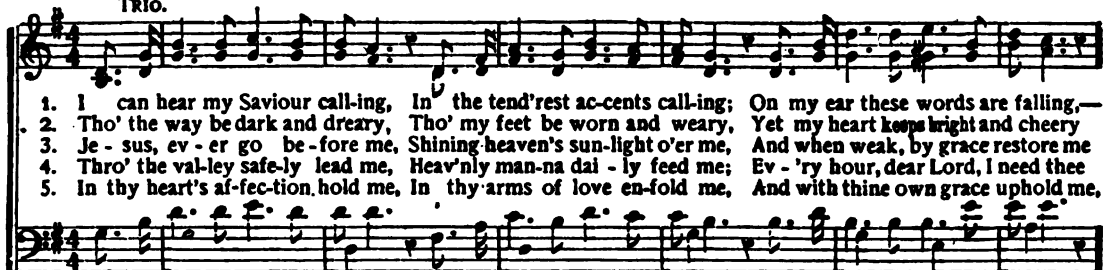
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8:19.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.



1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing; On my ear these words are falling,—
 2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
 3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sun-light o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
 4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me; Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
 5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion, hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me, And with thine own grace uphold me,

CHORUS.



Come and fol-low, dai - ly fol - low me."
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way. I will take my cross and fol - low. My dear
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.

Sav-iour I will fol-low; Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

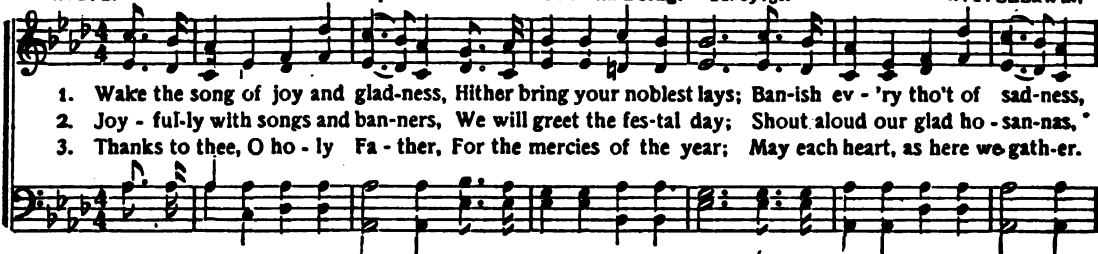
WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

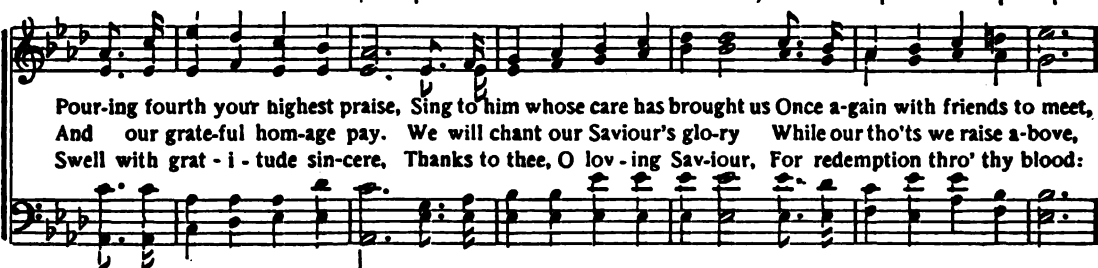
W. F. S.

"I will praise the name of God with a song."—Ps. 69:30.

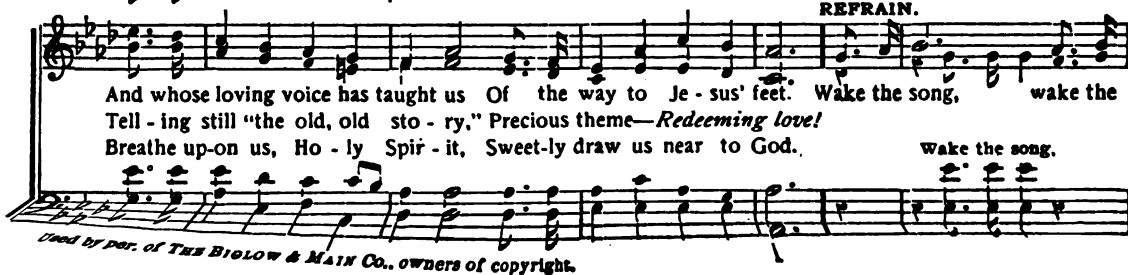
W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hither bring your noblest lays; Ban-ish ev - 'ry tho't of sad-ness,
2. Joy - ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout aloud our glad ho - san-nas,
3. Thanks to thee, O ho - ly Fa - ther, For the mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er.



Pour-ing fourth your highest praise, Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Saviour's glo-ry While our tho'ts we raise a-bove,
Swell with grat-i-tude sin-cere, Thanks to thee, O lov-ing Sav-iour, For redemption thro' thy blood:



REFRAIN.

And whose loving voice has taught us Of the way to Je - sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
Tell - ing still "the old, old sto - ry." Precious theme—*Redeeming love!*
Breathe up-on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God. Wake the song.

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WAKE THE SONG—CONCLUDED.

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju-bi - lee.
 Wake the song, Wake the song, wake the song,

209

HAPPY SONGS.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21:9. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Long a-go the children sang a song Of praise to Je-sus as he rode along:
 2. As of old he loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to him, our heav'nly King: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -
 3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a glad and glorious throng:

CHORUS.

san - na in the highest!" } Happy songs, happy songs, Let the children sing their happy, happy songs; } loves to hear our songs.
 Happy songs, happy songs, Je - sus (Omit.)

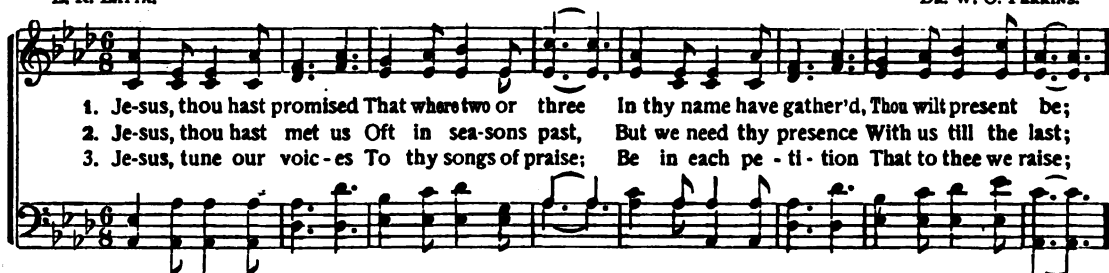
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JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

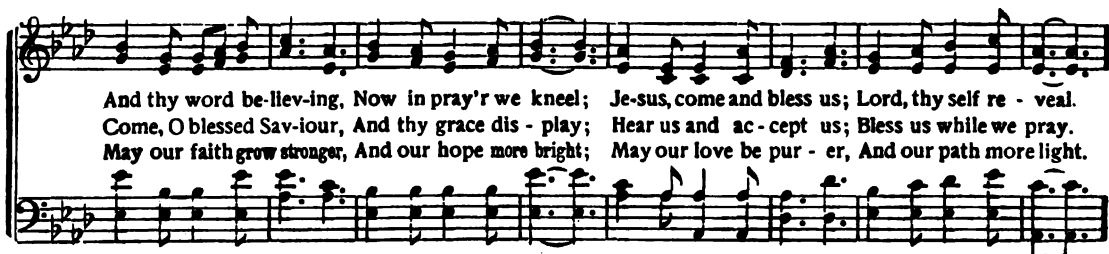
E. R. LATTA.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18:20.

DR. W. O. PERKINS.



1. Je-sus, thou hast promised That where two or three In thy name have gather'd, Thou wilt present be;
 2. Je-sus, thou hast met us Oft in sea-sons past, But we need thy presence With us till the last;
 3. Je-sus, tune our voic-es To thy songs of praise; Be in each pe-ti-tion That to thee we raise;



And thy word be-liev-ing, Now in pray'r we kneel; Je-sus, come and bless us; Lord, thy self re-veal.
 Come, O blessed Sav-iour, And thy grace dis-play; Hear us and ac-cept us; Bless us while we pray.
 May our faith grow stronger, And our hope more bright; May our love be pur-er, And our path more light.

CHORUS.



Je-sus, come and bless us While we lin-ger here; Je-sus, come and bless us, Be thou ev-er near.

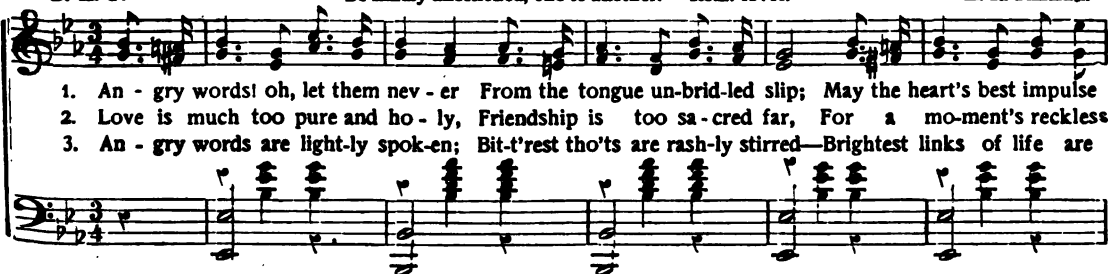
*Used by permission of Dr. W. O. Perkins.

ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.

D. K. P.

"Be kindly affectioned, one to another."—Rom. 12:10.

H. R. PALMER.

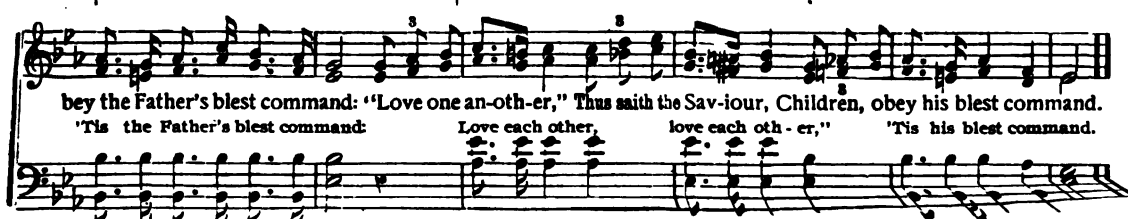


1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-brid-led slip; May the heart's best impulse
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo - ment's reckless
 3. An - gry words are light-ly spok-en; Bit-t' rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—Brightest links of life are

CHORUS.



ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip. "Love one an-oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o-
 fol - ly Thus to des - o-late and mar.
 broken, By a sin - gle an - gry word. "Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"



bey the Father's blest command: "Love one an-oth-er," Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, obey his blest command.
 'Tis the Father's blest command: Love each other, love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest command.

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STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

"For all the promises of God in him are yes, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let his prais-es ring,
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail,
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleans-ing in the blood for me;
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord,
 5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, List'-ning ev-'ry mo-moment to the Spir-it's call,

Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the prom-is-es of God.
 O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing, Stand-ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God (my Saviour);
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

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STANDING ON THE PROMISES.—CONCLUDED.

Stand - ing, Stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

213

MORE OF JESUS.

F. E. B.

"More about Jesus" is not the necessity of to-day. "More of Jesus" is our need;
for "he that hath the Son hath life."

F. E. BELDEN.

1. More of my Saviour, says my soul, More of his grace that makes me whole, More of his cleansing
2. More of his watching, praying pow'r, More of his trust - ing, hour by hour, More of his ho - ly
3. More of his word of truth di - vine, More of his light on me to shine, More of his lov - ing
4. More of his pa - tient work of love, More of his point - ing souls a - bove, More of his self - for -

D. S.—More of his cleansing

CHORUS.

would I know, That washes white as snow.
life with - in To keep me free from sin.
to o - bey, Tho' nar - row be the way.
get - ful - ness, That oth - ers he might bless.

More, more of Je - sus, More, more of Je - sus,

would I know, That washes white as snow.

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MY SABBATH HOME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL

"It shall be a sabbath of rest unto you."— Lev. 16: 31.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with
 2. Here first my wil-ful, wand'-ring heart, The way of life was shown; Here first I sought the
 3. Here Je-sus stood with lov-ing voice, En-treat-ing me to come, And make of him my

CHORUS.

joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath home! blessed home! Sabbath
 bet-ter part, And gained a Sabbath Home.
 on-ly choice, In this dear Sabbath Home. Sweet home! sweet home!

home! blessed home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
 Sweet home! sweet home!

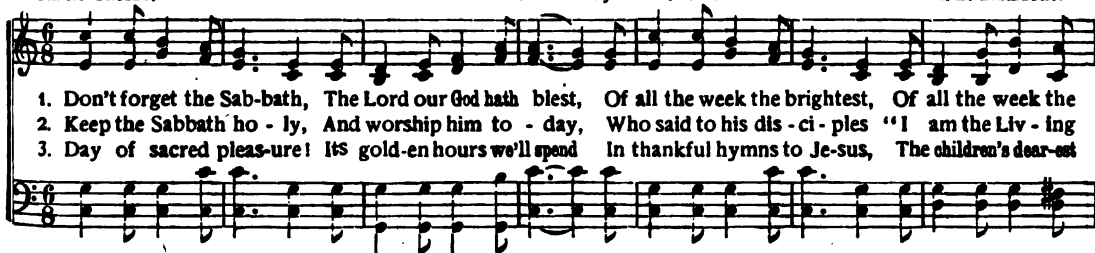
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DON'T FORGET THE SABBATH.

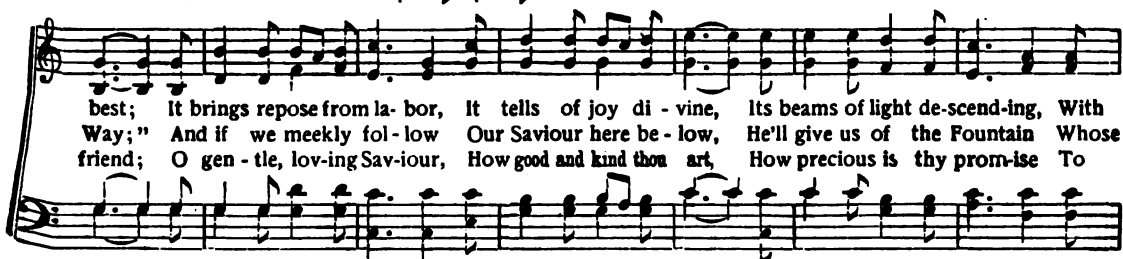
FANNY CROSBY.

"Remember the Sabbath-day."—Ex. 20:8.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

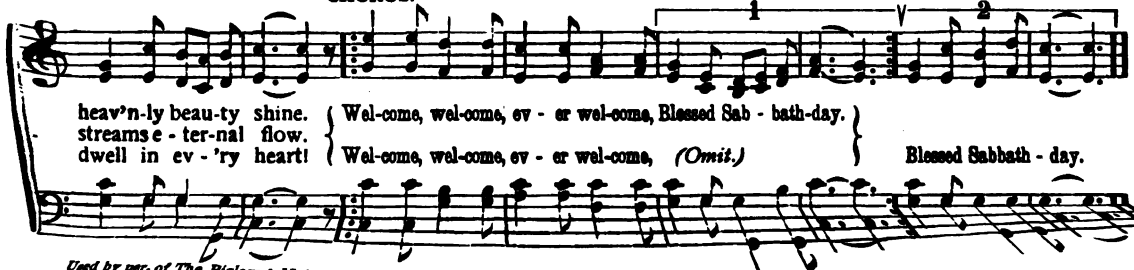


1. Don't forget the Sab-bath, The Lord our God hath blest, Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the
 2. Keep the Sabbath ho - ly, And worship him to - day, Who said to his dis - ci - ples "I am the Liv - ing
 3. Day of sacred pleas-ure! Its gold-en hours we'll spend In thankful hymns to Je-sus, The children's dear-est



best; It brings repose from la - bor, It tells of joy di - vine, Its beams of light de-scend-ing, With
 Way;" And if we meekly fol - low Our Saviour here be - low, He'll give us of the Fountain Whose
 friend; O gen - tle, lov-ing Sav-iour, How good and kind thou art, How precious is thy prom-ise To

CHORUS.



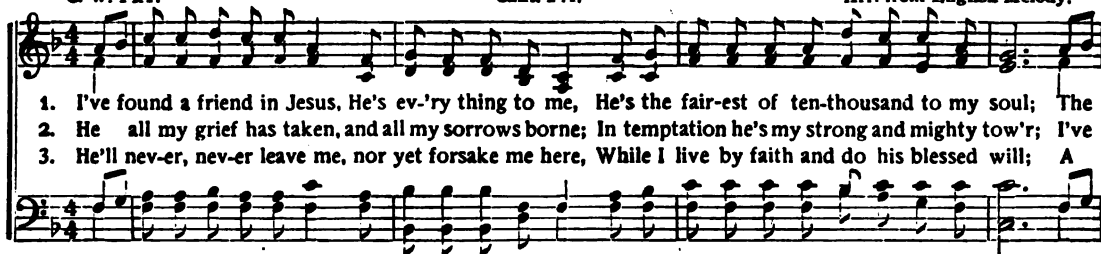
heav'n-ly beau-ty shine. { Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, Blessed Sab - bath-day. }
 streamse - ter-nal flow. { Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, (Omit.) } Blessed Sabbath - day.
 dwell in ev - 'ry heart!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

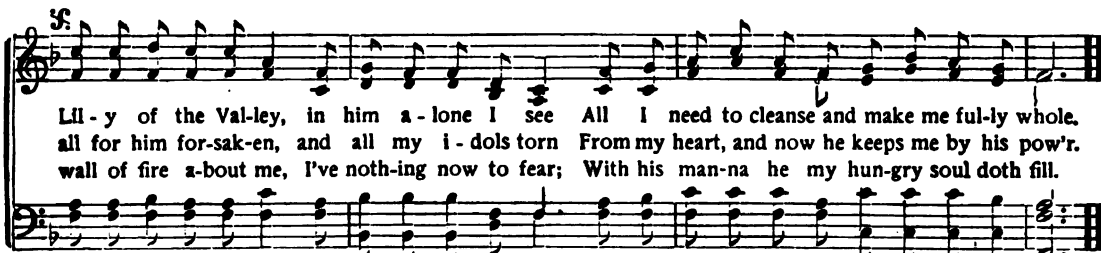
C. W. FAY.

Cant. 2:1.

Arr. from English Melody.

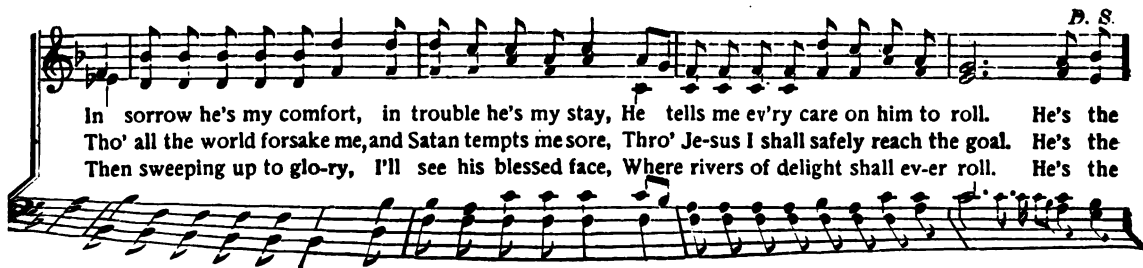


1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev-'ry thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The
 2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will; A



Lil - y of the Val-ley, in him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
 all for him for-sak-en, and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
 wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear; With his man-na he my hun-gry soul doth fill.

D. S.—Lil-y of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten-thous-and to my soul!



In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
 Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll. He's the

VALLEY LILIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND.
GIRLS. *Unison.*

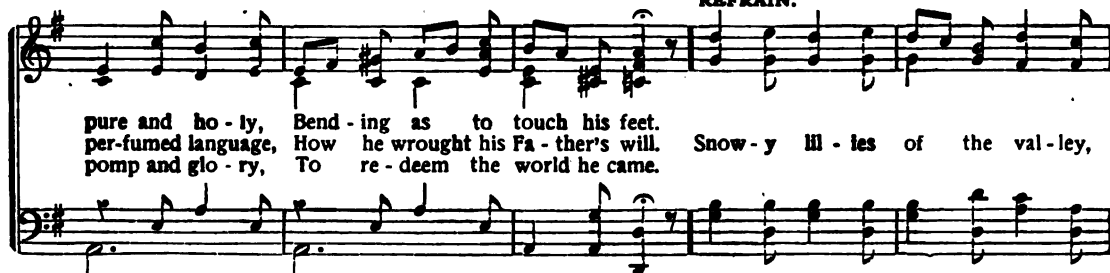
"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—Matt. 6: 26.

ADAM GEIBEL.

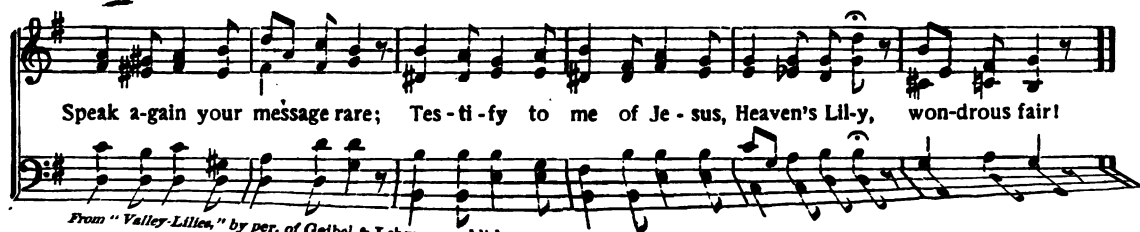


1. Val - ley - lil - ies, meek and low - ly, Let me hear your mes - sage sweet; Tell of Christ the
2. Val - ley - lil - ies, gold - en heart - ed, Love's sweet mis - sion you ful - fill, For you tell in
3. Val - ley - lil - ies, cups in - vert - ed, Still the Mas - ter you pro - claim; Emp - ty of all

REFRAIN.



pure and ho - ly, Bend - ing as to touch his feet.
per - fumed language, How he wrought his Fa - ther's will. Snow - y lil - ies of the val - ley,
pomp and glo - ry, To re - deem the world he came.



Speak a - gain your message rare; Tes - ti - fy to me of Je - sus, Heaven's Lil - y, won - drous fair!

From "Valley-Lilies," by per. of Geibel & Lehman, publishers.

COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.

"In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. 5:18.

Joyfully, promptly.

1. Count your many bless-ings, name them, ev -'ry one, Joy - ful - ly proclaiming all the Lord hath done;
 2. Praise for life and rea - son, home and peaceful land, Praise for food and raiment from the Father's hand;
 3. Praise for full sal - va - tion from the guilt of sin, Praise for dai - ly keeping, Christ enthroned within;

DUET.

(Small notes for last stanza only.)

An - gels bend to lis - ten, heav-en doth re-joice When we sing God's mercies, heart, and soul, and voice.
 Praise for friends and kindred, freedom to do right, Prais - es for the Gos-pel's clear and ho - ly light.
 Prais-es for the Spir-it, guiding with the Word, Prais - es for the promise, Par - a - dise re - stored.

CHORUS. Moderato.

One by one, number them o'er a - gain; God hath done won - der - ful things for men.
 One by one, God hath done

COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.—CONCLUDED.

Bless his ho - ly name, bid fare-well to fears, Crown with his prais - es the pass - ing years.
Crown with prais - es

219

'TIS SHINING STILL.

F. K. B.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."—Num. 24: 17.

F. K. BILDER.

Children's Duet if preferred.

1. A beau-ti - ful star a - rose one night, Di - vine-ly it shone with pur - est light; Its won-der-ful rays the wise men led
2. They knew by the word of truth di - vine, 'Twas time that the guiding star should shine; They follow'd its light which shone a - far,—
3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by seers fore-told; We'll fol-low its light till we shall come

CHORUS.

To find the Sav - iour's low - ly bed. 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, That beau-ti - ful star, o'er plain and hill;
'T was Christ, "the bright and Morning Star." } 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, Sal - va - tion's star of God's good will.
To per - feet rest in heav'n, our home.

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220

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O. *Moderato.*

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord,"—1 Sam. 1:28.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One lit-tle tongue his praise to tell, Two lit-tle ears to hear his coun-sel,
 2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove; Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble,
 3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for him to save, One lit-tle life for his dear serv-ice,

CHORUS.

One lit-tle voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, { Come to learn of thee.
 Tell-ing of Je-sus' wondrous love. Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
 One lit-tle self that he must have.

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221

HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB.

"Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Matt. 10:31.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit-tle sparrow fall, It meets his tender view; If God so loves the lit-tle birds, I know he loves me, too.
 2. He paints the lil-y of the field, Perfumes each lil-y bell; If he so loves the lit-tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well.
 3. God made the little birds and flow'r's, And all things large and small; He'll not forget his lit-tle ones, I know he loves them all.

HE LOVES ME, TOO.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I know he loves me, too; Be-cause he loves the lit-tle things, I know he loves me, too.

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222

HOW I WISH I KNEW.

GRACE GLENN.

"We have seen his star in the East."—Matt. 2:2.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, I have oft-en wondered if you ev-er knew,
2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had bro't? Did you see the sta-ble they in won-der sought?
3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Her-od slew the com-ing years?
4. Did you watch the Sav-iour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sin-ners, how he gave his life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem.
 Did you see the wor-ship ten-der-ly they paid To that strang-er ba-by in the man-ger laid?
 Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to E-gypt guid-ed by your beams?
 Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

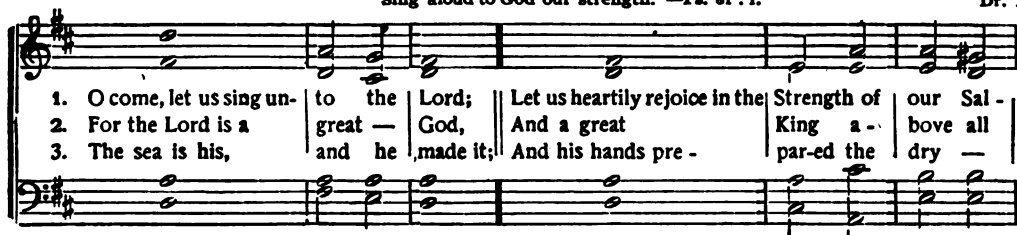
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223

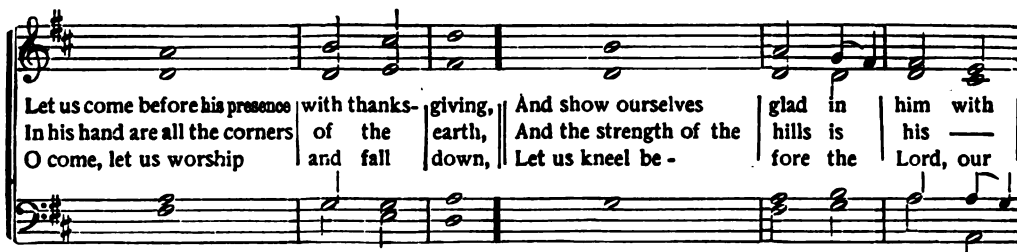
O COME, LET US SING!

"Sing aloud to God our strength."—Ps. 81:1.

Dr. E



1. O come, let us sing un- to the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Sal-
 2. For the Lord is a great — God, And a great King a - bove all
 3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands pre - par-ed the dry —



Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving, And show ourselves glad in him with
 In his hand are all the corners of the earth, And the strength of the hills is his —
 O come, let us worship and fall down, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, our

224

SWEETLY SING.

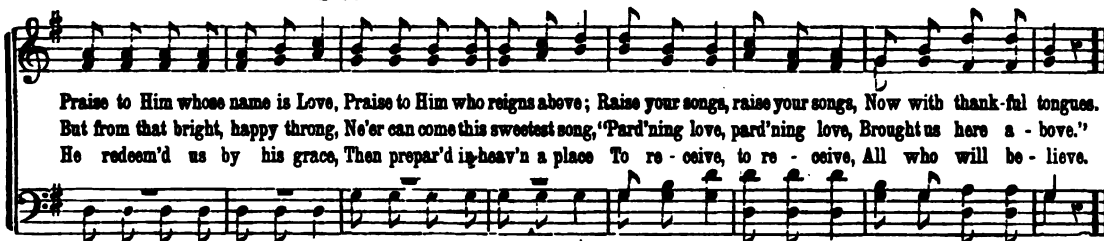
Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

"Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord."—Jer. 50:13.



1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heav'nly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes c
 2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In me - lo - di
 3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay, Jesus came, Je-sus came, Bless-ed be his

SWEETLY SING.—CONCLUDED.



Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues.
But from that bright, happy throng, No'er can come this sweetest song, 'Pard'ning love, pard'ning love, Brought us here a - bove.'
He redeem'd us by his grace, Then prepar'd in heav'n a place To re - ceive, to re - ceive, All who will be - lieve.

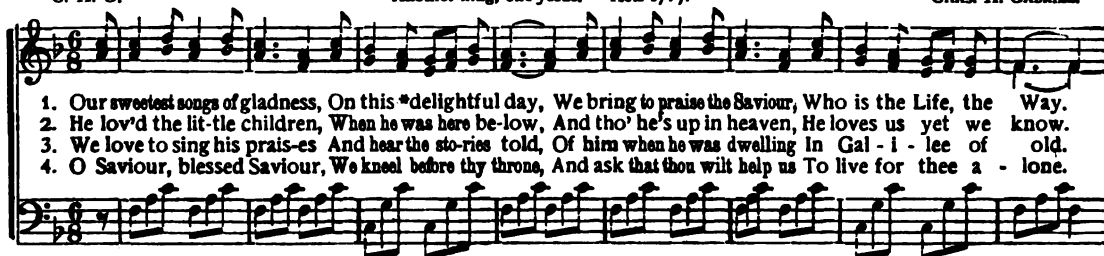
225

OUR KING.

C. H. G.

"Another king, one Jesus."—Acts 17:7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Our sweetest songs of gladness, On this *delightful day, We bring to praise the Saviour, Who is the Life, the Way.
2. He lov'd the lit-tle children, When he was here be-low, And tho' he's up in heaven, He loves us yet we know.
3. We love to sing his prais-es And hear the sto-ries told, Of him when he was dwelling In Gal-i-lee of old.
4. O Saviour, blessed Saviour, We kneel before thy throne, And ask that thou wilt help us To live for thee a - lone.

CHORUS.



We sing, we sing The praises of our King, We sing, we sing The glo-ry of our King.
We sing, we sing Heav'nly King, We sing, we sing

Or "Thanksgiving Day," or "the Children's Day."

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226 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

EDWARD PERRONET (CORONATION, C M) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate
2. Ye ohos-en seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and
3. O that with you-der sacred throng, We at his feet may

fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And
small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And
fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al
crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you
crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-

di-a-dem,
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
last-ing song,

227 PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME

WM. GOODE. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise throu
2. Now let the trump-et raise Sounds of
3. While his high praise you sing, Shake ev-

courts pro-claim, Rise and a-dore. High o'er
um-phunt praise, Wide as his fame. There let
sounding string; Sweet the ac-cord! He vi-

heav'ns a-bove, Sound his great acts of
harp be found; Or-gans of sol-enn
breath be-stows; Let ev-'ry breath that

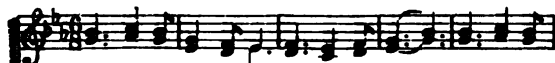
While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his
Roll your deep notes a-round, Fill'd with his
His no-ble fame dis-close; Praise ye the

228


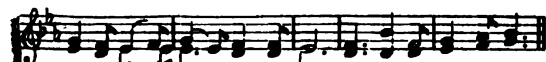
JESUS IS MINE.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s & 4d.)

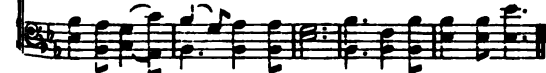

T. E. PERKINS.




1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev'-ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Farewell, yedreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Farewell, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Welcome e-

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O lov'd and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Jesus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!



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229

OUR SUREST STAY.


F. E. B.

(BRADBURY. L. M.)



F. E. BELDEN.




1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour, O'er moor and
2. In sol - emn mid - night's si - lence deep, When Nature's
3. And when with red - 'ning blush of morn The new - born
4. When mid-day's burn - ing heat we feel, When dai - ly

moun - tain, field and flow'r, How sweet to leave a
voice is hush'd in sleep, Then heav - y hearts with
day be - gins to dawn, Then up - ward to the
cares our hearts would steal, O, then to heav'n we

world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!
grief op-press'd May find in pray'r the sweet-est rest.
mer - cy-seat Let pray'r as - cend like in - cense sweet
look a-way, And find in pray'r our sur - est stay.

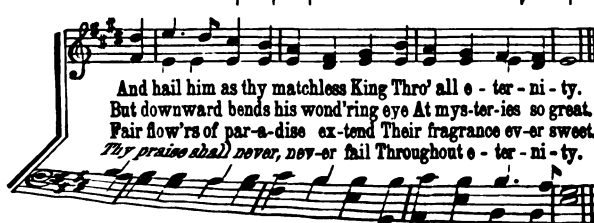
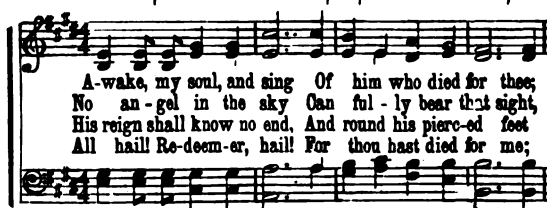
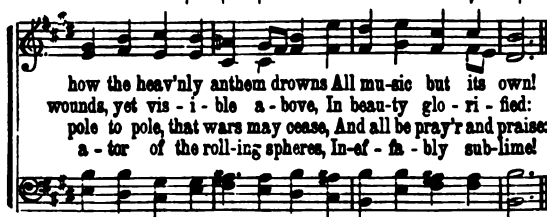
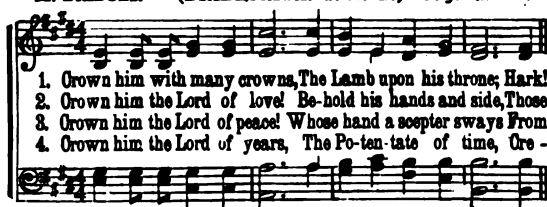


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230

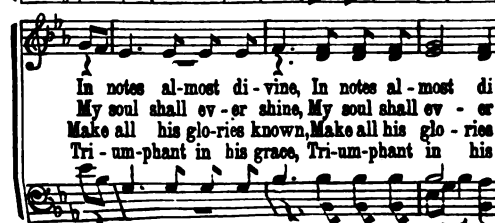
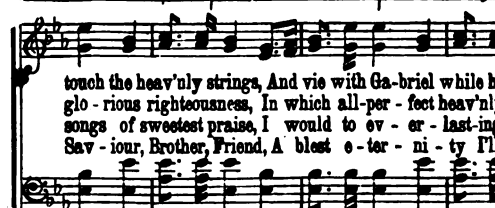
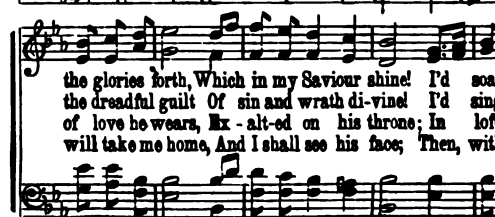
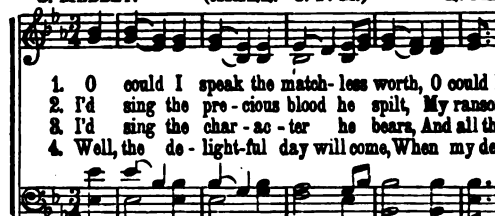
CROWN HIM.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.



231 THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. M.



232

MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(78. D.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me,
2. If he hears the rav-en's cry; If his ev - er watch-ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly he will hear my call,
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil waters glide;

More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my sim - ple tho'ts for - give;
Born of him, thro' grace re - new'd, By his love my will sub - dued,

Poor in Spir - it would I be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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233

PURE IN HEART.

F. E. B.

(HATTIE. 78 & 6a. F.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour, keep me pure in heart, By thy pow'r re - new - ing;
2. In thy sin - less life I see Matchless grace and beau - ty;
3. One with thee! thus would I live, Till the morn - ing - mor - tal;

Seal my life of thine a part, All my tho'ts be - dew - ing.
Per - fect Pat - tern, guide for me, Teaching love for du - ty.
Thus my - self for oth - ers give, — With them pass the por - tal.

Refrain.

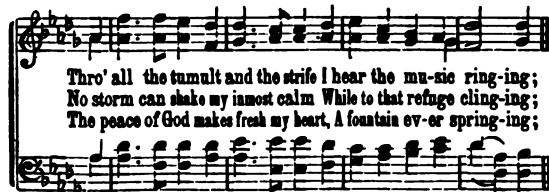
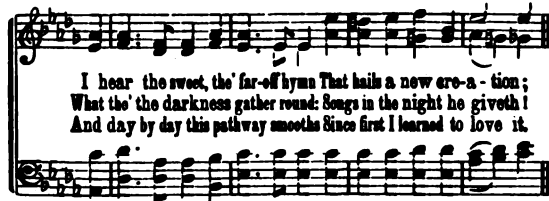
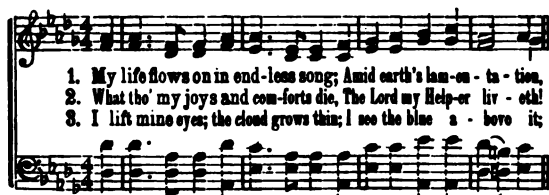
Pure in heart, pure in heart, — Je - sus, on - ly giv - er;

Seal my life of thine a part, Here and then for - ev - er.

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234 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

ANON. (RESURRECTION. 8s & 7s. D.) S. A. WARD.

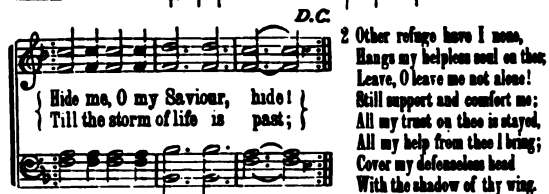
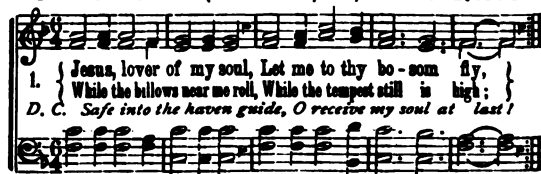


235 I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

- 1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew him!
He drew me with the cords of love
And thus he bound me to him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
For ever and for ever!
- 2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All pow'r by him is given,
To guard me all my earthly way,
And end that way in heaven;
- Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver —
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his for ever.
- 3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
So loving, true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves my soul so well,
What pow'r my soul can sever!
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
No! I am his for ever.

236 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTIN. 7s. D.) SIMÉON B. MARSH.

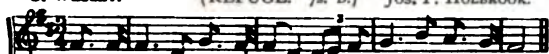


- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all is thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Piteous grace with thee is found —
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

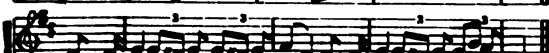
237 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY.


(REFUGE. 75. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.




1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
4. Plead thy grace with thee is found - Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in;



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

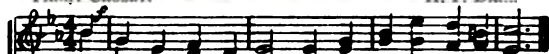


Safe in - to the haven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

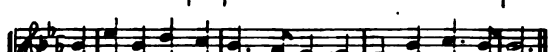
238 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

FANNY CROSBY.

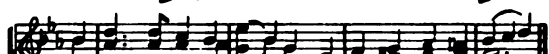
H. P. ...



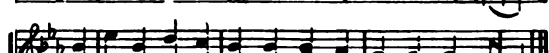
1. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth! Let all the earth re - joice,
2. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And who so great as he?
3. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, These hours to him be - long,



And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the might - y sea;
O en - ter now his temple - gates, And fill his courts with song;



The Lord in Zi - on reigneth, And there his praise shall ring,
O crown his name with honor, And let his standard wave,
Be - neath his roy - al ban - ner, Let ev - 'ry crea - ture fall,

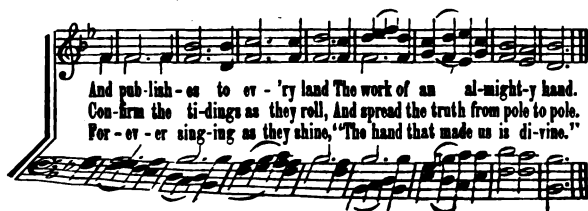
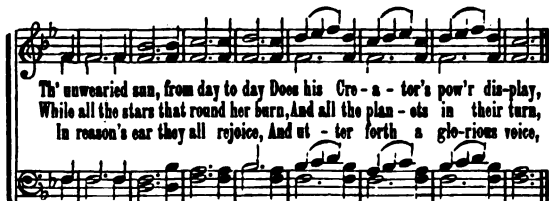
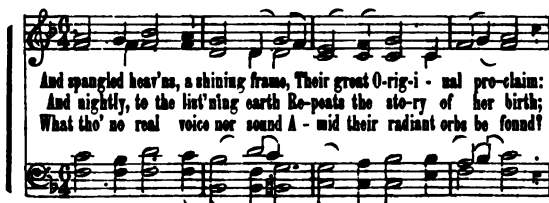
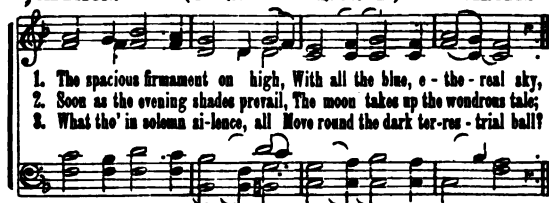


To him shall princes bend the knee, And kings their glory bring.
Till distant isles be - yond the deep Shall own his pow'r to save.
Exalt the King of heav'n and earth, "And crown him Lord of all!"

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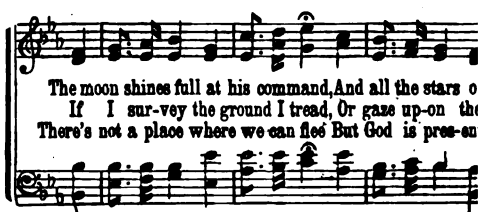
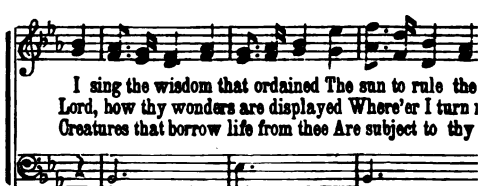
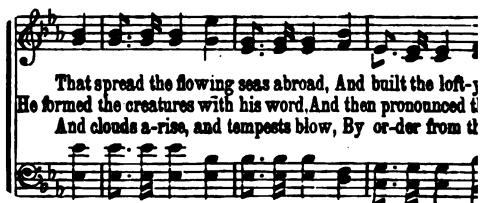
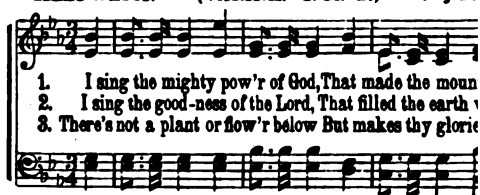
239 THE HAND THAT MADE US.

ADDISON. (CREATION. L. M. D.) HAYDN.



240 I SING THE POWER OF GOD

ISAAC WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) Arr. by F.



241 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleans-
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet
 3. O pre-cious Fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad
 4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied.
 ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where he took me in,
 I have en-tered in, There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be made complete.

Chorus.

Glo-ry to his name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his

name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to his name.

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242 I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(C. M.)

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy;
 2. I know that thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
 4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be,

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can de-stroy.
 And sweeter is the tho't of thee Than a - ny love-ly song.
 With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 nev-er told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me,
 never told, cleanseth me.

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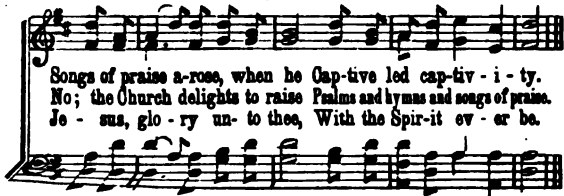
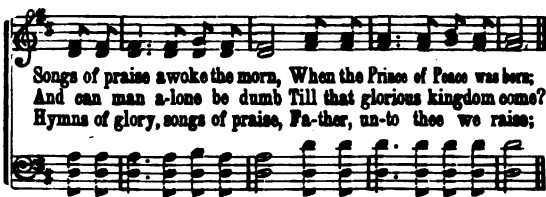
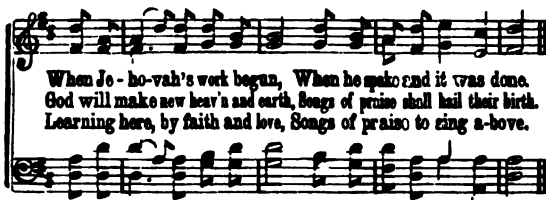
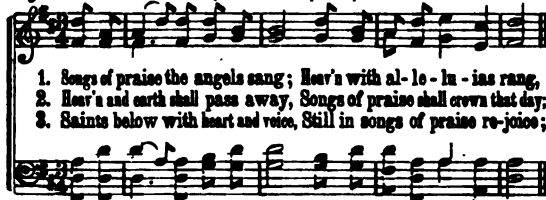
243

SONGS OF PRAISE.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(AMBOY. 7s. D.)

LOWELL MASON.



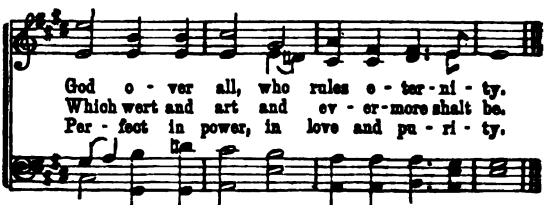
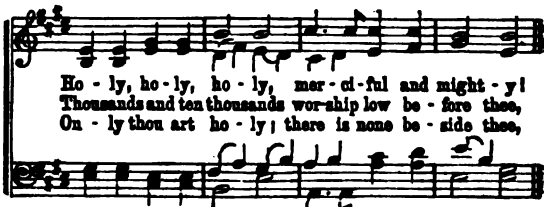
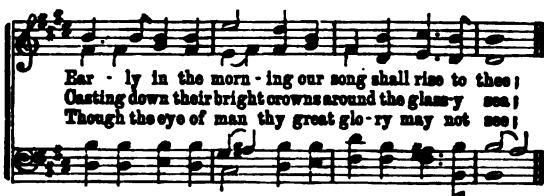
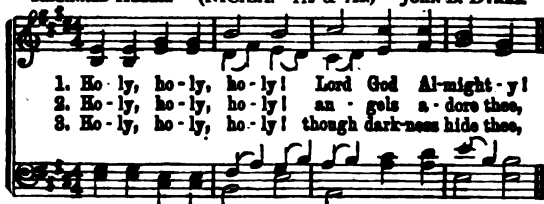
244

HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEER.

(NICÆA. 115 & 125.)

JOHN B. DYKES.



245

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

ANON.

(WORTHY. P. M.)

ARRANGED.

1. Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Sa-viour, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sume;
3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still.

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring thy blest mil-len-ni-um, Ho-ly Lamb.
Till we all on Zi-on's hill See the Lamb.

Chorus.

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise him, hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb!

246

LOVE DIVINE.

C. WESLEY.

(LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin-ish then thy new crea-tion; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mer-cies crown.
Let us all thy grace in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest.
Let us see thy great sal-vation Perfect-ly re-stored in thee.

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Take away our bent to sin-ning; Alpha and O-me-ga be;
Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

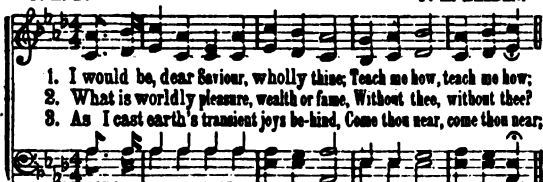
Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

247

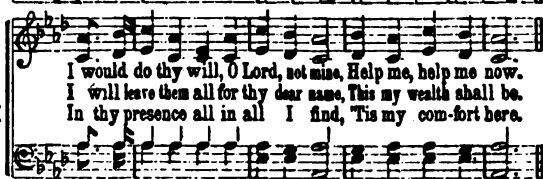
WHOLLY THINE.

F. E. B.

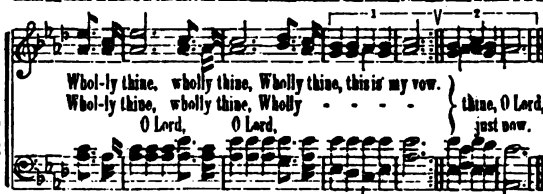
F. E. BILDEN.



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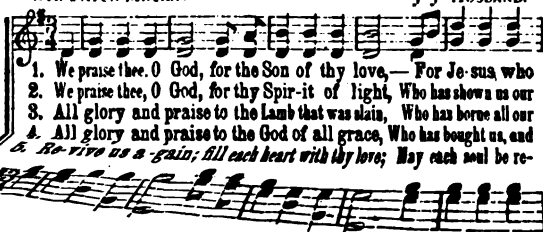


248

REVIVE US AGAIN.

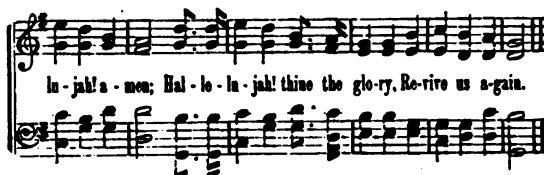
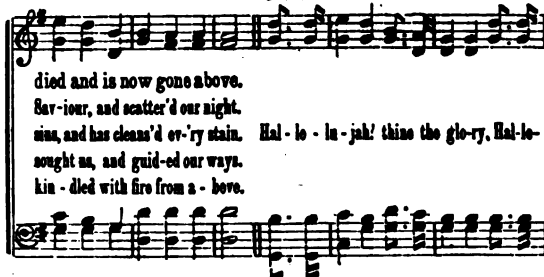
WM. PATON MACKAY

J. J. HUSBAND.



REVIVE US AGAIN.—CONCLUDED.

Chorus.



249 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

1 Rejoice and be glad, the Re-deemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross,
and his tomb.

Cbo: Sound his praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

Final: He cometh again.

2 Rejoice and be glad, for the

Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and
liveth again.

3 Rejoice and be glad, for our
King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne
in the sky.

4 Rejoice and be glad, for he
cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb
that was slain.

HORATIUS BONNA.

250 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHAS. WESLEY (alt.)

R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 2. Jesu, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu-me in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus

Blessed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1886, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission.

251 NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE

1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er;

Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vry's mountain.
 There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams around me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.

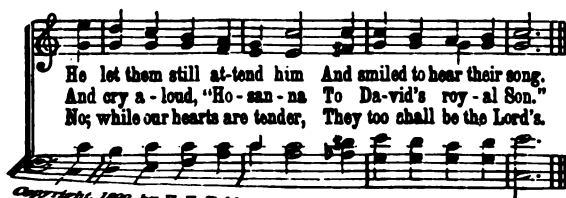
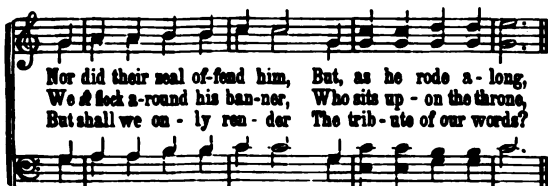
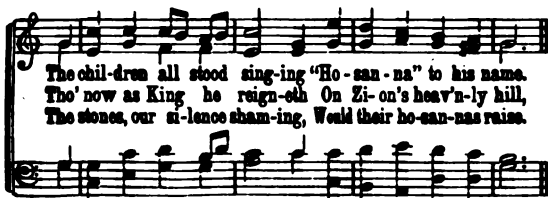
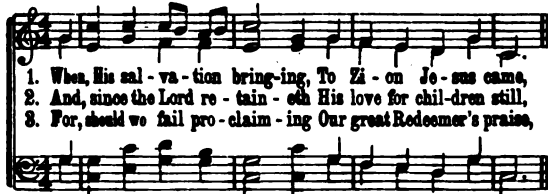
Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;

Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

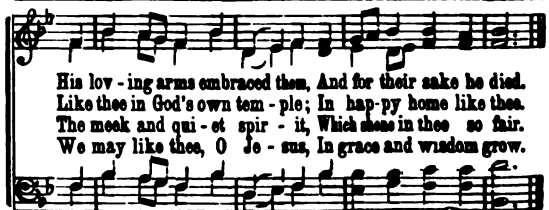
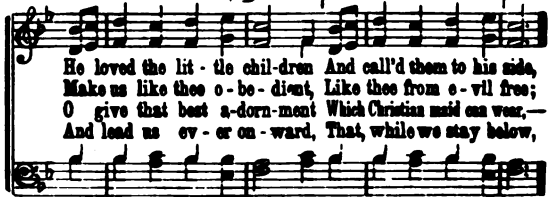
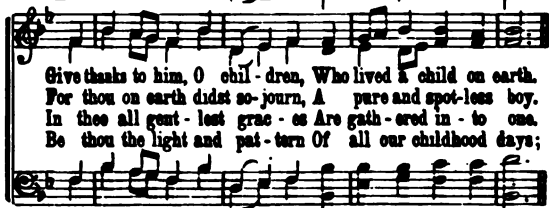
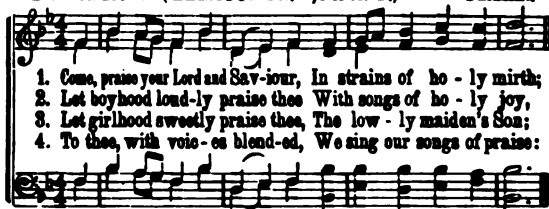
Copyright, 1880, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

REV. JOHN KING. (LINNIE. 7s & 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



Copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.

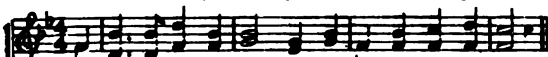
Br. Wm. How. (ELLACOMBE, 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.



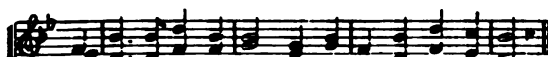
254

GOD LOVES US.

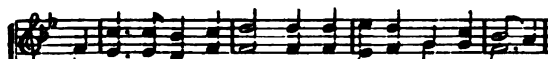
SAMUEL PARTRIDGE (WEBB. 75 & 68. D.) GEO. J. WEBB.



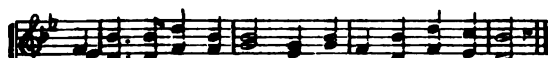
1. How dear-ly God doth love us, And this poor world of ours,
2. He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread;
3. The Bi-ble, too, he gave us, That tells how Je-sus came,



To spread blue skies a-bove us, And deck the earth with flow'rs!
At night, lest night should harm us, He guards our low-ly bed.
Whose word can save and cleanse us From guilt and sin and shame.



There's not a bless-om low-ly, Nor bird that cleaves the air,
He gives our need-ful cloth-ing, And sends our dai-ly food;
O may God's mercies move us To serve him with our pow'rs;



But tells, in so-onds ho-ly, His kindness and his care.
His love de-nies us noth-ing His wisdom deemeth good.
For O, how he doth love us, And this poor world of ours

255 THINE.

1 O Father, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Helper and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O, let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near:
I see the sights misleading,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Father, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storm of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O, speak to re-assure me!
My ev'ry thought control;
O, speak, and I will listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!
Arr. from REV. J. E. BOON.

256 TRUST.

1 Unto our heav'nly Father
We will not fear to pray
For little needs and longings
That fill our ev'ry day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that beth din,
We say, "Our Father knoweth."
And leave it all to him;

2 For his great love has compassed
Our nature and our need.
We know not; but he knoweth,
And he will bless indeed.
Therefore, O Heav'nly Father,
Give what is best to me,
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to thee.

ANON.

257 REST.

1 Lord, when through sin I wander,
Forgetting love and thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be:
But when, with heartfelt sorrow
I pray thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect
That in thy hear's I live.

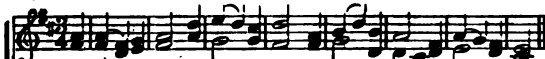
2 Thy goodness so surrounds me,
That when I do the right
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light.
I know not what thy glories
Before the throne must be,
But here thy smiling presence
Is hear'n on earth to me.

3 To love the right and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street;
Give me thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day.
Then hear's within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.
Arr. from CHARLES SMITH.

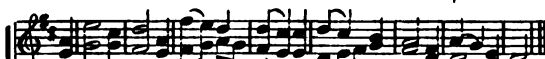
258 COME, LET US SING.

J. MONTGOMERY. (RUSSIA. L. M.)

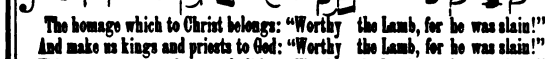
RUSSIAN.



1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The an-gels first be-gan the strain,-
2. Slain to re-deem us by his blood, To cleanse from ev'-ry sin - ful stain,
3. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heav'n with him we reign,

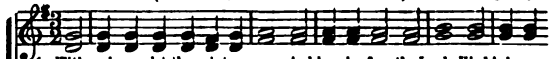


The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
And make us kings and priests to God: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
This song our song of songs shall be: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

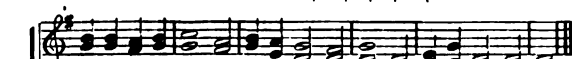


259 WITH REVERENCE.

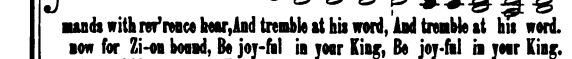
WATTS. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.



1. With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high com-
2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv'-rer sing; Ye pilgrims
3. O Je-sus, Lord of earth and heav'n, Our life and joy, to thee Be hon-or,



mands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.
now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.
thanks, and blessing giv'n Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty, Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty.

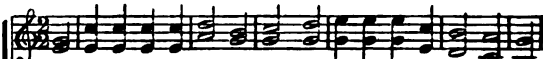


260 HOW PLEASANT.

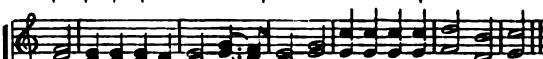
WATTS.

(BURTON. L. M.)

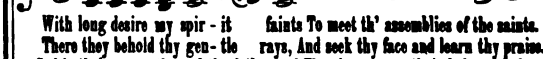
WOODBURY.



1. How pleasant, how di-vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
2. Blest are the souls that find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate:

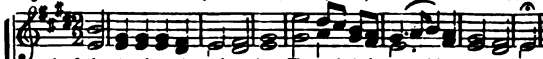


With long desire my spir - it faints To meet th' assemblies of the saints.
There they behold thy gen-tle rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
God is their strength; and thro' the road They lean up-on their helper, God.

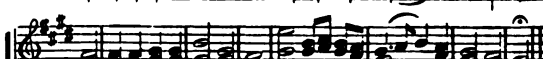


261 FROM EVERY PLACE.

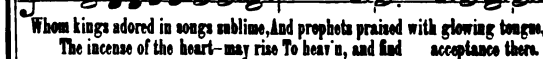
JOHN PIERPONT. (WARREN. L. M.) V. C. TAYLOR.



1. O thou to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sa-cred harp was strung,
2. From ev'ry place below the skies, The grate-ful song, the fervent prayer-
3. To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,

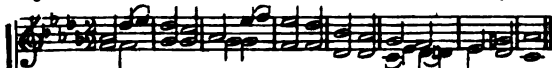


Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue.
The incense of the heart-may rise To heav'n, and find acceptance there.
And childhood lip with reverent air Its praises and its prayers to thee.

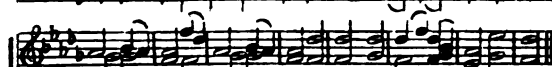


262 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

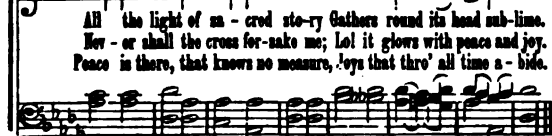
J. BOWRING. (WILLISLEY. 8s & 7s.) L. S. TOURJEE.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

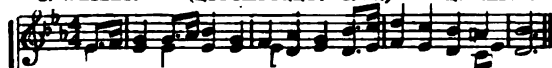


All the light of an-cient sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, 'ays that thro' all time a-bide.

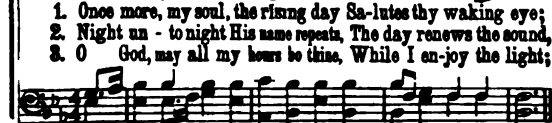
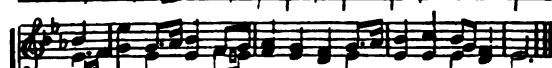


263 THE RISING DAY.

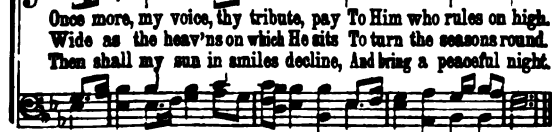
C. WESLEY. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) L. MASON.



1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa-lutes thy waking eye;
2. Night un-to-night His name repeats, The day renews the sound,
3. O God, may all my hours be thine, While I en-joy the light;

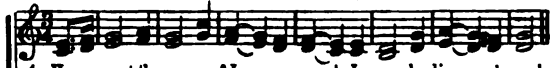



Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay To Him who rules on high.
 Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

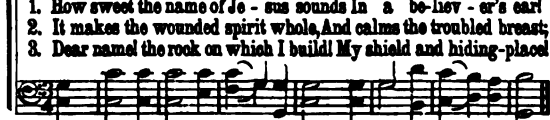
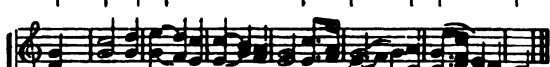


264 HOW SWEET THE NAME!

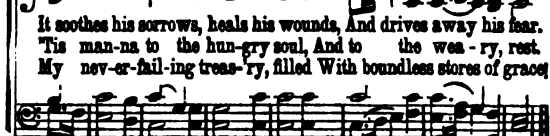
NEWTON. (HOWARD. C. M.) MRS. CUTHBERT.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build! My shield and hiding-place!

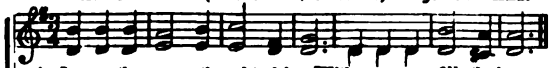



It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
 My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ry, filled With boundless stores of grace!

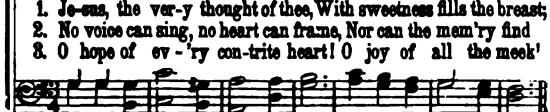



265 THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

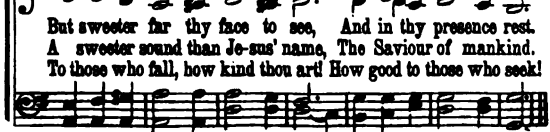
BERNARD. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.



1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O hope of ev-ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
 A sweeter sound than Je-sus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!



F. E. BELDEN. (NASHVILLE. L. M. 6L.) ART. BY L. MASON.

1. O ho-ly Book of truth divine! E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name,
2. The dust of time is on thy page, Yet dims no pure and hallow'd the't,
3. Thou art the life, the joy, the light, The hope of trusting thousands here,

E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name; Thro' countless a-ges of de-cline
Yet dims no pure and hallow'd the't; In ev-'ry clime, in ev-'ry age
The hope of trusting thousands here Whose faith shall find e-ter-nal sight

Thy glowing truths have stood the same, Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought, Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought.
Beyond this dreary mor-tal sphere, Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4 No other rule by which to live,
[: No other faith like thine to save; :]
No other hope such peace can give
f: *Then near the cold and silent grave. :||*

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
[: Thy light illumines the trusting soul: :]
With glory that shall be complete
J: When days and years have ceased
to roll. :|

J. LAWSON.

(8s & 7s.)

JAMES LAWSON.

1. I will fol-low thee, my Sav-iour, Where-so'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' I meet with trib-u-la-tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,

Where thou go-est I will fol-low; Yea, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low thee.
I re-mem-ber thou wast tempted, And re-joice to fol-low thee.
D.S. And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

Chorus. I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;
D.S.

4 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

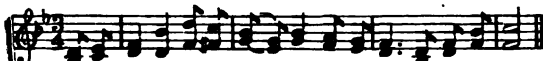
5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

268

BLESSED QUIETNESS.

M. P. FERGUSON, arr. by F. E. B.

Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.



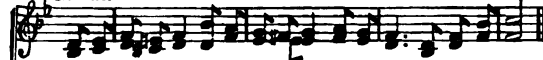
1. Joys are flowing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a com-fort is our Guest.
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. Lo! a fruit-ful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we always see his face!



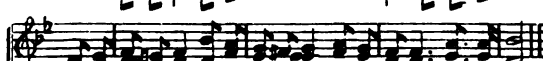
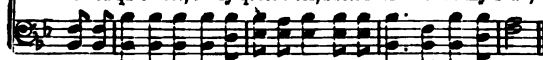
He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart his home.
 No more un-be-lief and sad-ness, As o-bey-ing now we rest.
 So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing gen-tly from on high.
 And the streams of life are flowing in the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
 What a peace-ful hab-i - ta-tion! What a qui-et rest-ing place!



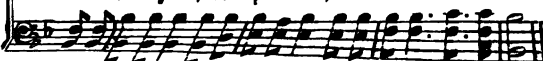
Chorus.



Blessed quietness, ho-ly quiet-ness, Sweet as-sur-ance in my soul;



On the storm-y sea, Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.



Copyright, 1907, by L. L. Fickett, Wilmore, Ky. Used by permission.

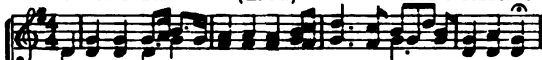
269

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

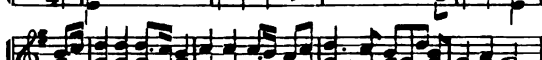
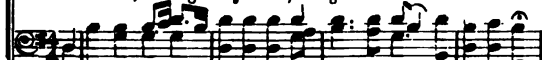
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

(L. M.)

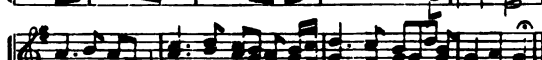
WESTERN MELODY.



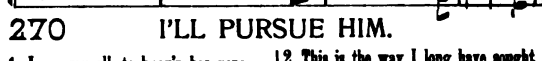
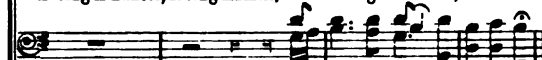
1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,



He justly claims a song from me, His loving kind-ness, O how free!
 He sav'd me from my lost es-tate, His loving kind-ness, O how great!
 He safely leads my soul along, His loving kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood, His loving kind-ness, O how good!



Loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, etc.



- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n has gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

Refrain.

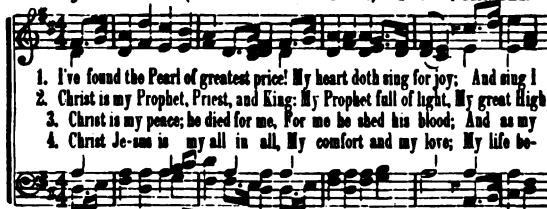
I'll pursue him, I'll pursue him,
 Yet, I'll pursue my Lord and King.

- 3 Now will I tell to all around,
 What a dear Father I have found:
 I'll point to the redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

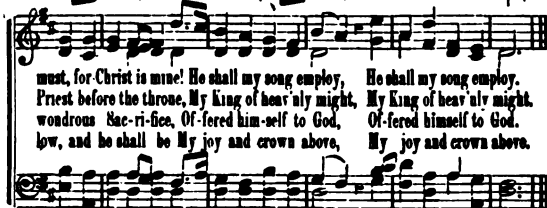
L

271 I'VE FOUND THE PEARL.

REV. JOHN MASON. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) GEO. F. HANDEL.



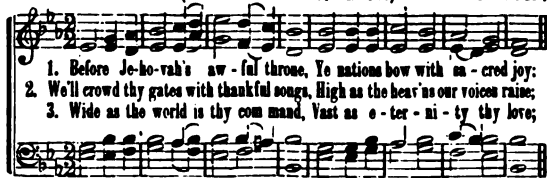
1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price! My heart doth ring for joy: And sing I
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: My Prophet full of light, My great High
3. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he shed his blood: And as my
4. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My comfort and my love; My life be-



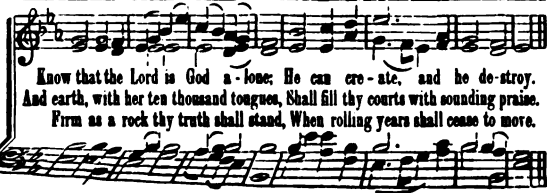
most, for Christ is mine! He shall my song employ, He shall my song employ.
Priest before the throne, My King of heav'nly might, My King of heav'nly might.
wondrous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered him-self to God, Of-fered himself to God.
low, and he shall be My joy and crown above, My joy and crown above.

272 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.

I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.



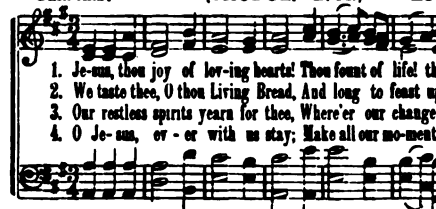
1. Before Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations bow with as-cend joy;
2. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n our voices raise;
3. Wide as the world is thy com-mand, Vast as e-ter-ni-ty thy love;



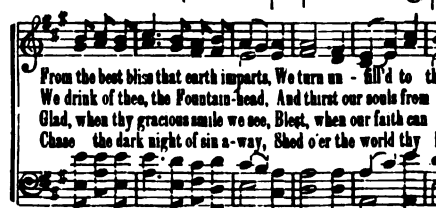
Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

273 JOY OF LOVING HEART

BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LO



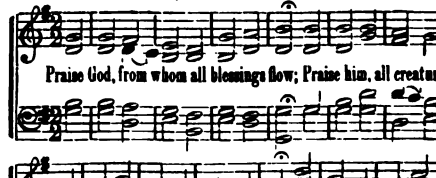
1. Je-sus, then joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou fount of life! th
2. We taste thee, O thou Living Bread, And long to feast u
3. Our restless spirits yearn for thee, Where'er our change
4. O Je-sus, ev-er with us stay; Make all our mo-ment



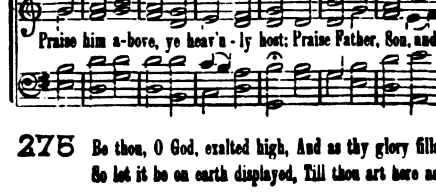
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-fill'd to th
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head, And thirst our souls from
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world thy

274 PRAISE GOD.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatur



Praise him a-bore, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and

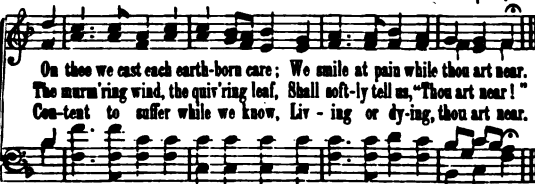
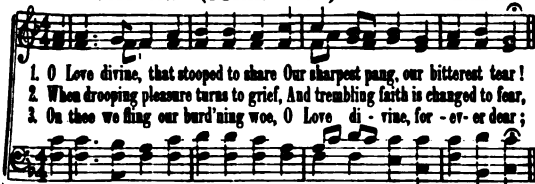
275 Be thou, O God, exalted high, And as thy glory fill So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as

276

THOU ART NEAR.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. (YORK. L. M.)

EDWIN BARNES.



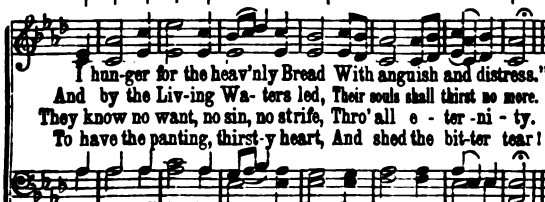
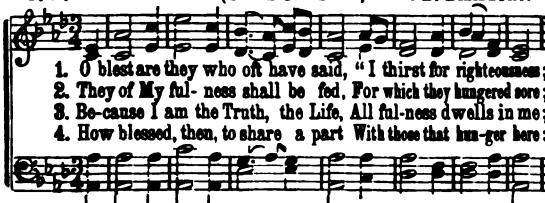
277

THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

F. E. BELDEN.

(CADDO. C. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.



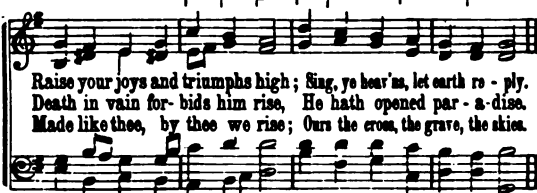
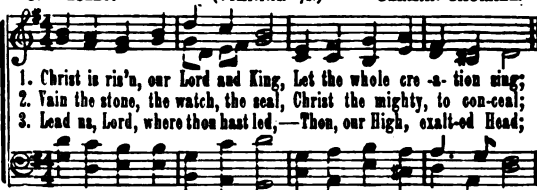
278

BY THEE WE RISE.

C. WESLEY.

(VIENNA. 78.)

GERMAN CHORALE.



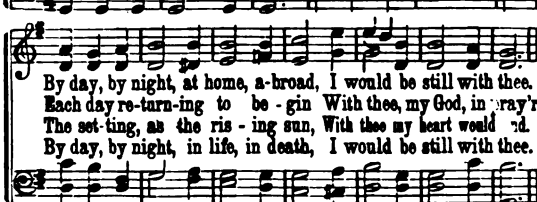
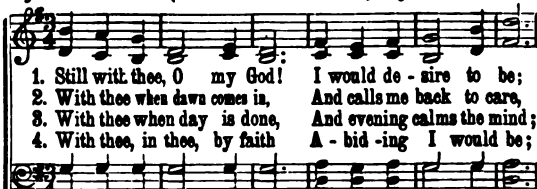
279

STILL WITH THEE.

J. BURNS.

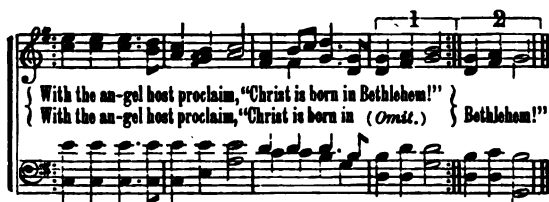
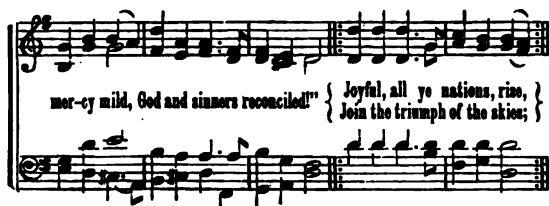
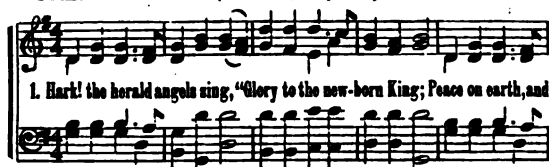
(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

J. E. SWEETSER.



280 THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD. 78. D.) MENDELSSOHN.



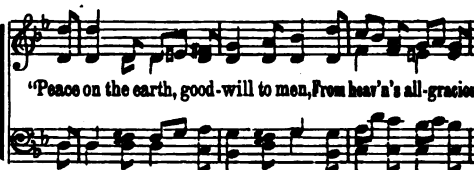
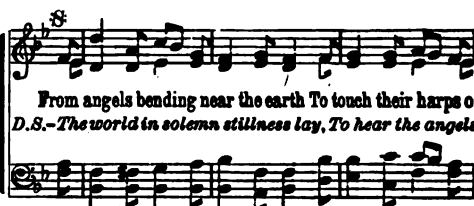
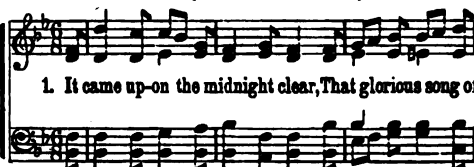
2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a king,

*While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will,"
And the trembling soul be still,
For Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Our Emmanuel!"*

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all he brings,
His'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth

281 THAT SONG OF OLD.

R. H. SEARS. (CAROL. C. M. D.) R. S. W.



2 Still thro' the open skies they come,
With peaceful wing unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on haw'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds

3 But with the woes of sin a
The world has suffered I
Beneath the angel-strain in
Two thousand years of
And man, at war with man.
The love-song which
O come, ye mortals, for
And have the an

282

THY MERCIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(GENEVA. C. M.)

JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
1. When all thy mer-cies, O . . . my God!
When all thy mercies, O my God!

My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-ported with the
Transported with the

view, I'm lost in won-der, love, and praise.
view, I'm lost

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned
From whom those blessings flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raptured heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

283

HOW HAPPY ARE THEY!

CHARLES WESLEY.

(CONVERT. P. M.)

ARRANGED.

1. O, how hap-py are they Who their Saviour o-bey, And have
2. That sweet comfort is mine, Since the fa-vor divine I re-

laid up their treasure above! Tongue can ner-er ex-press The sweet
ceiv'd thro' the blood of the Lamb; Since my heart first believ'd, What a

com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
joy I've re-oeiv'd, What a heav-en in Je-sus' dear name!

3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song;
O that all to this Refuge might fly!

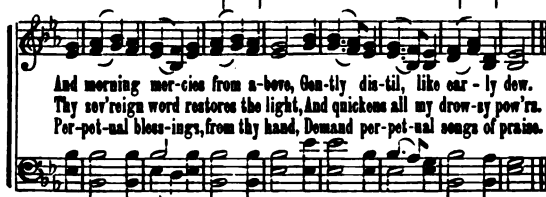
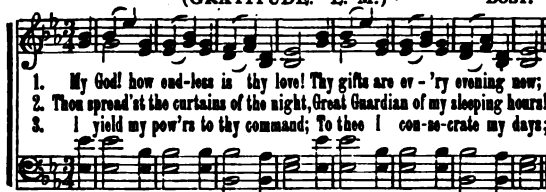
He hath loved me, indeed,
He did suffer and bleed,
To redeem such a rebel as I.

5 On the wings of his love,
I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O that all would believe,
And by sin never grieve,
And thus come him to adore again.

284 HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE!

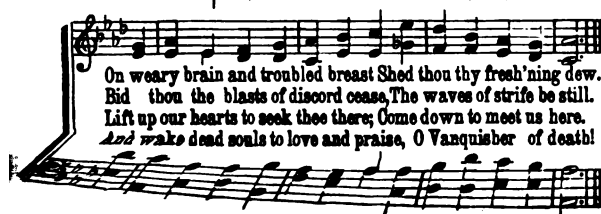
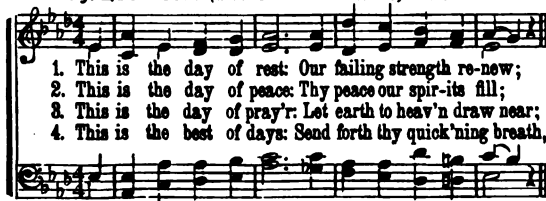
(GRATITUDE. L. M.)

BOST.



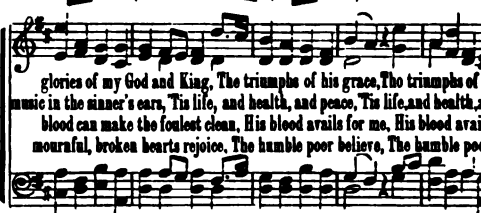
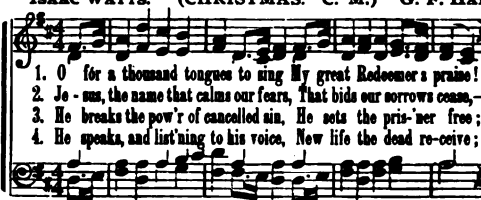
285 THE BEST OF DAYS.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (SCHUMANN. S. M.) SCHUMANN.



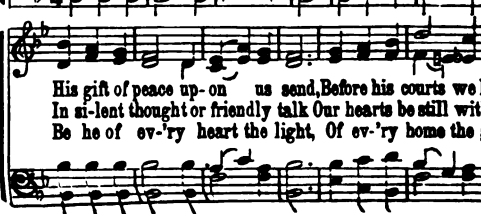
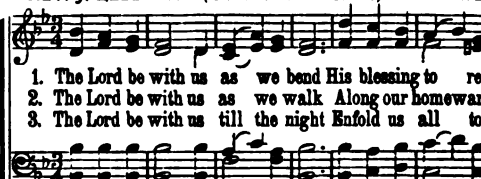
286 A THOUSAND TONGUES.

ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HAY



287 BENEDICTION.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (COATHAM. C. M.) WA



288 GOD MADE THEM.

Cecil Alexander. (H.D.N. 75 & 66.) St. Alban's.

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings;
 2. The pur - ple-head-ed mountain, The riv - er run-ning by,
 3. The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleas-ant summer sun,
 4. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

God made their glowing col-ors, He made their ti - ny wings;
 The sun - set and the morning, That brighten up the sky;
 The ripe fruits in the gar-den, God made them ev - 'ry one.
 How great is God Al-might-y, Who has made all things well,

289 PRAISE HIM.

Sir Henry Baker. (Monkland. 72.) Arranged.

1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra - tion sing;
 2. Praise him that he made the sun, Day by day his course to run,
 3. Praise him for our harvest-store, He hath fill'd the garner floor;

For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.
 And the sil-ver moon by night, Shining with her gen-tle light.
 And for rich-er Food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last-ing bliss.

290 THE SPRING-TIDE.

Rev. J. Monseil. (Raphael. C. M.) Donizetti.

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love,
 2. Dew's fall apace, - the dew's of grace, - On souls made sad by sin;
 3. As year by year the flow'rs appear, And birds their praises sing,
 4. Lord, let thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow,

And many a lay to cheer the day In many a leaf-y grove.
 And love di-vine delights to shine Up-on the waste with-in.
 Why not, my heart, bear well thy part, In nature's joyous spring?
 Till my heart bloom in sweet perfume, And fragrant spices flow.

291 WE THANK THEE.

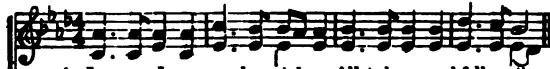
(Hursley. L. M.) Peter Ritter.

1. Fa-ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;
 2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;

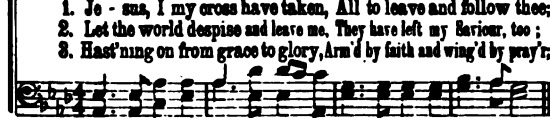

For rest, and food, and lov-ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
 In all we do, at work or play, To grow more lov-ing ev - 'ry day.

292 I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

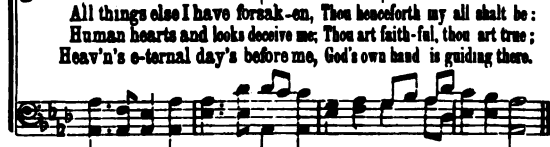
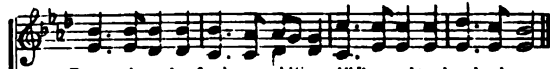
HENRY F. LYRE. (ELLESLIDE. 8s & 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.



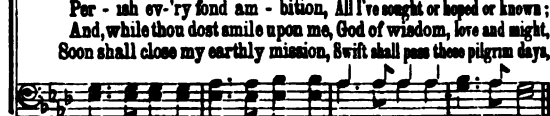

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Hast'ning on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;

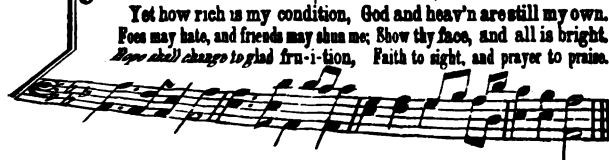
All things else I have forsak-en, Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art faith-ful, thou art true;
Heav'n's e-ternal day's before me, God's own hand is guiding there.

Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bition, All I've sought or hoped or known;
And, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Soon shall close my earthly mission, Swift shall pass those pilgrim days,

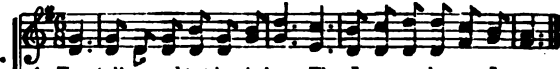



Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
Refrain shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

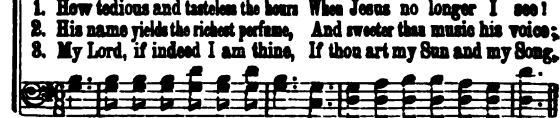
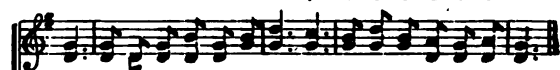


293 HAPPY IN HIM.

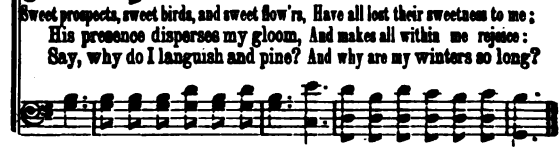
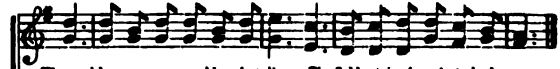
JOHN NEWTON. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.) LEWIS EDSON



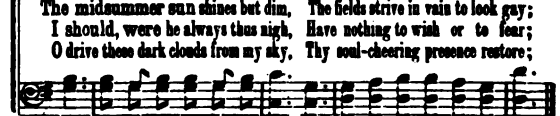
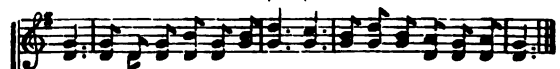
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice;
3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my Sun and my Song,

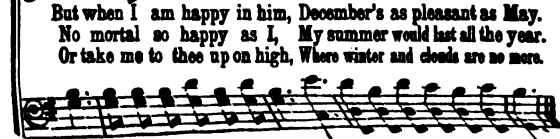
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence dispenses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;





But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

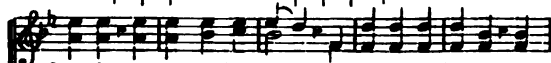


294 BLISS OF THE PURE.

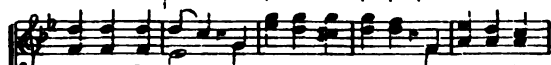
F. BOTTOMS. ARR. (MALE VOICES.) KOSCHAT. ARR.




1. O bliss of the pure ones! O bliss of the free! I've plung'd in the
 2. O bliss of the sav'd ones! Christ Jesus is mine! No more condem-
 3. O bliss of the glad ones! O bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
 4. O Cru-ci-fied Je - sus! of thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re-



Sustain once o - pen for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
 na - tion; no long-er I pine. In conscious sal - va - tion I
 spir - it that he can not cure; No head bow'd with sorrow but
 deem-er, my God and my King; My soul fill'd with rapture, shall




ult - ing I stand, And point to the nail-prints in his ho - ly
 sing of his grace Who lift-ed up - on me the smiles of his
 sweet-ly may rest, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing
 about o'er the grave; In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to



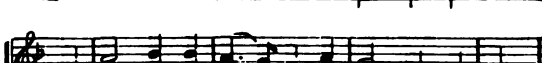
hands, And point to the nail-prints in his ho - ly hands.
 thee, Who lift-ed up - on me the smiles of his face.
 breast, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing breast.
 Save!" In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to Save!"

295 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

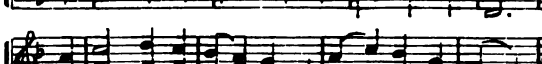
ANON. No. 294 may be sung to this. (112.) A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 I'll praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath,
 I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright,



My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav - iour art thou;
 I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 And sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



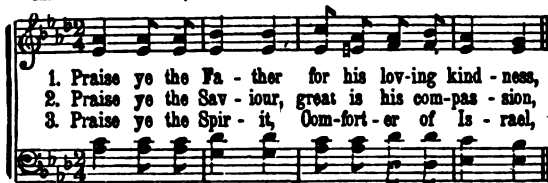
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Used by permission A. J. Gordon.

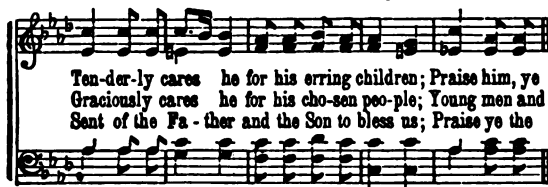
296 PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

ANON.

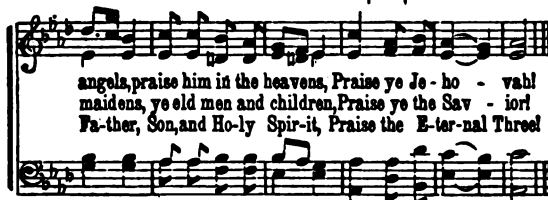
(FLEMMING. 8s & 6c.) F. FLEMMING.



1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for his lov - ing kind - ness,
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is his com - pas - sion,
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,



Ten - der - ly cares he for his erring children; Praise him, ye
Graciously cares he for his cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and
Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the



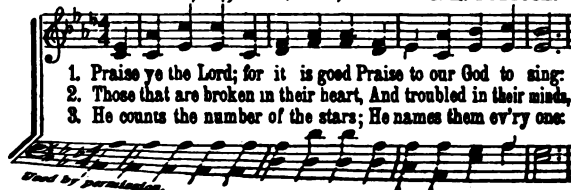
angels, praise him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vab!
maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise the E - ter - nal Three!

297 PRAISE THE LORD.

ROUS' VERSION, 1649.

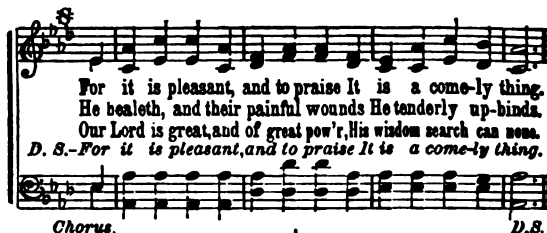
(C. M.)

C. E. POLLOCK.

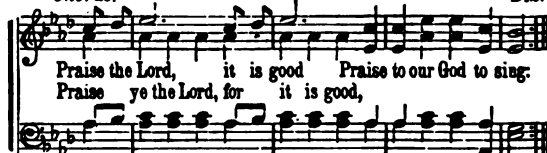


1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them ev'ry one:

Good by, partisans.



For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.
He healeth, and their painful wounds He tenderly up - binds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wisdom search can none.
D. S. - For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.

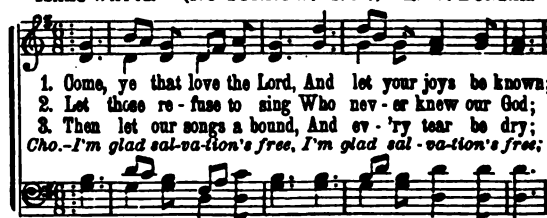


Chorus. *D. S.*
Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good,

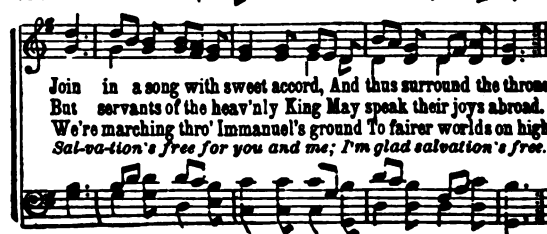
298 SALVATION FREE.

ISAAC WATTS.

(NO SORROW. S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. Then let our songs a bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Cho. - I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

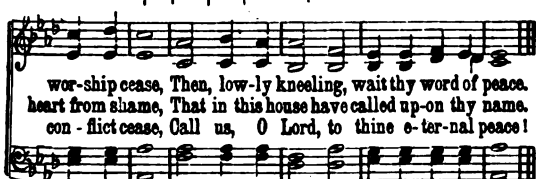
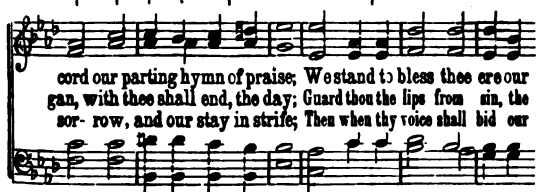
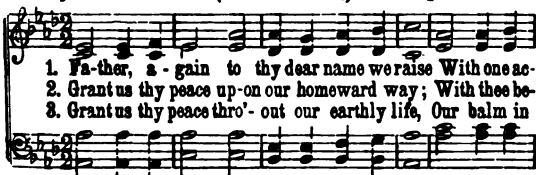


Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
But servants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad salvation's free.

299

OUR PARTING HYMN.

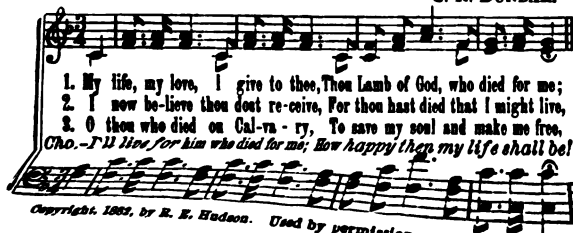
REV. JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS. 108.) E. J. HOPKINS.



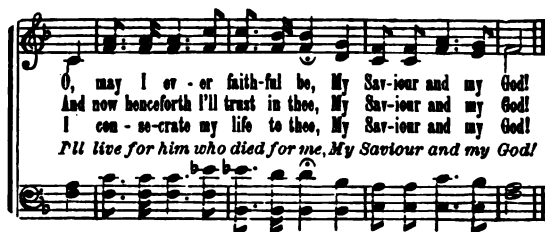
300

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.



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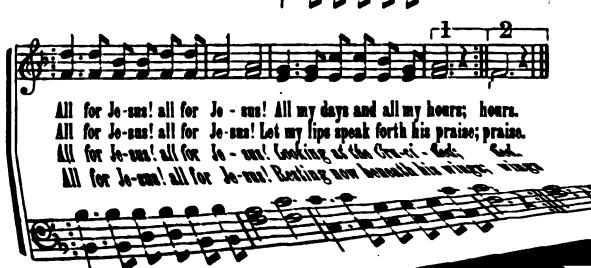
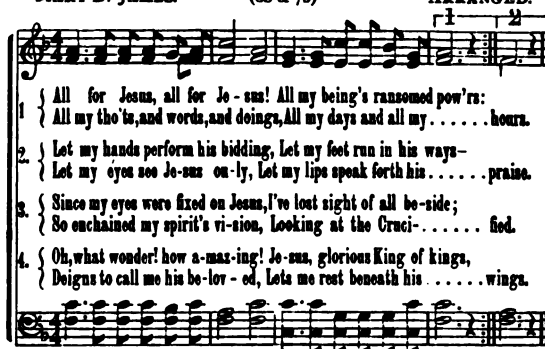
301

ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

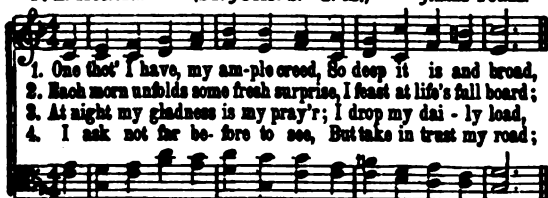
(88 & 79)

ARRANGED.

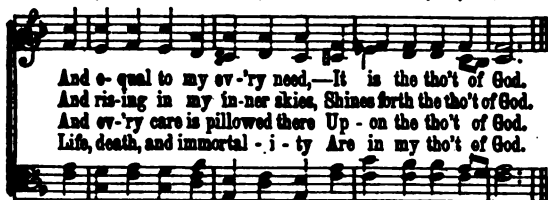


302 THE THOUGHT OF GOD

F. L. HOESMER. (ST. JOHN'S. C. M.) JAMES TURLER.



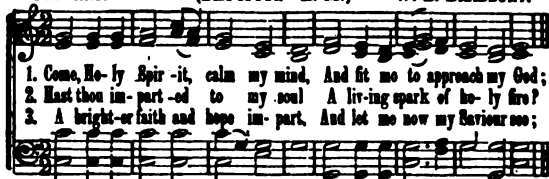
1. One that I have, my ample creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise, I feast at life's full board;
3. At night my gladness is my pray'r; I drop my dai - ly load,
4. I ask not far be - fore to see, But take in trust my road;



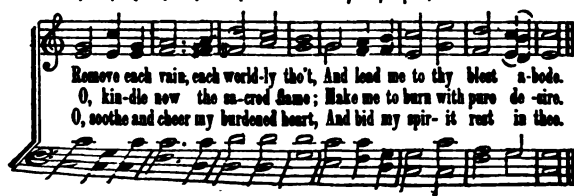
And e - qual to my ev - ry need, — It is the tho't of God.
And ris - ing in my in - ner skies, Shines forth the tho't of God.
And ev - ry care is pillow'd there Up - on the tho't of God.
Life, death, and immortal - i - ty Are in my tho't of God.

303 CALM MY MIND.

STEWART. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



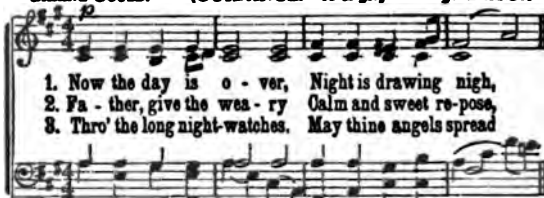
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God;
2. Hast thou im - part - ed to my soul A liv - ing spark of ho - ly fire?
3. A bright - er faith and hope im - part, And let me now my Bar - iour see;



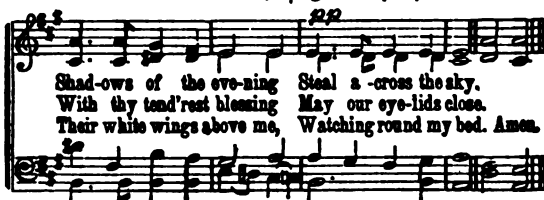
Remove each vain, each world - ly tho't, And lead me to thy blest a - bode.
O, kin - dle now the sa - cred flame; Make me to burn with pure de - sire.
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir - it rest in thee.

304 REPOSE.

BARING-GOULD. (GUIDANCE. 6s & 5s.) J. BARNBY.



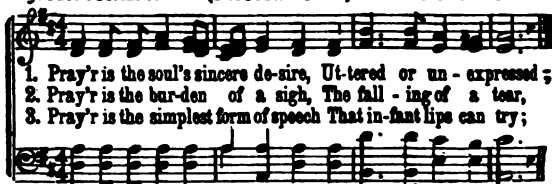
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Thro' the long night-watches. May thine angels spread



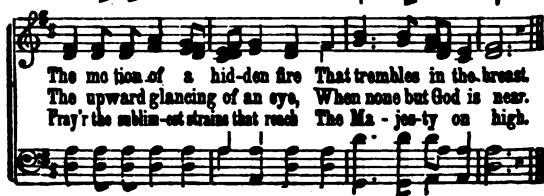
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tend' rest blessing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed. Amen.

305 PRAYER.

J. MONTGOMERY. (NAOMI. C. M.) HANS G. NARCELL.



1. Pray'r is the soul's sincere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - expressed;
2. Pray'r is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Pray'r is the simplest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;



The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.
The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Pray'r the sublim - est strains that reach The Ma - jes - ty on high.

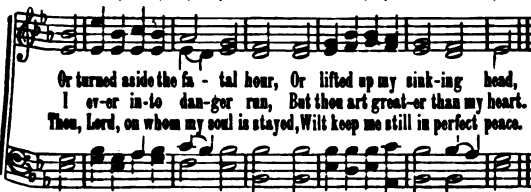
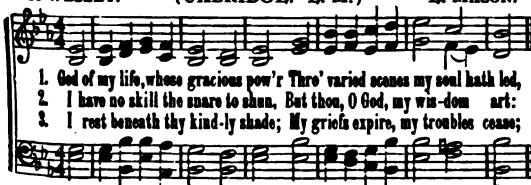
306

GOD OF MY LIFE.

C. WESLEY.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

L. MASON.



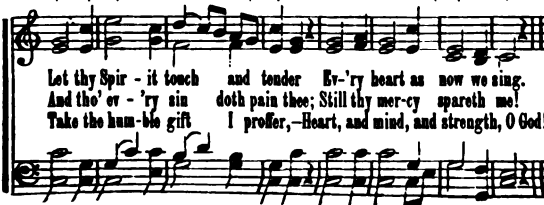
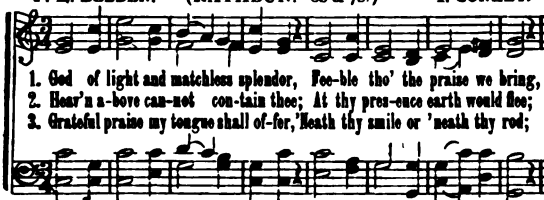
307

GOD OF LIGHT.

F. E. BELDEN.

(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.)

I. CONKEY.

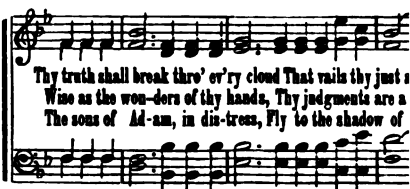
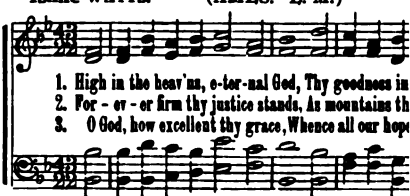


308

HIGH IN THE HEAVEN

ISAAC WATTS.

(AMERS. L. M.)



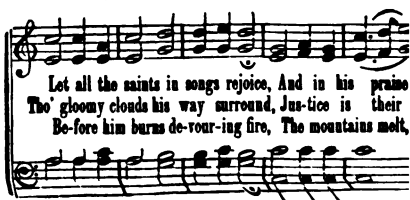
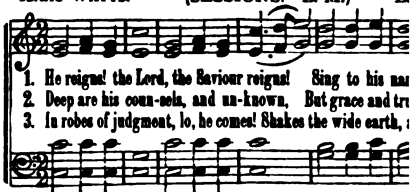
309

HE REIGNS!

ISAAC WATTS.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

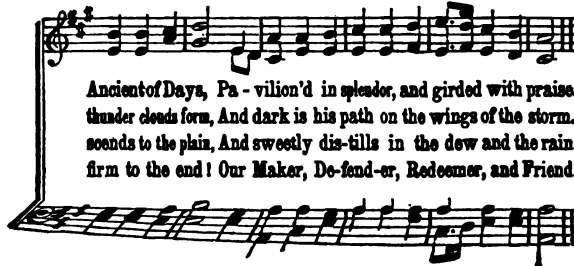
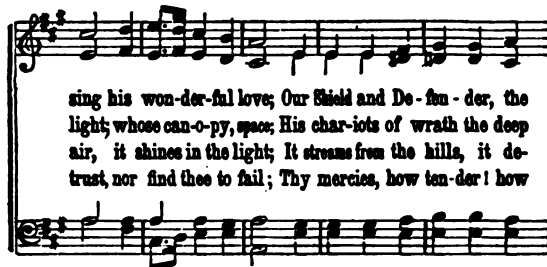
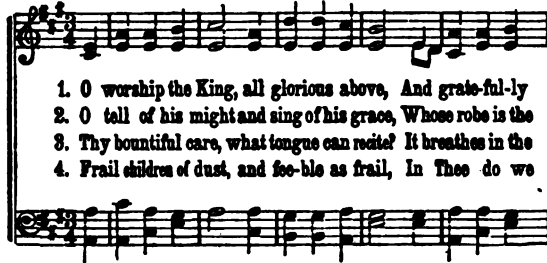
L.



310 O WORSHIP THE KING !

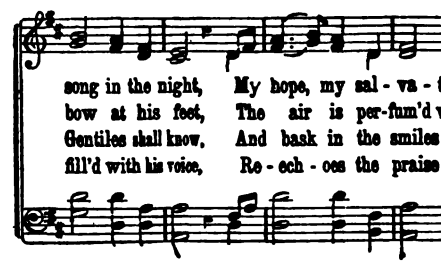
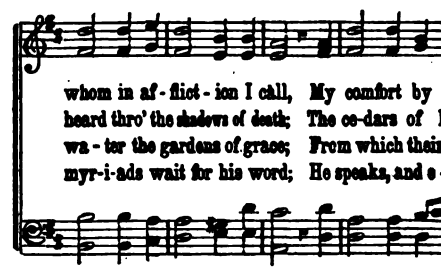
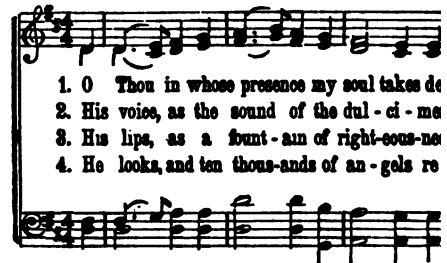
ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 208 & 212.)

F. J. HAYDN.



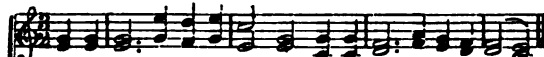
311 MY SALVATION, MY ALL

JOSEPH SWAIN. (BELOVED. 212 & 82.)

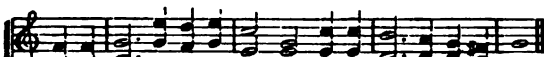


312 THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVENS.

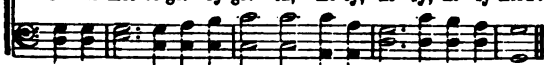
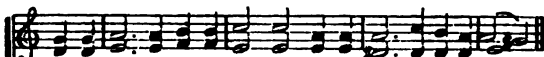
R. MANT. (FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.) J. H. WILCOX.



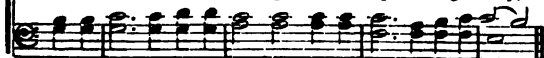
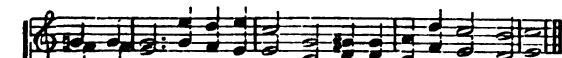
1. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven; Earth is with its fulness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues u-nite;
3. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven, Earth is with its fulness stored;




Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho't his greatness raises, And our love his gifts ex - cite:
Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with anthems ringing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
With his seraph train before him, With his ho - ly church be - low,
Thus thy glorious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt the angel's cry,

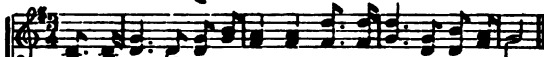



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nite we to a - dore him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

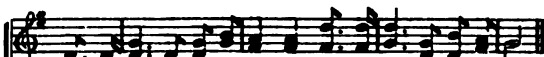


313 TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

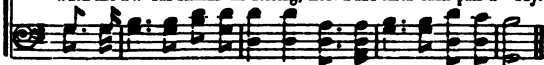
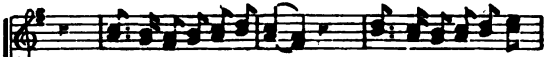
THOMAS KELLY. (HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.) LOWELL MASON.



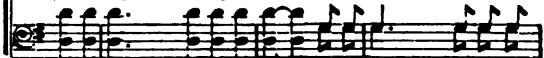
1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign forever, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sa - viour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joice; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth - ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou dost seal thine own;
When the aw - ful summons bearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

See, he sits . . . on yonder throne; Je - sus rules . . . the world a -
Happy ob - . . . jects of thy grace, Destined to . . . behold thy
Thee, with gold - . . . on harps, we'll sing, 'Glory, glo - . . . ry to our

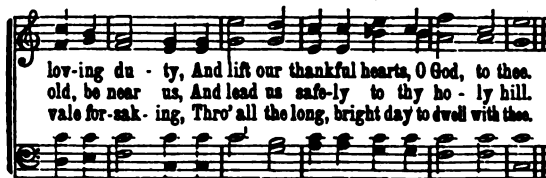
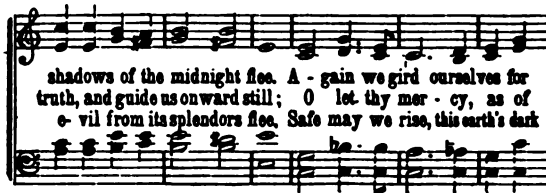
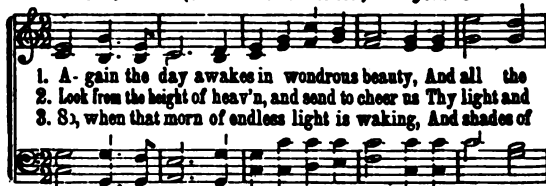



lone.
face. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! a - men.
King.



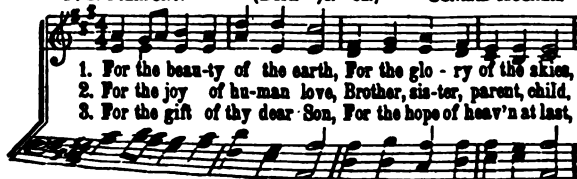
314 THE DAY AWAKES.

ARRANGED. (SANKEY. 115 & 108.) JOHN STAINER.

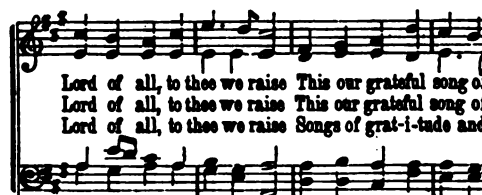
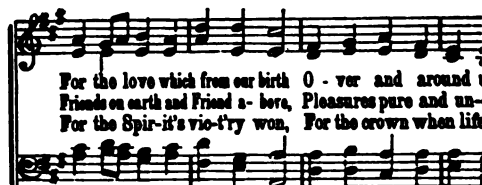


315 OUR SONG OF PRAISE.

F. S. PIERPONT. (DIX. 75. 6L.) CONRAD KOCHER.

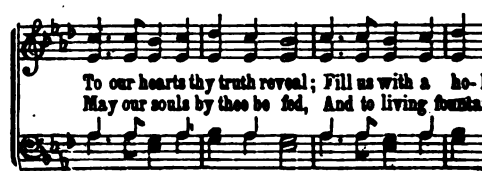
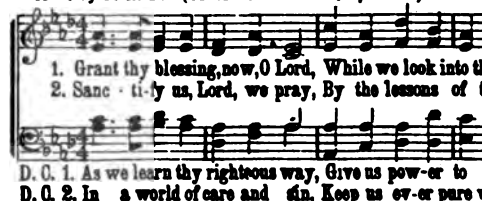


OUR SONG OF PRAISE.—CONCLUDED.



316 POWER TO OBEY.

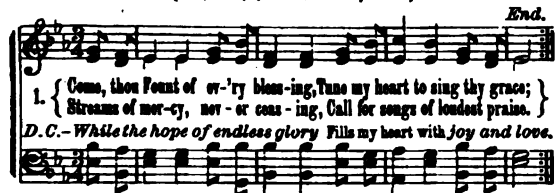
ARR. by F. E. B. (SPANISH HYMN. 75. 6L.) S.



317 FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

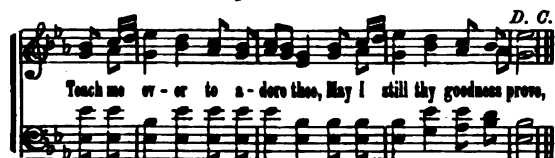
End.



1. { Come, then Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }

D. C.—While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

D. C.



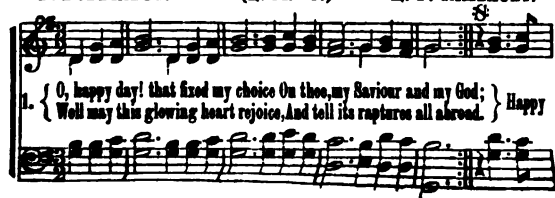
Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee, May I still thy goodness prove,

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness like a fetter
 Bind me closer still to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

318 HAPPY DAY.

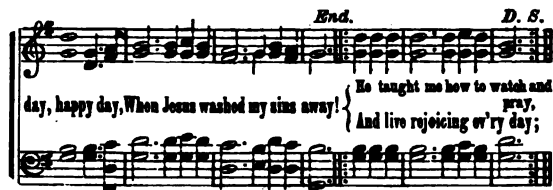
P. DODDRIIDGE. (L. M. F.) E. F. RIMBAULT.

S.



1. { O, happy day! that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God; }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

End. *D. S.*



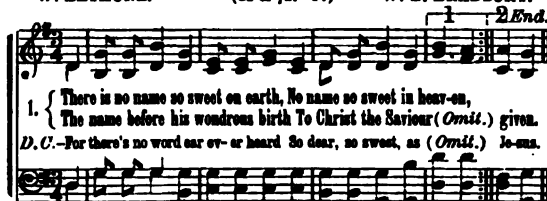
day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev-'ry day;

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine; Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 He drew me, and I followed on, Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 Rejoiced to own the call divine. With him of ev-'ry good possessed.

319 THE SWEETEST NAME.

W. BETHUNE. (8s & 7s. P.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. *2. End.*



1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
 The name before his wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour (*Omit.*) given.
D. C.—For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit.*) Je-sus.

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Refrain. *D. C.*

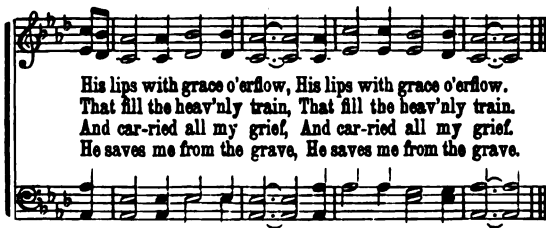
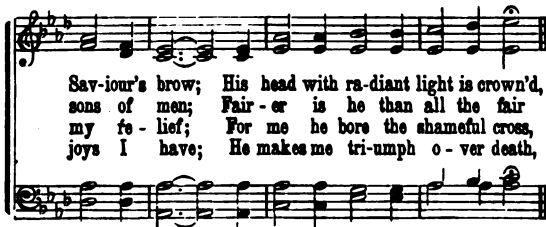
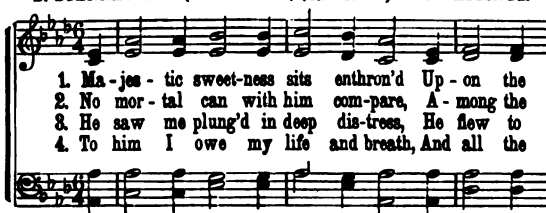


We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je-sus;

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.
- 3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pain, he ever reigns
 The Prince and Saviour, Je-sus.

320 MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

S. STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) T. HASTINGS.



5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
*Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.*

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

321 THE WORD.

- 1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
[: And vail'd the heav'nly light. :]
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
[: The author is divine. :]
- 3 How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace,
[: Reflected in thy word! :]
- 4 O touch us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
[: Thy glorious face above. :]

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

322 GLORIOUS.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
[: It gives, but borrows none. :]
- 2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
[: A sanctifying light. :]
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
[: They rise, but never set. :]
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
[: With beams of heav'nly day. :]

WM. COWPER.

323 SECURE.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
[: To keep the conscience clean. :]
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides me all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
[: A lamp to lead my way. :]
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
[: But love thy law, my God. :]
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
[: And well support my age. :]

ISAAC WATTS.

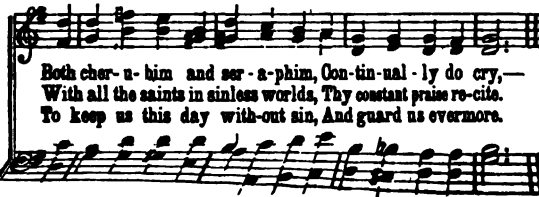
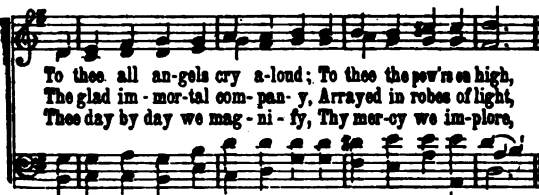
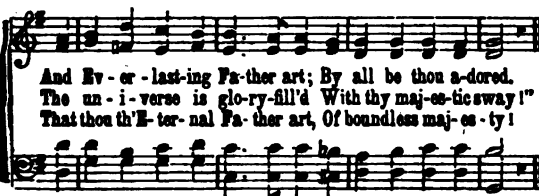
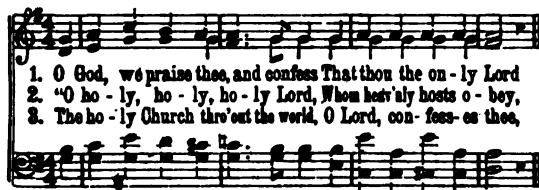
324 PERFECT.

- 1 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
[: How mean their writings look! :]
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave;
[: But thine conducts to heaven. :]
- 3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
[: Extend to every thought. :]
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
[: Dwell only in the Lord. :]

ANON.

325 THE ONLY LORD.

ST. AMBROSE, arr. (ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.) HENRY HILES.



326 Easier music, No. 329.

1 O Love divine, of all that is,
The sweetest and the best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away:
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest ev'rything I need,
And all my need of thee.

2 And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek away?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee:
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

3 Thou hearest ev'ry tho't I mean,
And set the words I say,—
The hidden thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.
REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

327

1 O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning and the end,
We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Beyond all fathom line;
Our window in the child-like heart:
Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose day-spring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.
REV. F. L. HOSMER.

328

1 I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
That ever mortal heard;
O how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
"I was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

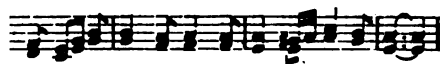
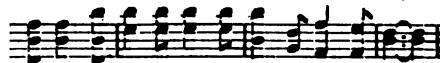
2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That ever mortal saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid;
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing soul I said,
"Thou lovedst me!—Thou lovedst!"
FRED. STEVENSON.

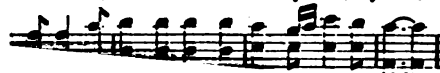
the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's light.



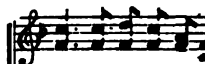
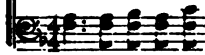
1. thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
2. ag wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
3. to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."



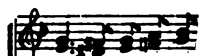
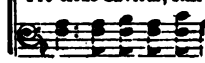
1. to Je-sus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
2. to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
3. d to Je-sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;



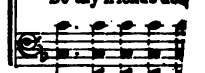
2. Are we weak and
3. Are we weak and



What a priv-i-lege t
We should nev-er be di
Pre-cious Saviour, still

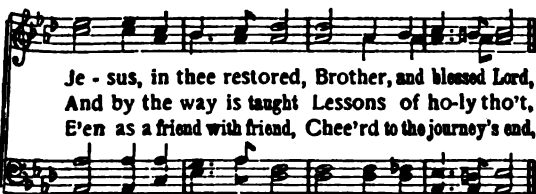
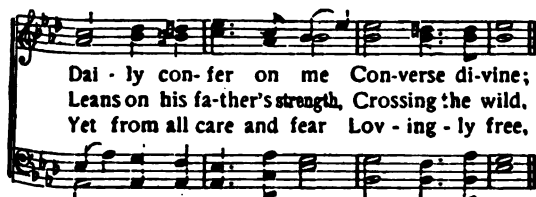
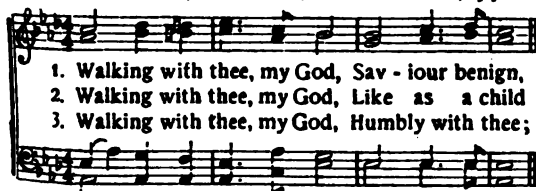


O what peace we of
Can we find a frie
Do thy friends dea



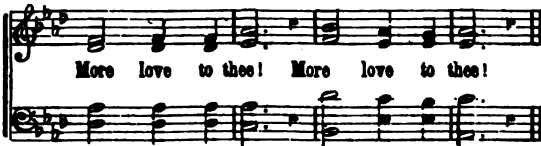
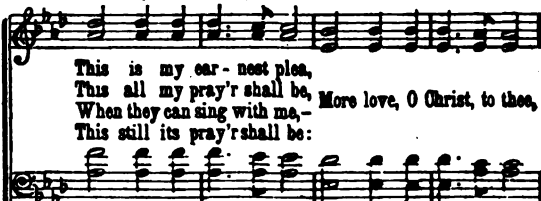
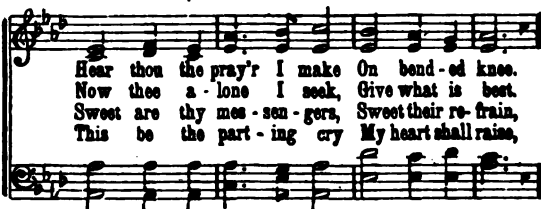
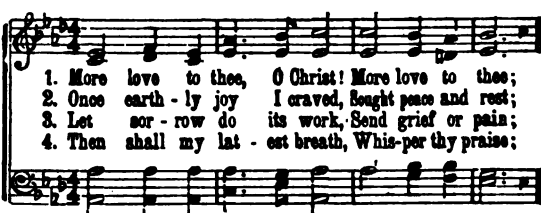
331 WALKING WITH THEE.

GEO. RAWSON. (MALE VOICES.) W. H. PONTIUS, by per.



332 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

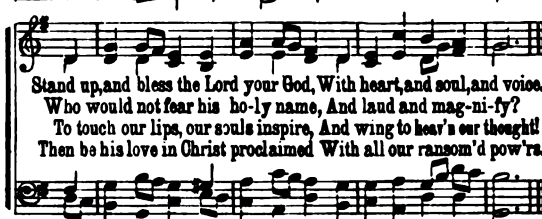
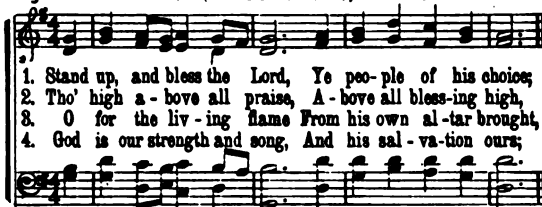
MRS. E. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.



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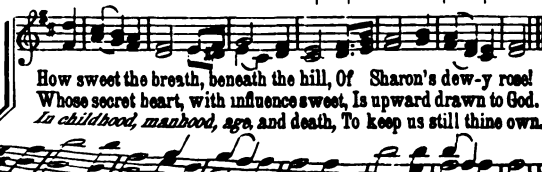
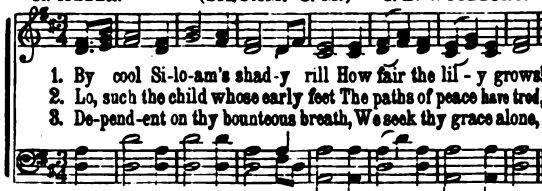
333 STAND UP, AND BLESS THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WAUGH. S. M.) R. HARRISON.



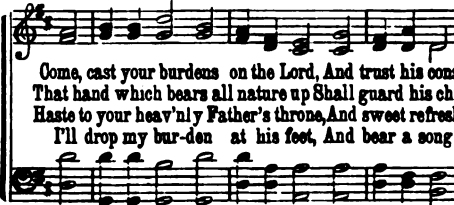
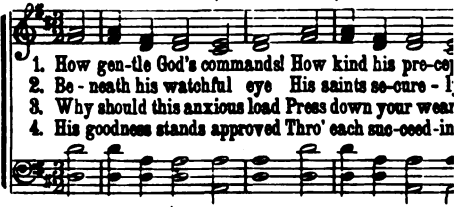
334 CONSECRATED CHILDHOOD.

R. HEBER. (SILOAM. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



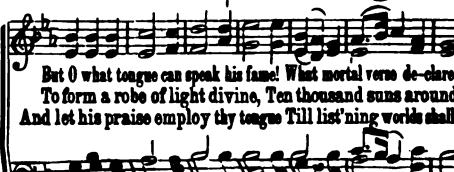
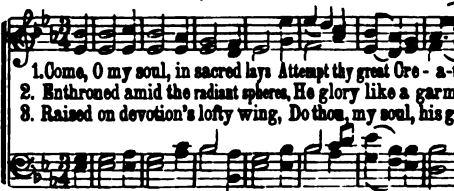
335 HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

F. DODDRIDGE. (DOVE. S. M.) W. B. BR.



336 ATTEMPT HIS PRAISE.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. (LUTON. L. M.) GEORGE



337

CAN WE FORGET?

WM. MITCHELL. (CHINA. C. M.) TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Je-sus, thy love can we for-get, And nev-er bring to mind
2. Shall we thy life of grief for-get, Thy fast-ing and thy pray'r,
3. Geth-sem-a - ne can we for-get - Thy struggling ag - o - ny
4. Our sorrows and our sins were laid On thee, a - lone on thee;

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us pardon find?
Thy locks with mountain va - pors wet, To save us from de-spair?
When night lay dark on Ol-i-vet, And none to watch with thee?
Thy pre-cious blood our ransom paid - Thine all the glo-ry be!

338 MY NEED, AND THY LOVE.

JANE CREWDSON. (FLEMING. 8s & 6s.) FLEMING.

1. O Father, I have naught to plead In earth be-neath or heav'n a-
2. The need will soon be past and gone, Exceeding great, but quickly

here, But just my own ex-ceed-ing need, And thy exceeding love.
o'er; Thy love unbought is all thine own, And lasts for-ev-er-more.

339

AT THY FEET.

F. W. HOWE. (INVITATION. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.

1. O Lord, who hidest all our shame Beneath thy crimsoned hand,
2. We had no cour-age in the strife, No shelter in re-treat;
3. Be thou our King - our hearts are thine - Do with us as thou wilt.
4. We ask no ease nor joy-ous hours To use for self a-lone;

We feel thy touch, we trust thy name, We yield to thy command.
But thou hast glo-ri-fied our life, - We lay it at thy feet.
So nev-er-more thy love di-vine Be wounded for our guilt.
Take thou our thoughts, our ransom'd pow'r, And make them all thine own.

340

FAITH VIEWS HIM.

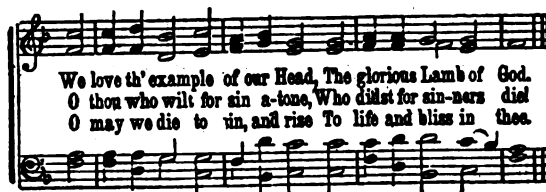
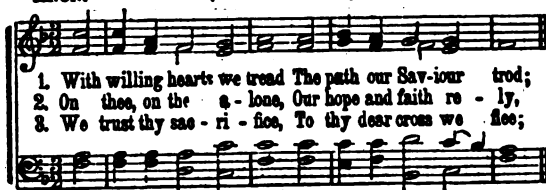
B. BEDDOME. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. GLASER.

1. Bur-ied beneath the yielding wave The great Re-deem-er lies;
2. Thus do these willing souls to-day Their ardent zeal ex-press,
3. With joy we in his footsteps tread, And would his cause maintain;

Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.
And in the Lord's appointed way Ful - fill all righteousness.
Like him be numbered with the dead, And with him rise and reign.

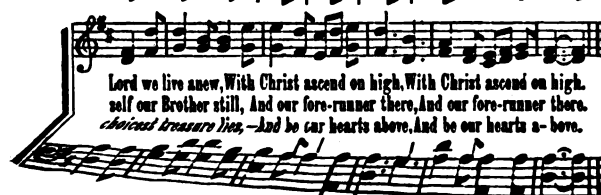
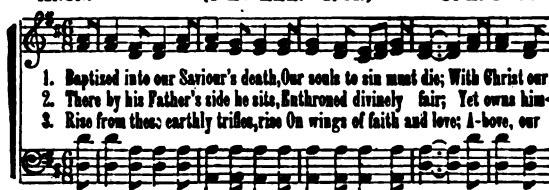
341 WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON. (BADEA S. M.) GERMAN.



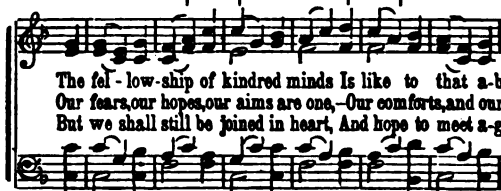
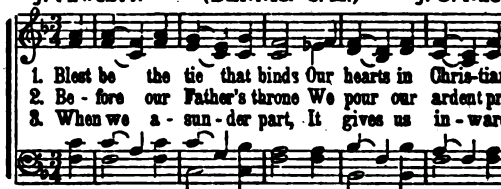
342 WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON. (NEWELL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



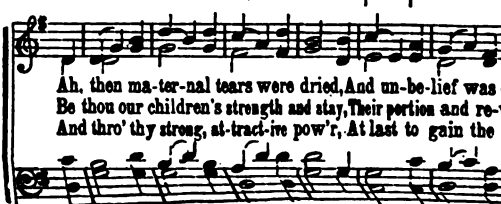
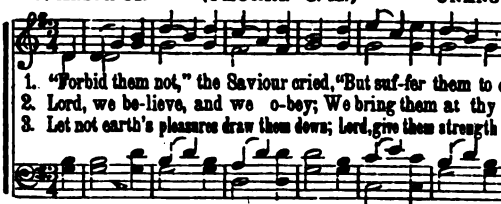
343 BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAG



344 FORBID THEM NOT.

T. HASTINGS. (PEORIA. C. M.) UNKNOWN



345 ALL THINGS ARE THINE.

ANON. (WARE. L. M.) GEO. KINGSLEY

1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to - of - for thee;
 2. Thy will was in the builders' tho't; Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
 3. No lack thy per-fect fulness knew; For human needs and long-ings grew
 4. O Fa-ther! deign these walls to bless, Make this th' abode of righteousness.

And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
 Thro' mortal motives, schemes, and plan, Thy wise, e-ter-nal pur - pose run.
 This house of prayer - this home of rest: Here may thy saints be often blest
 And let these doors a gateway be To lead us from our-selves to thee.

346 THY PRESENCE HERE.

ANON. (MARLOW C. M.) JOHN CHETAM.

1. God of the u - ni-verse, to thee These sacred walls we rear;
 2. When sad with care, by sin oppressed, Here may the burdened soul
 3. And when the last long Sabbath morn Up-on the just shall rise,

And now, with songs and bended knee, Invoke thy pres-ence here.
 Beneath thy shell'ring wing find rest; Here make the wounded whole.
 May all who own thee here, be borne To mansions in the skies.

347 WE DEDICATE TO THEE.

D. C. EDDY. (ANGELS. L. M.) O. GIBBONS.

1. Mak - er of land and roll - ing sea, We ded - i - cate this house to thee;
 2. Come, fill this house with heav'nly grace, While sinners throng the sacred place,
 3. Here, let the mourning soul find rest Up-on the lov - ing Saviour's breast;

And what our willing hands have done, We give to God and to the Son.
 And saints, with An-gel hosts a-bove, U - nite to sing re-deem-ing love.
 And with the songs of sins forgiv'n, Each heart aspires to God and heav'n.

348 COMING SAVIOUR.

ANON. (HOLLEY. 7s.) GEORGE HEWES.

1. Coming Saviour, now in faith We remember still thy death;
 2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
 3. Lord, we thus re-mem-ber thee, But we long thy face to see -

Thou wast broken - thou hast died; For us thou wast cru-ci-fied.
 Wash us pure from ev-ry stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
 Long to reach our heav'nly home; Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

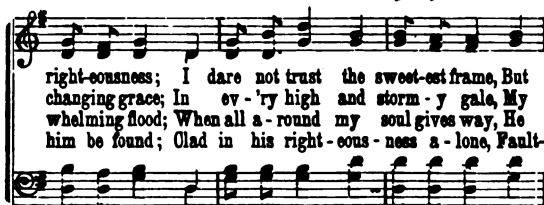
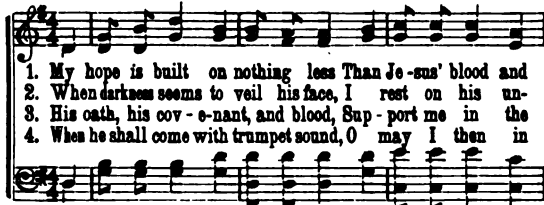
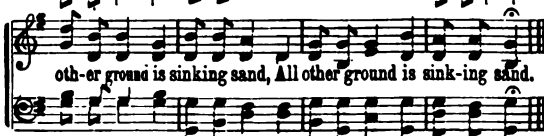
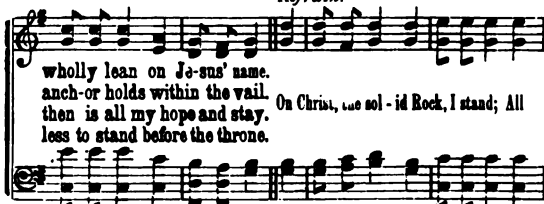
349

THE SOLID ROCK.

REV. EDWARD MOTZ.

(L. M. 6L.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Refrain.*

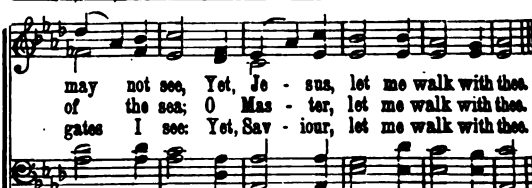
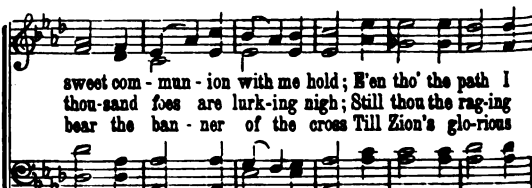
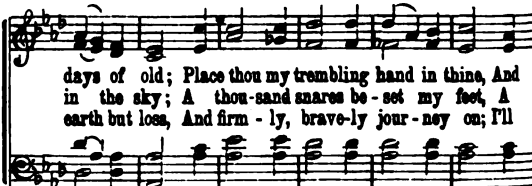
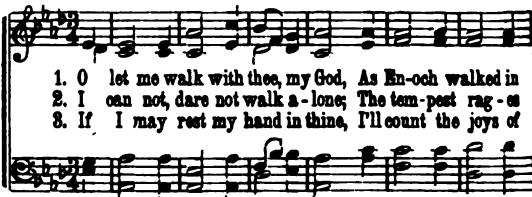
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350

WALKING WITH GOD.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

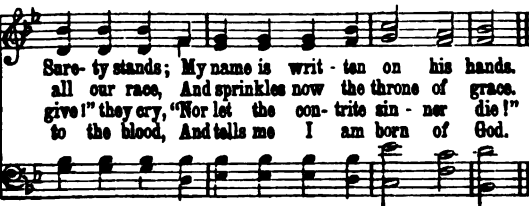
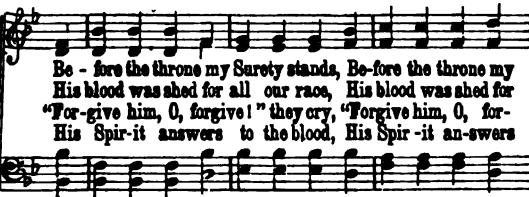
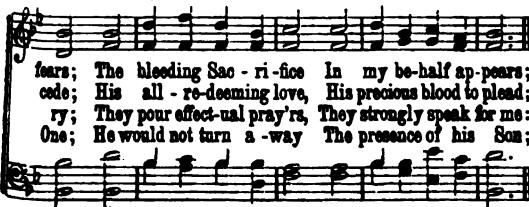
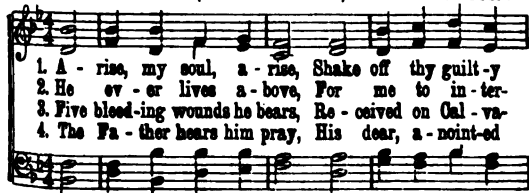
(MORTON. L. M. 6L.) EDWIN BARNES.



Copyright, 1886, by The J. E. White Pub. Co. Used by permission.

351 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE!

CHARLES WESLEY. (LENOX. H. M.) LEWIS EDSON.



352 THE JUBILEE.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
[: The year of Jubilee is come, :]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad,
[: The year of Jubilee is come, :]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the world proclaim;
[: The year of Jubilee is come, :]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
CHARLES WESLEY.

353 GOD'S REST.

1 The God that made the earth,
And all the worlds on high,
Who gave all creatures birth,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
[: After six days in work employed, :]
Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

2 The Sabbath-day was blessed,
Hallowed, and sanctified;
It was Jehovah's rest,
And so it must abide;
[: 'T was set apart before the fall, :]
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount,
Amidst the fire and smoke,
Jehovah did recount,
And all his precepts spoke,
[: He claimed the rest-day as his own, :]
And wrote it with his law on stone.

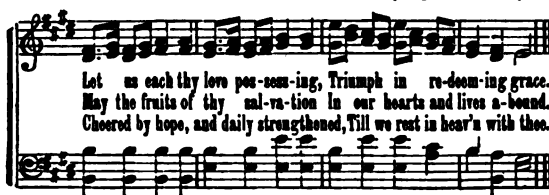
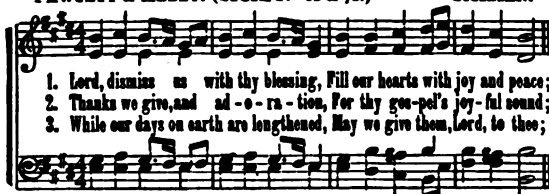
4 The Son of God appeared,
With tidings of great joy;
God's precepts he revered,
He came not to destroy;
[: None of the law was set aside, :]
But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die
To render null and void
The law of the Most High,
Which can not be destroyed;
[: But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore, :]
We 'll go in peace and sin no more.
R. F. COTTRELL.

354 LORD, DISMISS US.

FAWCETT & KELLY. (SICILY. 8s & 7s.)

SICILIAN.

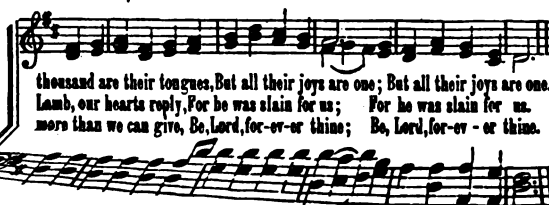
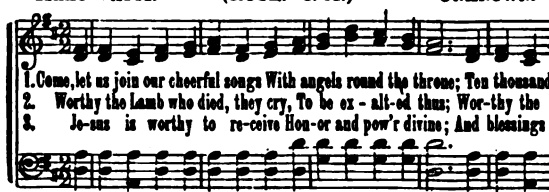


355 JOIN OUR SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ROSE. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

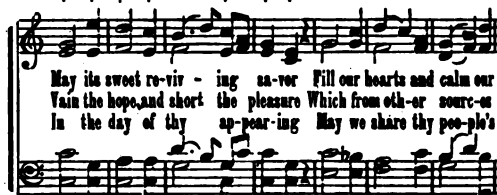
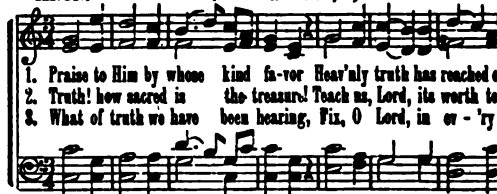


356 PRAISE FOR TRUTH.

ANON.

(HOPE. 8s & 7s.)

MENDELSSOHN.

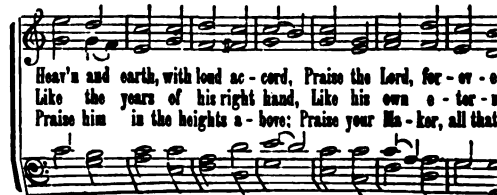
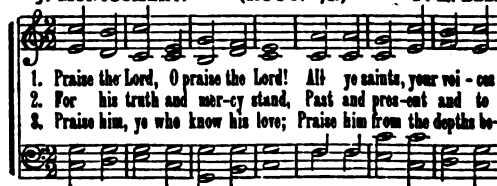


357 PRAISE THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY.

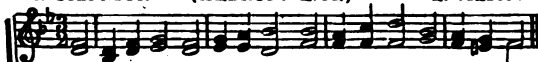
(ROOT. 7s.)

F. E. BELMONT.

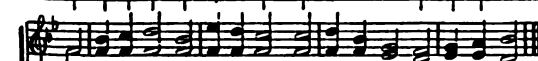


358 ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK.

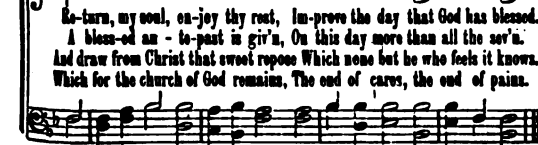
S. STENNETT. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.



1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wea - ry minds:
3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies,
4. This heav'nly calm within the breast Is the best pledge of glorious rest,

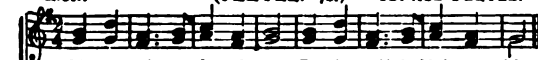


Re - turn, my soul, ex - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day that God has blessed.
A bless - ed an - te - past is giv'n, On this day more than all the sev'n.
And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.
Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

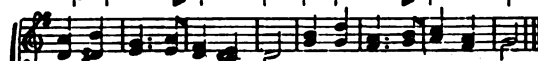


359 WELCOME, WELCOME.

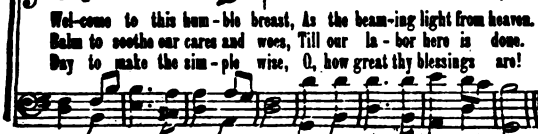
ANON. (PLEVEL. 7s.) IGNACE PLEVEL.



1. Wel - come, wel come, day of rest, To the world in kind - ness giv'n;
2. Day of calm and sweet re - pose, Gen - tly now thy mo - ments run;
3. Ho - ly day that most we prize, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer,




Wel - come to this hum - ble breast, As the beam - ing light from heaven.
Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our la - bor here is done.
Day to make the sim - ple wise, O, how great thy blessings are!

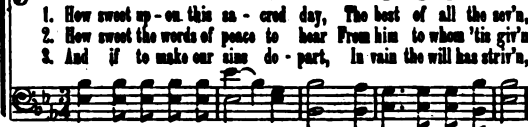
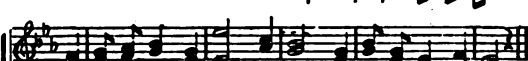


360 HOW SWEET!

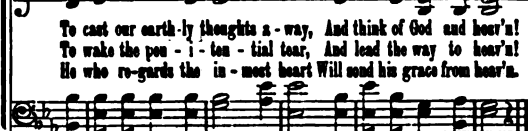
MRS. FOLLEN. (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet up - on this an - cred day, The best of all the sev'n,
2. How sweet the words of peace to hear From him to whom 'tis giv'n
3. And if to make our sin do - part, In vain the will has striv'n,

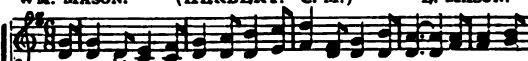



To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heav'n!
To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heav'n!
He who re - gards the in - most heart Will send his grace from heav'n.

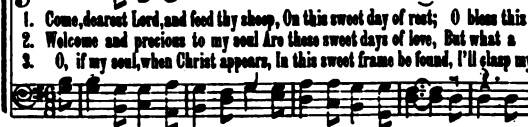
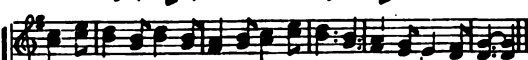


361 COME, FEED THY SHEEP.

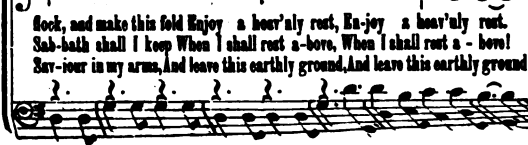
WM. MASON. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.



1. Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; O bless this
2. Welcome and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love, But what a
3. O, if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll clasp my

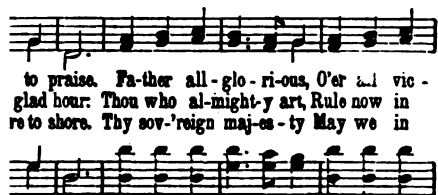
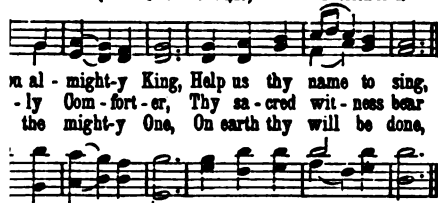
Goek, and make this fold Enjoy a heav'nly rest, Ex - joy a heav'nly rest.
Sab - bath shall I keep When I shall rest a - bore, When I shall rest a - bore!
Sav - iour in my arms, And leave this earthly ground, And leave this earthly ground!





COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

V. (ITALY. 65 & 45.) GIARDINI.



363

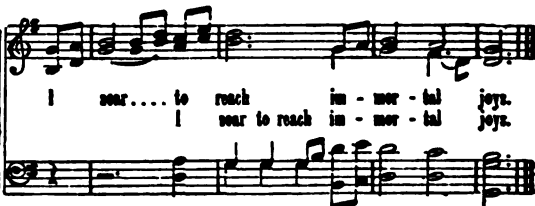
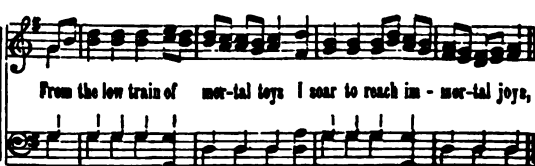
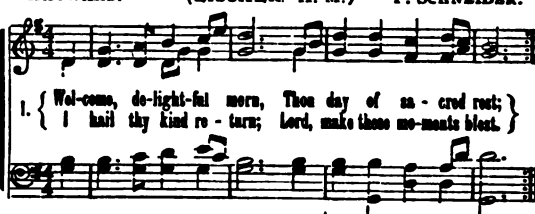
The truth ahead!
ord of God
e wide world;
Lord has done,
ay is won,
thy throne
is

2 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THOMAS KELLY.

364 WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN!

HAYWARD. (LISCHER. H. M.) F. SCHNEIDER.



2 How may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and love the Lord.

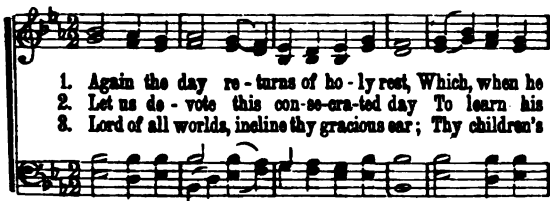
3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
The Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

365 AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS

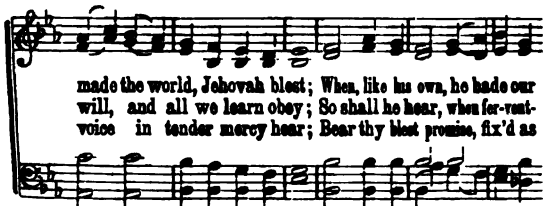
WM. MASON.

(FREEPORT. 108.)

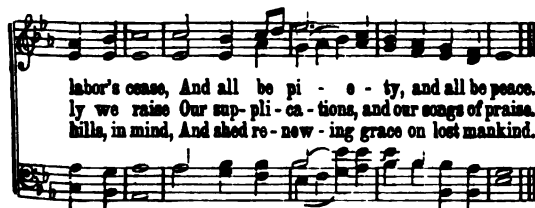
UNKNOWN.



1. Again the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when he
2. Let us de - vote this con-se-cra-ted day To learn his
3. Lord of all worlds, incline thy gracious ear; Thy children's



made the world, Jehovah blest; When, like his own, he made our
will, and all we learn obey; So shall he hear, when far-est
voice in tender mercy hear; Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as

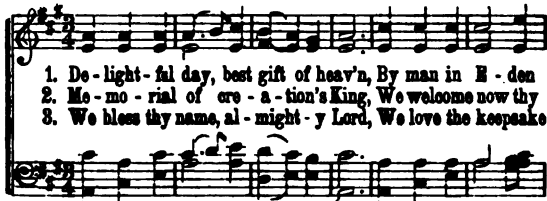


labor's cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.
ly we raise Our sup - pli - ca - tions, and our songs of praise.
hills, in mind, And shed re - new - ing grace on lost mankind.

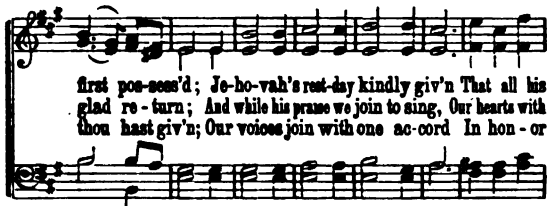
4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

366 MEMORIAL OF CREATION'S KING.

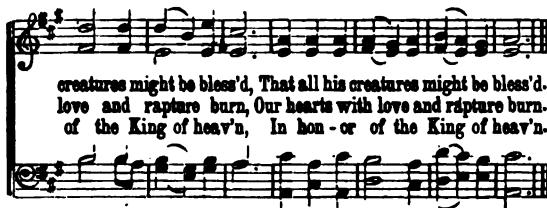
R. F. COTTRELL. (PARK STREET L. M.) F. M. A. VENNA.



1. De - light - ful day, best gift of heav'n, By man in E - den
2. Me - mo - rial of cre - a - tion's King, We welcome now thy
3. We bless thy name, al - might - y Lord, We love the keepsake



first pos-sess'd; Je-ho-vah's rest-day kindly giv'n That all his
glad re - turn; And while his praise we join to sing, Our hearts with
thou hast giv'n; Our voices join with one ac - cord In hon - or



creatures might be bless'd, That all his creatures might be bless'd.
love and rapture burn, Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
of the King of heav'n, In hon - or of the King of heav'n.

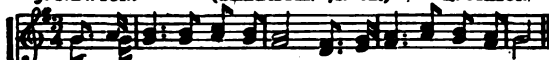
- 4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood
We are redeem'd from sin and death;
Give glory to the Son of God;
Praise him all creatures that have
breath.
- 5 His law shall still be our delight;
The holy Sabbath is a part;
And when we gain that world so
bright,
All look shall long it with our heart.

367 SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.

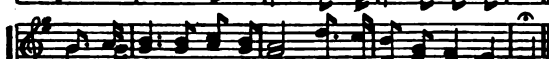
J. NEWTON.

(SABBATH. 7a. 6L.)

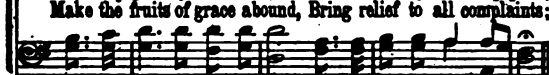
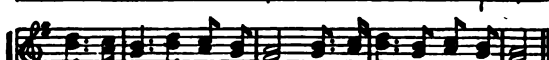
L. MASON.



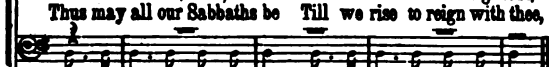
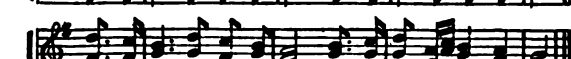
1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 3. Here we come thy name to praise, May we feel thy presence near,
 4. May the gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;



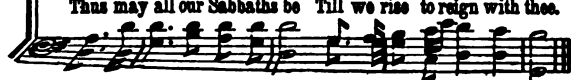
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day,
 Show thy rec - on - cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
 May thy glo - ry meet our eyes While we in thy courts ap-pear;
 Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest,
 From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee,
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast,
 Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee,

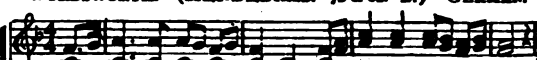



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee.

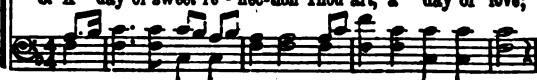
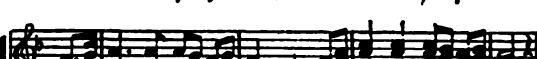


368 DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS!


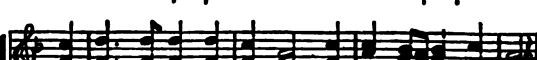
WORDSWORTH. (MENDELSSOHN. 7a & 6a. D.) GERMAN.




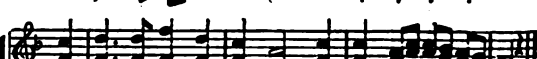
1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
 2. Thou art a port pro-tect - ed From storms that round us rise,
 3. A day of sweet re - flec-tion Thou art, a day of love;

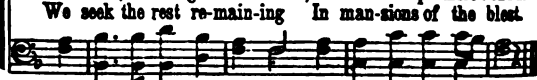
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most bean-ti-ful, most bright;
 A gar-den in - ter-sect - ed With streams of par-a - dise;
 A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things a-bove.

On thee, the high and low-ly, Who bend be-fore the throne,
 Thou art a cool-ing fountain In life's dry, drear-y sand;
 New grac-es ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest,

Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter-nal One.
 From thee, like Pis-gah's mountain, We view our promised land.
 We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.



PART III.

Work and Trust.

379

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"—Acts 9: 6.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sa-viour! thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to thee;
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to thee,— That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see
4. All that I am and have,— Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Something for thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for thee.
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for thee.
And when thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for thee.

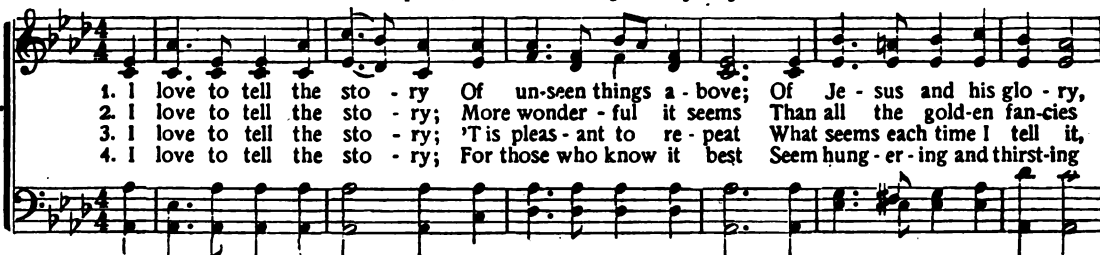
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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 16.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER.

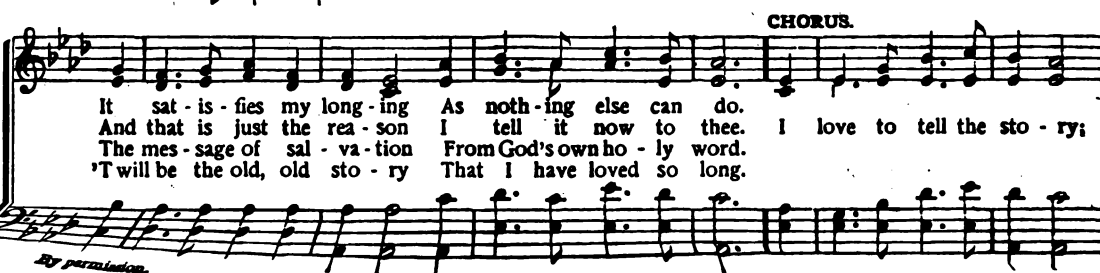


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hung - er - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true,
 Of all our gold - en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

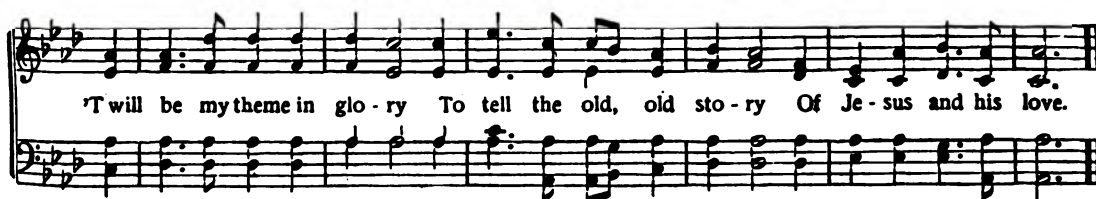
CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry;
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. From God's own ho - ly word.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion That I have loved so long.
 'T will be the old, old sto - ry

By permission.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—CONCLUDED.

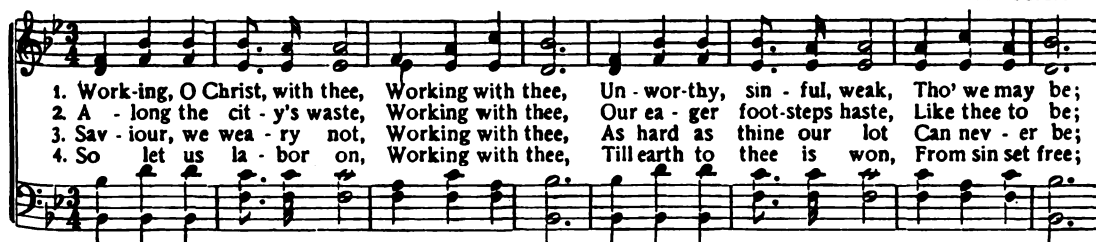


'T will be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

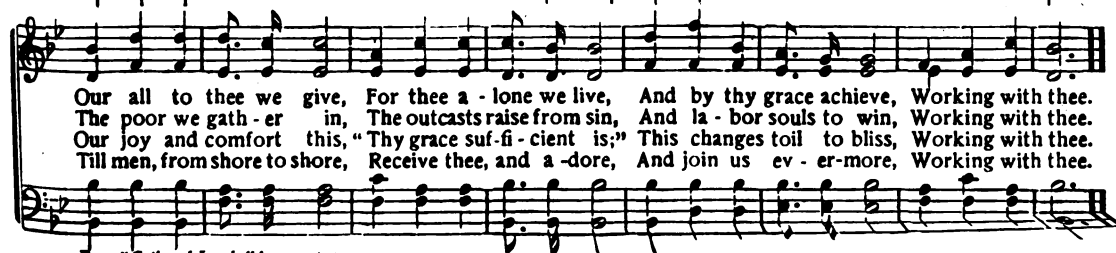
381

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6:1.
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Work-ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee, Un - wor-ty, sin - ful, weak, Tho' we may be;
2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee, Our ea - ger foot-steps haste, Like thee to be;
3. Sav - iour, we wea - ry not, Working with thee, As hard as thine our lot Can nev - er be;
4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;



Our all to thee we give, For thee a - lone we live, And by thy grace achieve, Working with thee.
The poor we gath - er in, The outcasts raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Working with thee.
Our joy and comfort this, "Thy grace suf-fi - cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
Till men, from shore to shore, Receive thee, and a - dore, And join us ev - er-more, Working with thee.

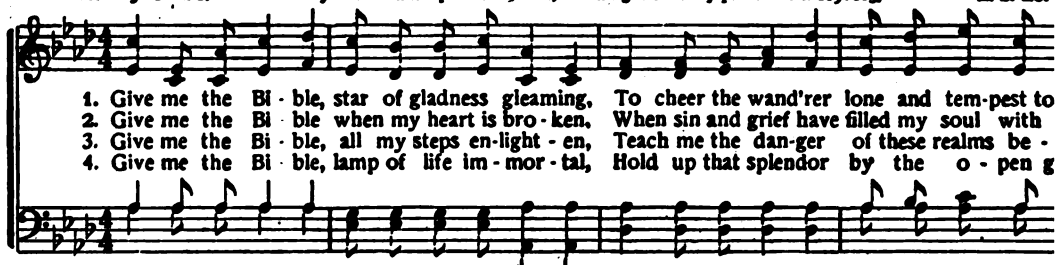
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GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

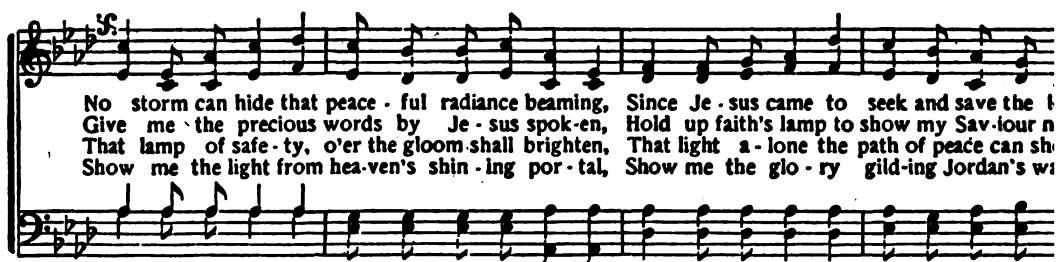
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105.

E. S. LOW



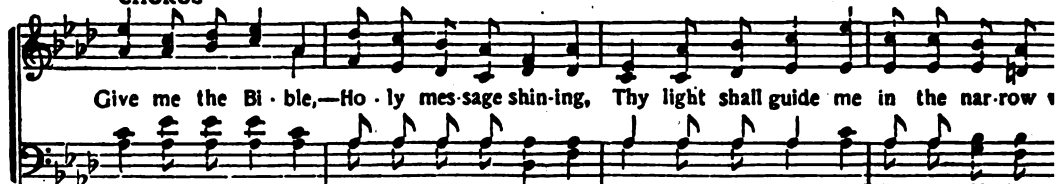
1. Give me the Bi-ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tem-pest to
 2. Give me the Bi-ble when my heart is bro-ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with
 3. Give me the Bi-ble, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the dan-ger of these realms be-
 4. Give me the Bi-ble, lamp of life im-mor-tal, Hold up that splendor by the o-pen g



No storm can hide that peace-ful radiance beaming, Since Je-sus came to seek and save the
 Give me the precious words by Je-sus spok-en, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour n
 That lamp of safe-ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a-lone the path of peace can sh
 Show me the light from hea-ven's shin-ing por-tal, Show me the glo-ry gild-ing Jordan's w

Pre-cept and promise, law and love com-bin-ing, Till night shall van-ish in e-ter-nal

CHORUS



Give me the Bi-ble,—Ho-ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row

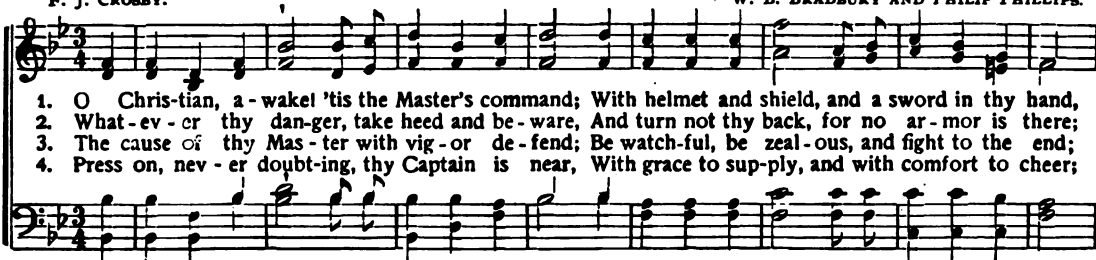
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STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

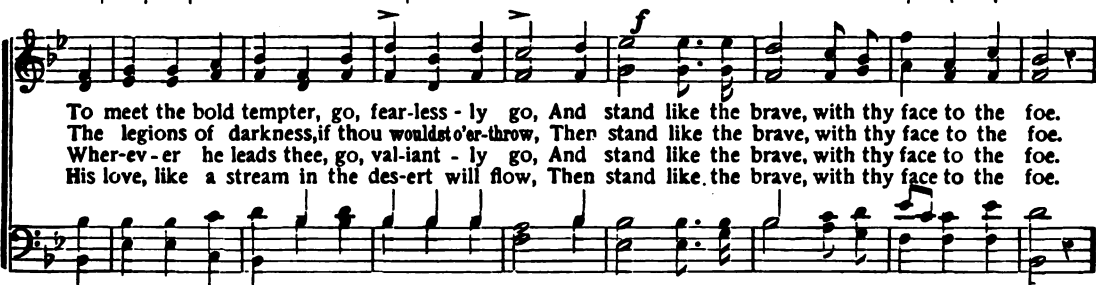
"It is high time to awake * * let us therefore * * put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13:11, 12.

F. J. CROSBY.

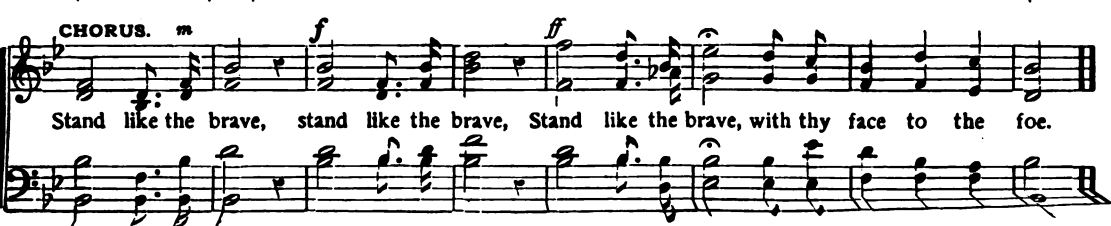
W. B. BRADBURY AND PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. O Chris-tian, a - wakel 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
 2. What - ev - er thy dan-ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there;
 3. The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend; Be watch-ful, be zeal - ous, and fight to the end;
 4. Press on, nev - er doubt-ing, thy Captain is near, With grace to sup-ply, and with comfort to cheer;



To meet the bold tempter, go, fear-less - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er-throw, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 Wher-ev - er he leads thee, go, val-iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 His love, like a stream in the des-ert will flow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.



CHORUS. *m* *f* *ff*
 Stand like the brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

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HOLD ON.

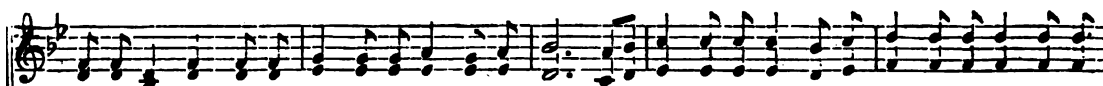
JOHN P. ELLIS.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2d Thessa. 3:13.

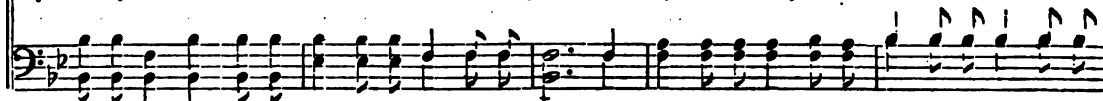
ROBERT LOWEY.



1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be sterile and hard, The plowshare will make The
2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear, The



fallow ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward; Earth's bosom will sparkle with emerald green, And its path-way be clear, And the heart of the worker be glad; Heav'n's portals will open, and mu-sic resound, And the



grain will be gold-en king; The reapers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joyfully sing. mansions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who labor to save, And the angels will joy-ful - ly sing.



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CHORUS.

HOLD ON.—CONCLUDEL

Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won: Hold on to the plow, And weary not now, For the work is almost done.
Hold on Hold on, hold on

385

MASTER, HAST THOU WORK FOR ME.

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain.
ESSIE H. BROWN. Or, three soloists may be selected, one for each stanza. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mas-ter, hast thou work for me? I would glad-ly toil for thee; I have nei-ther strength nor skill,
2. Let me learn in ear-ly youth, Lessons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to walk thy ways,
3. Let me dai-ly sow some seed, Dai-ly do some kind-ly deed; Grant thy lov-ing help to me,

D. S.—Mas-ter, hast thou work for me?

End. REFRAIN.

Yet some place I long to fill; Tho' my hands are small and weak, Yet some lit-tle task I seek.
Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring, Let me serve thee, ho-ly King!
Give me per-fect trust in thee; Trust-ing thee to teach me how, Let me serve thee, here and now.

I would glad-ly toil for thee.

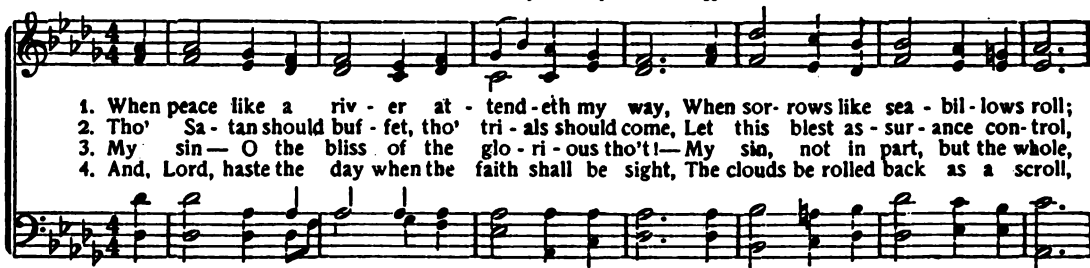
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IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

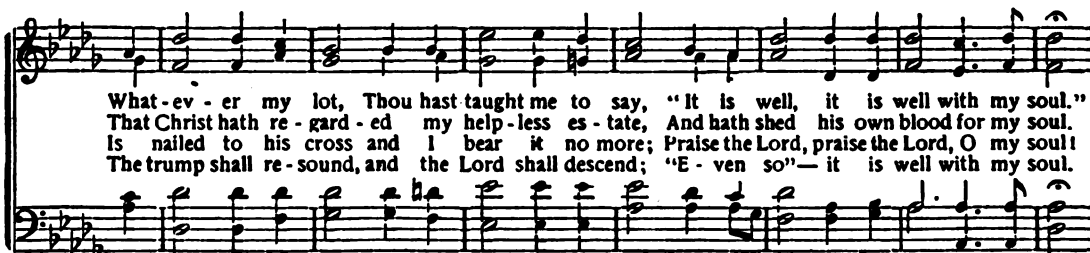
H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,
 3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous tho't!—My sin, not in part, but the whole,
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,



What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall descend; "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN.



It is well . . . it is well with my soul, . . . with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

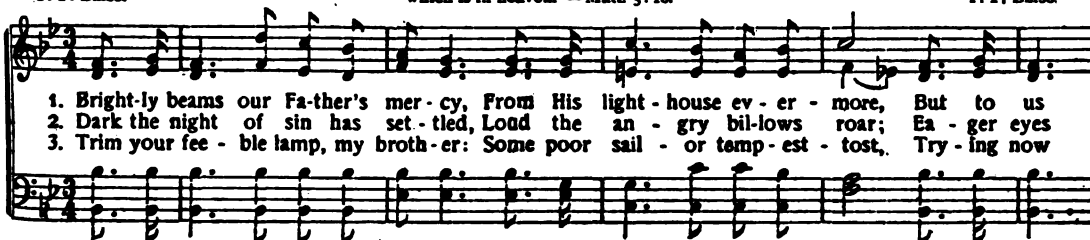
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LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. BLISS.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

P. P. BLISS.

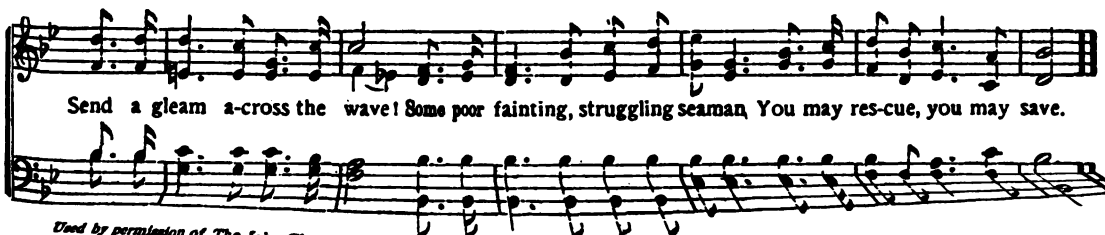


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy, From His light-house ev-er-more, But to us
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or temp-est-tost, Try-ing now

CHORUS,



He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore. Let the low-er lights be burn-ing!
 to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost



Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

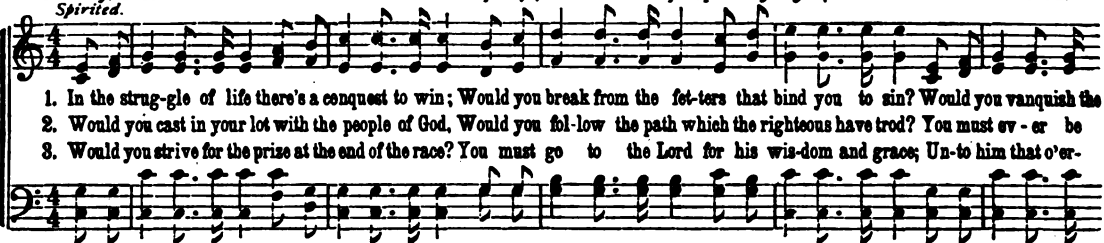
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KEEP STEP.

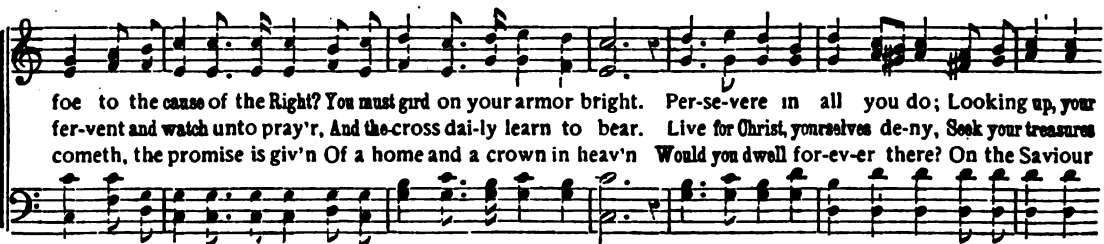
FANNY J. CROSBY.
Spirited.

"Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?"—Job 31:4.

W. H. DOANE.

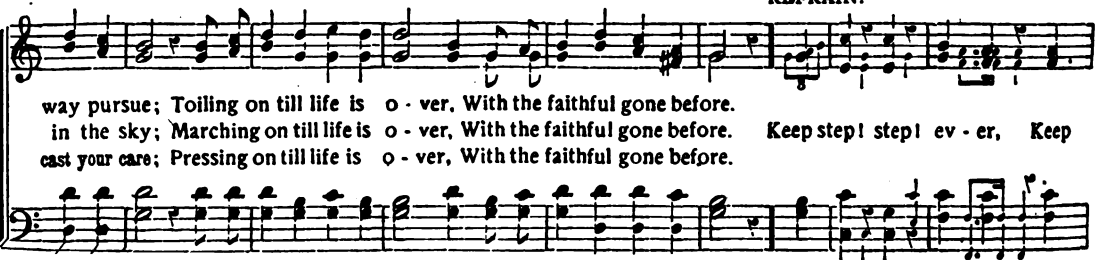


1. In the strug-gle of life there's a conquest to win; Would you break from the fet-ters that bind you to sin? Would you vanquish the
 2. Would you cast in your lot with the people of God, Would you fol-low the path which the righteous have trod? You must ev-er be
 3. Would you strive for the prize at the end of the race? You must go to the Lord for his wis-dom and grace; Un-to him that o'er-



foe to the cause of the Right? You must gird on your armor bright. Per-se-vere in all you do; Looking up, your
 fer-vent and watch unto pray'r, And the cross dai-ly learn to bear. Live for Christ, your-selves de-ny, Seek your treasures
 cometh, the promise is giv'n Of a home and a crown in heav'n Would you dwell for-ev-er there? On the Saviour

REFRAIN.



way pursue; Toiling on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before.
 in the sky; Marching on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! step! ev-er, Keep
 cast your care; Pressing on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before.

KEEP STEP.—CONCLUDED.

step, keep step for - ev - er. And the blessing of God will be yours to the end, He will leave his children nev - er.

389

HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

FIDELIA H. DE WITT.

"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity."—Rom. 12:8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pen-nies dropping! Lis-ten while they fall; Ev - 'ry one for Je-sus, — He will get them all.
2. Dropping, dropping ev - er, From each little hand; 'Tis our gift to Je-sus, From his lit - tle band.
3. Now, while we are lit - tle. Pennies are our store; But, when we are old-er, Lord, we'll give thee more.
4. Tho' we've lit-tle mon-ey, We can give him love; He will own our off'ring, Smi - ling from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping; Hear the pen-nies fall! Ev-'ry one for Je-sus,— He will get them all.

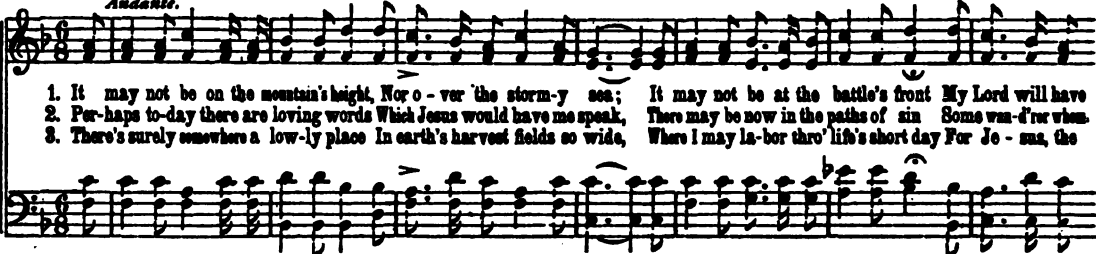
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I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

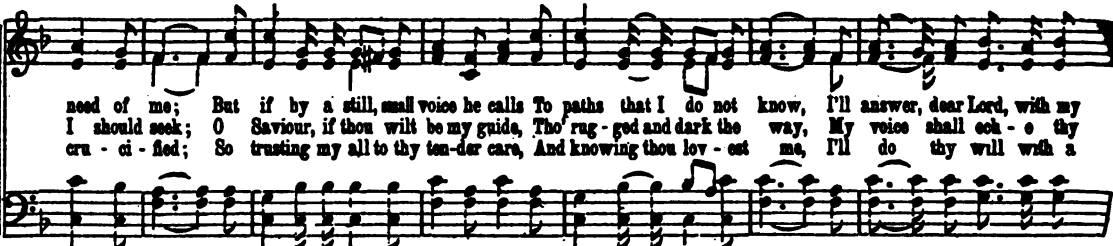
MARY BROWN.
Andante.

"Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Josh. 1:16.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

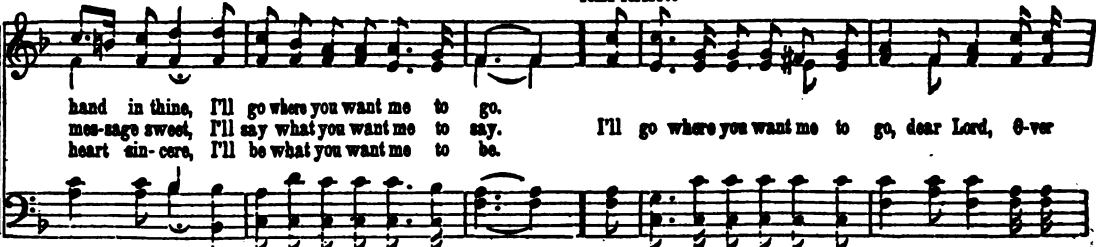


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver 'the storm-y sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some van-d'r'er when
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - su, the



need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rag-ged and dark the way, My voice shall eek - o thy
cre - ci - fied; So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me, I'll do thy will with a

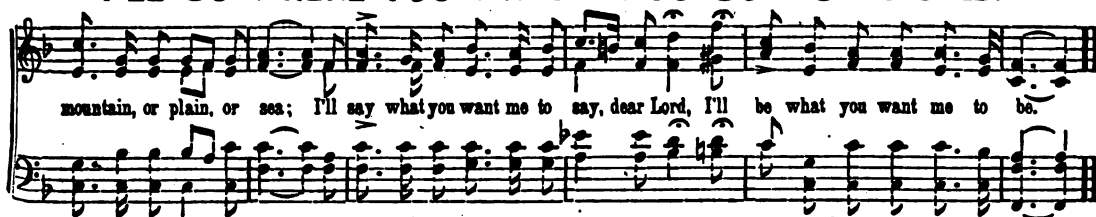
REFRAIN.



hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, o-ver
heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

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I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.



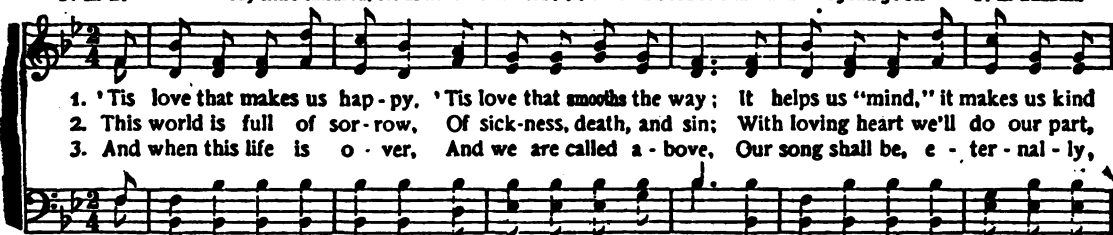
391

'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B.

"My little children, let us not love in word; . . . but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3: 18.

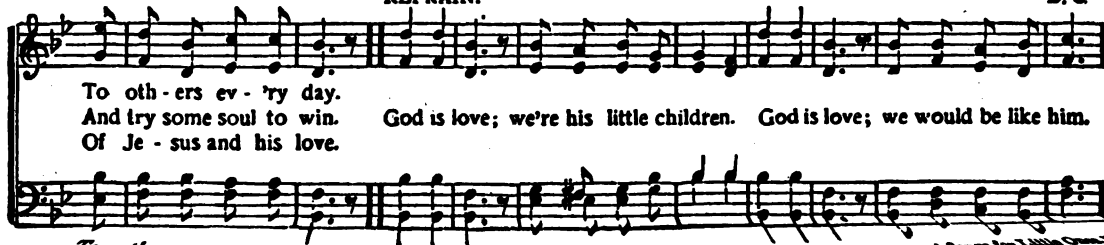
F. E. BELDEN.



D. C.—'Tis love that makes us hap-py, 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind

REFRAIN.

D. C.



To oth-ers ev-ry day.

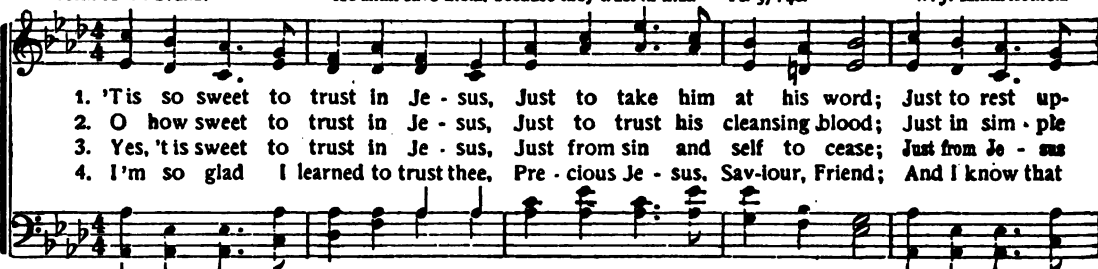
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'T IS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

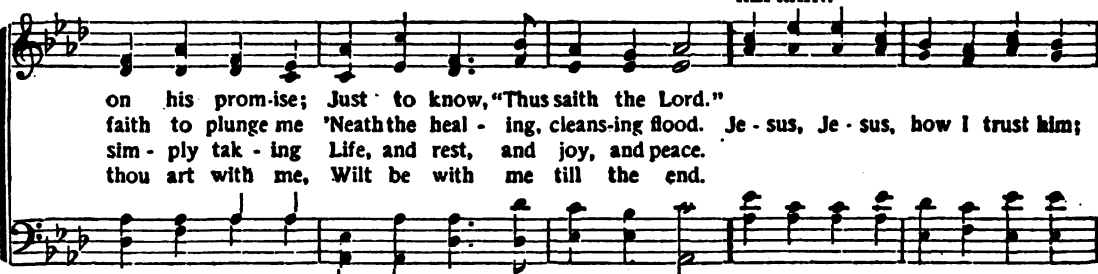
"He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37:40.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

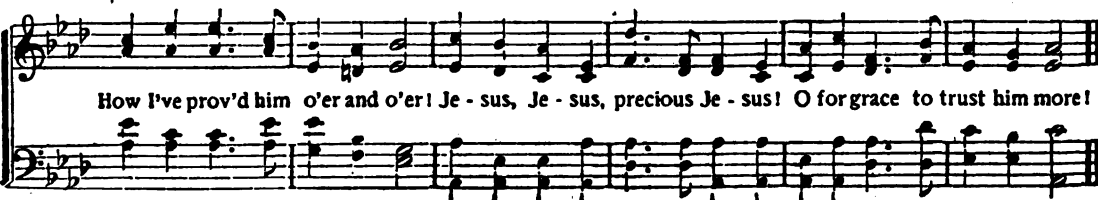


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word; Just to rest up-
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood; Just in sim - ple
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Je - sus
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend; And I know that

REFRAIN.



on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans-ing flood. Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him;
 sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 thou art with me, Wilt be with me till the end.



How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er! Je - sus, Je - sus, precious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more!

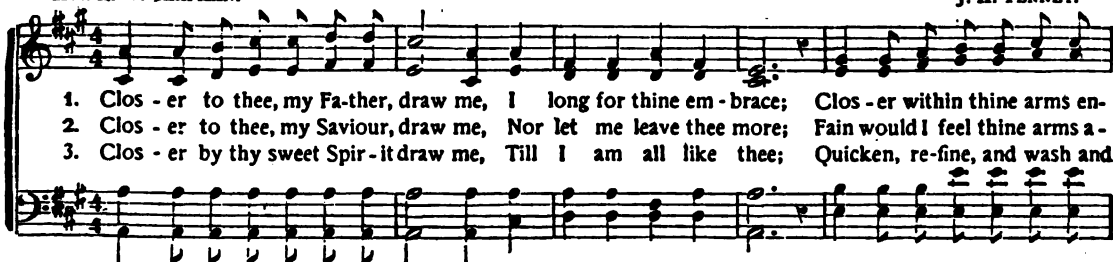
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DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10 : 22.

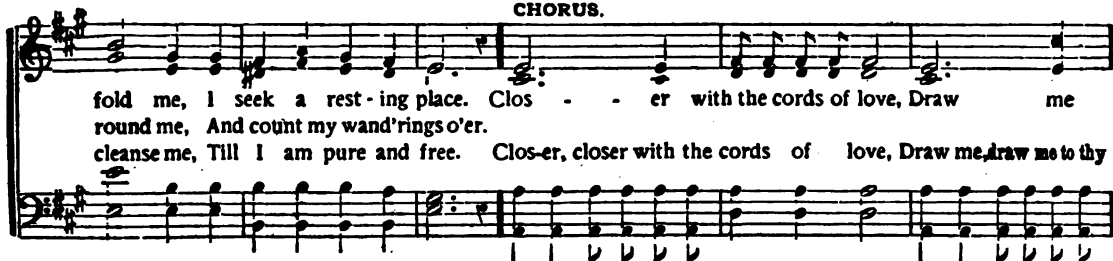
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em - brace; Clos - er within thine arms en-
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Fain would I feel thine arms a -
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like thee; Quick - en, re - fine, and wash and

CHORUS.



fold me, I seek a rest - ing place. Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
 round me, And count my wand' rings o'er.
 cleanse me, Till I am pure and free. Clos - er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy



to thy-self a - bove; Clos - - er draw me, To thy-self a - bove.
 self a - bove; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above. Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

By permission of J. H. TENNEY.

ONE MORE NEW DAY.

F. E. B. *Moderato.*

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9: 4.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. One more new day for Je - sus, This day with pray'r be-gun; Well spent if we are sing - ing His praise at set of sun:
 2. One more new day for Je - sus! Too man-y days have pass'd In on - ly self-ish pleas-ure, With bit-ter-ness at last,—
 3. One more new day for Je - sus! 'Tis joy his love to tell When half his wondrous mer - cy The soul doth know full well.

Some heav-y heart made light-er, Some gloomy pathway bright-er, Some crimson garment whit - er, Thro' Christ the cleansing One.
 Like au-tumn emp-ty hand-ed, Like boat on cor-al strand-ed, Like vol-unteers dis-band-ed, Un-used to bat-tle's blast.
 Our will to him re-sign-ing, Our care on him re-clin-ing, Trust ains where once Repin-ing Toll'd her sad-sounding bell.

REFRAIN.

One more new day, God's will, God's way; One more, and all for Je - sus; He gives one more new day.
One more new day, God's will and way;


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ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

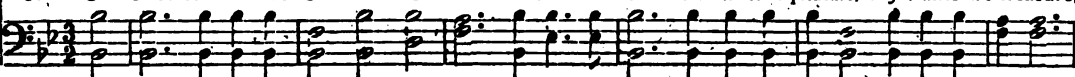
ANNA WARNER.

"To every man his work."—Mark 13:34.


ROBERT LOWRY.



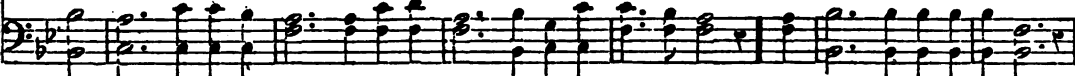
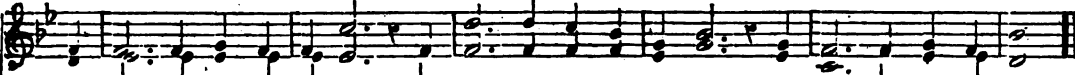
1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me: But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er,
 2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du-ty, To speak his beau-ty;
 3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry, To show the glo-ry
 4. One more day's work for Je-sus,— O yes, a wea-ry day: But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer,
 5. O bless-ed work for Je-sus! O rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,



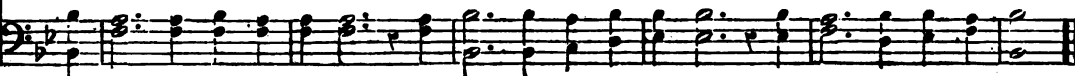
CHORUS.



Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
 My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus,
 At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Be-fore his face I fall.
 And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.



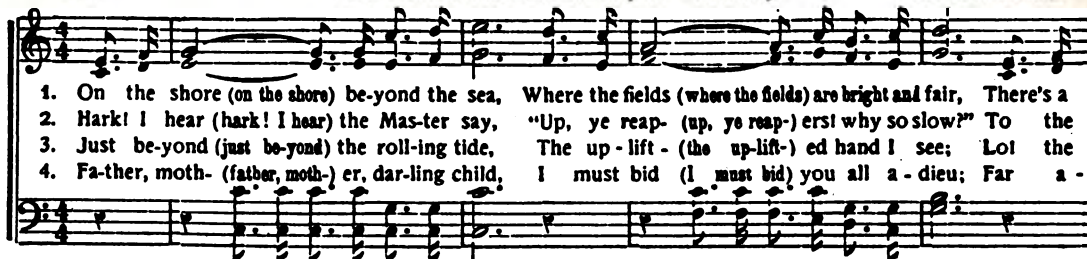
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MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

1. B.

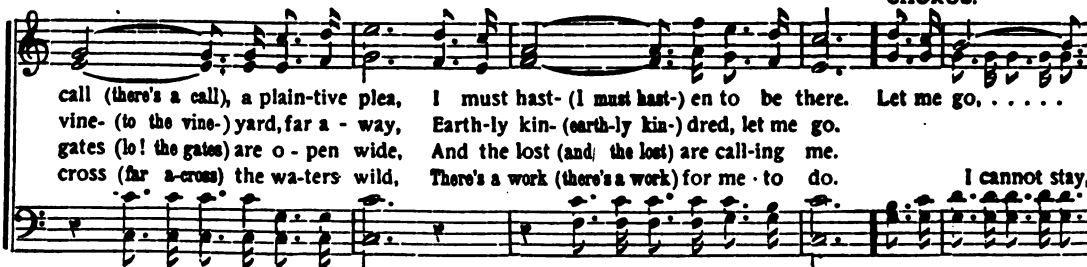
"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

REV. I. BALTZELL.



1. On the shore (on the shore) be-yond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
 2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?" To the
 3. Just be-yond (just be-yond) the roll-ing tide, The up-lift- (the up-lift-) ed hand I see; Lo! the
 4. Fa-ther, moth- (father, moth-) er, dar-ling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a - dieu; Far a -

CHORUS.



call (there's a call), a plain-tive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there. Let me go,
 vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a - way, Earth-ly kin- (earth-ly kin-) dred, let me go.
 gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call-ing me.
 cross (far a-cross) the wa-ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do. I cannot stay,



I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas-ter call-ing me; Let me go,
 Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas-ter I must o-bey,

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MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—CONCLUDED.

I must o - bey; Na - tive land, fare-well to thee (fare-well to thee)
fare-well to thee,

397

THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9:37.

J. B. O. CLARK.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the sheaves of ripened grain; Far and near their gold is gleaming
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are streaming,
3. O thou whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold, Hear'ward then at evening wending

D. S.— Send them now the sheaves to gather,

End. CHORUS. *D. S.*
O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where. Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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FANNY J. CROSSY.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

W. H. DOANE.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." — Luke 14: 23.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;

Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
 Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly; He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness, Ob-serve that were brok-en will vi-brate once more.
 Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wand'r'er a Sa-viour has died.

CHORUS.

Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!

F. E. B. "I will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103:4. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Out up - on an an - gry o - cean, Without helm or oar, Mill - ions in the wild com - mo - tion,
 2. On a flow'ry gos - pel mead - ow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car - ing not that Death's dark shad - ow
 3. How can we who once were res - cued At so great a cost, Cast a - drift the on - ly Life - Line,
 4. Brothers, hear your brothers call - ing, "Throw the line this way;" Sis - ters, see your sis - ters sink - ing,

CHORUS.

Sink to rise no more.
 Haunts the stormy seas. Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com - ing; Be -
 Laugh - ing at the lost!
 With no arm to stay.

cres. *Small notes, final ending.* *ril.*

hold the set - ting sun! Throw out the life - line! Throw out the life - line! Je - sus is the life - line; You may save one (save one).

LIFT HIM UP.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—
 MAY E. WARREN. John 3:14, 15. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy-ing look and live; To all wea-ry, thirsting sin-ners,
 2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the mul-ti-tude be-hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
 3. Lift him up in all his glo-ry, 'Tis the Son of-God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
 4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er,

Liv-ing wa-ters will he give; And tho' once so meek and low-ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
 He will draw them to his fold. They shall gath-er from the way-side, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet,
 E'en the careless shall draw nigh. Let them hear a-gain the sto-ry Of the cross, the death of shame,
 All the sins of men did bear. Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him, And the old their voic-es raise;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
 They shall bear the cross of Je-sus, And shall find sal-va-tion sweet. Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High a-
 And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty throngs shall bless his name.
 All the deaf shall hear Hosanna! And the dumb shall shout his praise.

By permission.

LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.

mid the wait-ing throng; Lift him up, 'tis he that speak-eth, Now he bids you flee from wro

401

THE FAITHFUL THREE.

F. E. B.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13: 8.

F. E. BELD

Moderato.

1. Look up-on the gold-en im-age, Hear the king's de-cree, See the burn-ing fi-ry furnace, And the faithful three
2. 'Twas a heathen king's commandment Governed consciences then, Yet how brave-ly for Je-ho-vah Stood those no-ble men
3. So when earthly creeds of er-ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the sim-ple sto-ry Of the faith-ful three
4. God is a-ble to de-liv-er As in days of old, All who walk the path of du-ty, Fearless, firm, and bold

D. C.—We will fol-low their ex-ample, Brave and faith-ful three, Bow-ing not be-fore the image At the world's decree.

CHORUS.

Stand for the right Wher-ev-er you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faith-ful three

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SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. *Vigoreously.*

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
 3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,

CHORUS.

Stand firm, ev-'ry one, Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
 Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral - ly round the banner!
 And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be- fore thy face.

Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.

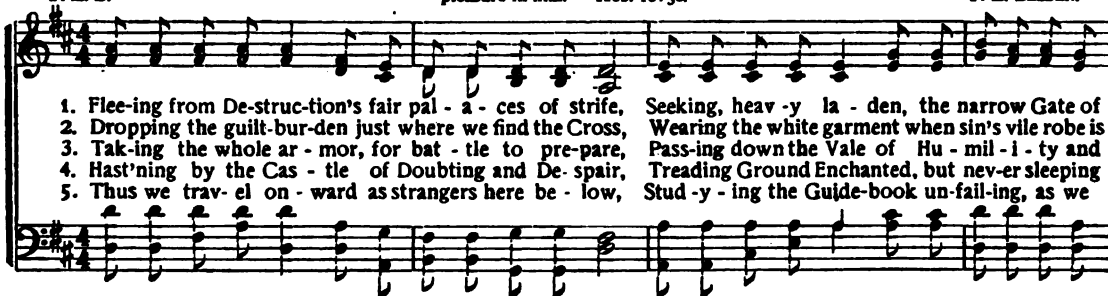
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NEVER TURN BACK.

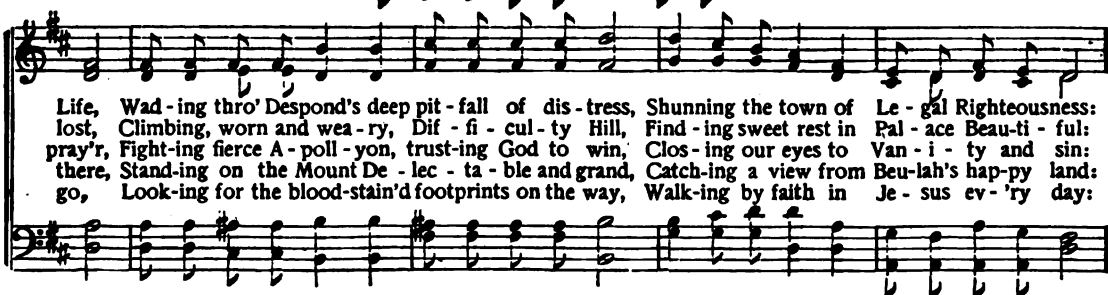
F. E. B.

"Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."—Heb. 10:38.

F. E. BELDEN.

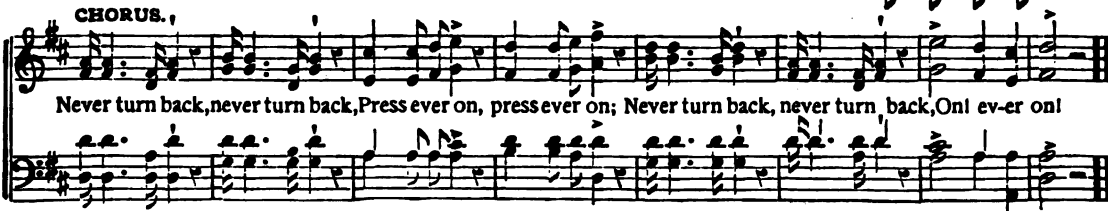


1. Flee-ing from De-struc-tion's fair pal - a - ces of strife, Seeking, heav - y la - den, the narrow Gate of
 2. Dropp-ing the guilt-bur-den just where we find the Cross, Wearing the white garment when sin's vile robe is
 3. Tak-ing the whole ar - mor, for bat - tle to pre-pare, Pass-ing down the Vale of Hu - mil - i - ty and
 4. Hast'ning by the Cas - tle of Doubting and De - spair, Treading Ground Enchanted, but nev - er sleeping
 5. Thus we trav - el on - ward as strangers here be - low, Stud - y - ing the Guide-book un-fail-ing, as we



Life, Wad - ing thro' Despond's deep pit - fall of dis - tress, Shunning the town of Le - gal Righteousness:
 lost, Climbing, worn and wea - ry, Dif - fi - cul - ty Hill, Find - ing sweet rest in Pal - ace Beau - ti - ful:
 pray'r, Fight-ing fierce A - poll - yon, trust-ing God to win, Clos - ing our eyes to Van - i - ty and sin:
 there, Stand-ing on the Mount De - lec - ta - ble and grand, Catch-ing a view from Beu-lah's hap - py land:
 go, Look-ing for the blood-stain'd footprints on the way, Walk-ing by faith in Je - sus ev - 'ry day:

CHORUS.



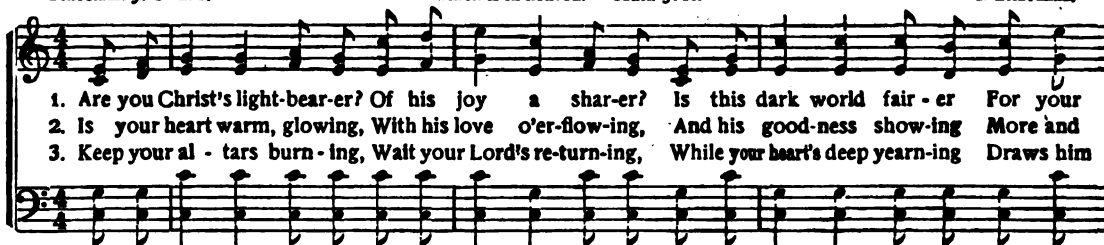
Never turn back, never turn back, Press ever on, press ever on; Never turn back, never turn back, On! ev - er on!

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

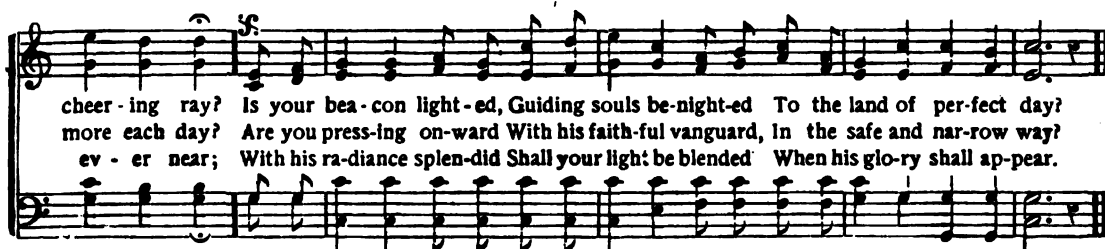
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

I. BALTZELL.



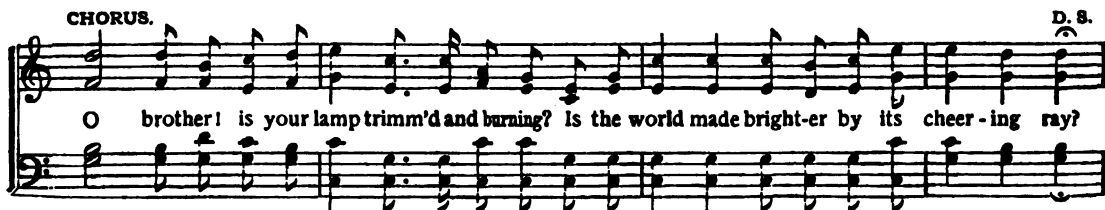
1. Are you Christ's light-bear-er? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your
 2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love o'er-flow-ing, And his good-ness show-ing More and
 3. Keep your al - tars burn - ing, Wait your Lord's re-turn-ing, While your heart's deep yearn-ing Draws him



cheer - ing ray? Is your bea - con light - ed, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
 more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward With his faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
 ev - er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your light be blended When his glo-ry shall ap-pear.

D. S.—Are you wait-ing, yearn-ing For your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watching day by day?

CHORUS. D. S.



O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burning? Is the world made bright-er by its cheer - ing ray?

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NOT A WASTED MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. 12:12.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not a wast - ed moment in the morn - ing fair, Not an i - dle in - stant in the noon - day glare,
 2. Where the soul is sin - sick with its weight of woe, Where the tears of pen - i - tence in si - lence flow,
 3. Where the home is cheerless and the board is bare, Where the children nev - er hear the voice of pray'r,
 4. Where the toil - ers hur - ry neath the lash of Gain, Where the i - dlers gath - er in the street and lane,

Not a mis - spent eve - ning let the rec - ord bear, Not a Christ - less mis - sion an - y - where.
 Where the hand of sick - ness lays the loved one low, His co - work - er, glad - ly I will go.
 Where the drunk - ard ra - ges o'er the wife's de - spair, With my Sav - iour I must has - ten there.
 Where the war - riors languish on the field of pain, Let me go and whis - per His dear name.

D.S.—May my an - gel's rec - ord, ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Shine with love's bright moments all the way.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

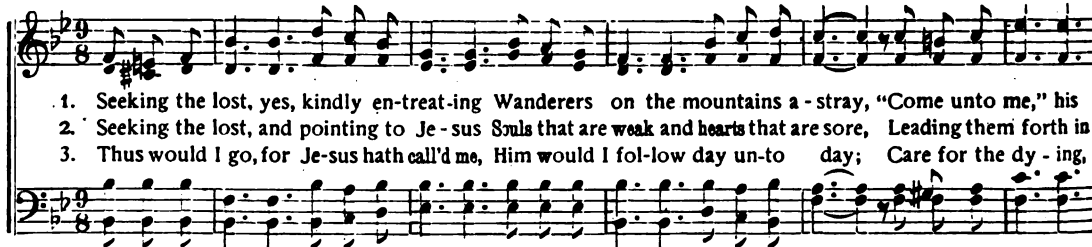
Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! . . . Soon the last - - of life must go;
 Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! . . . Soon the last . . . life must go;

SEEKING THE LOST.

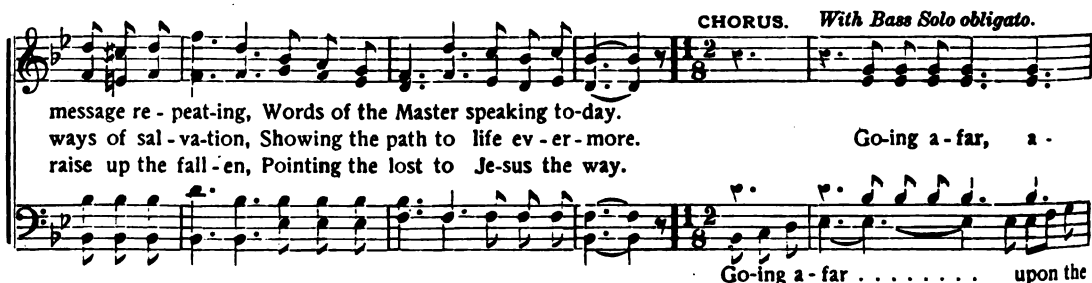
W. A. O.

"I will seek that which was lost."—Eze. 34:16.

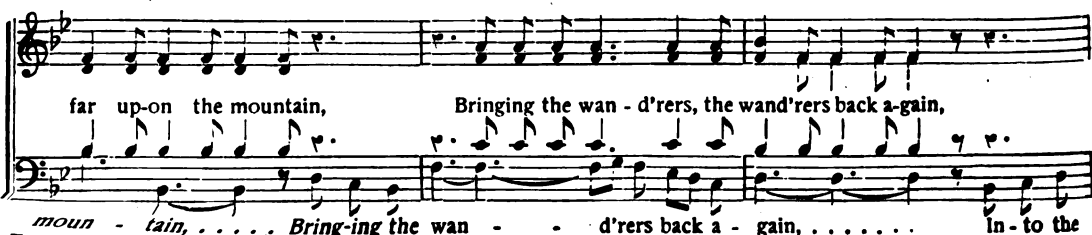
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountains a-stray, "Come unto me," his
 2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore, Leading them forth in
 3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call'd me, Him would I fol-low day un-to day; Care for the dy-ing,



CHORUS. *With Bass Solo obligato.*
 message re-peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
 ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev-er-more. Go-ing a-far, a -
 raise up the fall-en, Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.
 Go-ing a-far upon the



far up-on the mountain, Bringing the wan-d'ers, the wand'ers back a-gain,
 moun-tain, Bring-ing the wan - d'ers back a - gain, In-to the

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SEEKING THE LOST.—CONCLUDED.

In-to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer Jesus the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain.

fold of my Re-deem - er, . . . Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.

407

FREELY GIVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6:38.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Would you win a Saviour's blessing? Freely, freely give; Would you see his work progressing? Freely, freely give;
2. With a cheerful heart and willing, Freely, freely give; Like the dew its balm dis-till-ing, Freely, freely give;
3. Give to spread the grand Old Story, Freely, freely give; Give to speed the light of glory, Freely, freely give;

Let your souls with love expand, Open wide a liberal hand; Would you follow God's command? Freely, freely give.
 Have you lit-tle? Give your mite; O how precious in his sight! He your off'ring will re-quite; Freely, freely give.
 Would you gain a rich re-ward In the harvest of the Lord? Then o - be-dient to his word, Freely, freely give.

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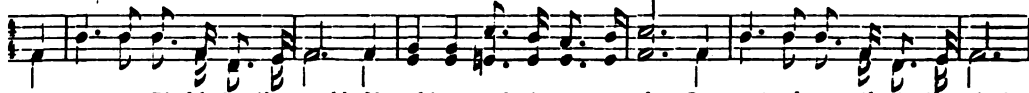


AN OPEN BIBLE FOR THE WORLD.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations;
and then shall the end come."—Matt. 24:14.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



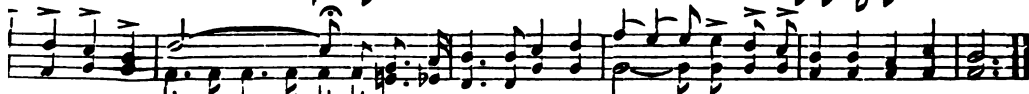
An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious motto be! On ev - 'ry breeze the truth unfurled
Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from un-veil-ed sun, Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night,
It shows to men the Father's face, All radiant with for-giving love; And to the lost of Adam's race,
It tells of Je - sus and his death, Of life procured for dy-ing men; And to each soul of humble faith,
It of - fers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts;



CHORUS.



all scat - ter blessings rich and free.
I - do the work that sin has done. Blest word of God! send forth thy light . . . O'er ev - 'ry
occlaims sweet mer - cy from a - bove.
ves son - ship with the Lord a - gain. Blest word of God! send forth thy light
d gilds with hope th' e - ter - nal years.



I and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.
and ev - 'ry sea,



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SILENT MESSENGERS.

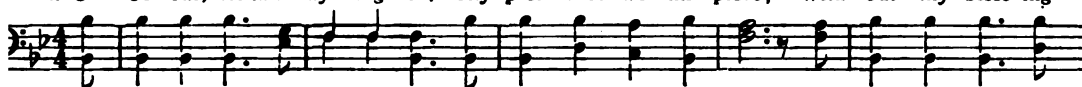
THOMAS HASTINGS.

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but . . . it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Isa. 55:11.

F. E. BELDEN.



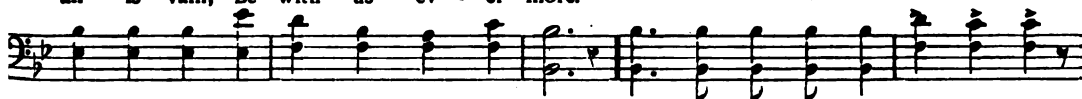
1. Go forth on wings of faith and prayer, Ye pag-es bright with love; Tho' mute, the joy-ful
2. Go, tell the sin-ful, care-less soul The warn-ing God has giv'n; Go, make the wound-ed
3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live es-tranged from God; Bid them the pearl of
4. O Je-sus, friend of dy-ing men, Thy pres-ence we im-plore; With-out thy bless-ing



REFRAIN.



tid-ings bear,—Sal-vation from a-bove.
spir-it whole, With heal-ing balm from heav'n. Si-lent mes-sen-gers, go ye forth,
price se-cure, Bot' with a Sav-iour's blood.
all is vain; Be with us ev-er-more.



From o-cean to o-cean, from South to North; Seed of the Word, it shall not return in vain.



WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

H. G. S.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11:13, 14.

H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence To live un-knit to home and
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep'rate and a - side From all the vain and worldly
3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
4. O brother, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

hearth, Like far-bound trav-el - ers—in tents. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the
mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.
hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall

land by sin un-trod, The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
reach the land

O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

KERN E. REXFORD. *Moderato.*

"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3:13.

Geo. F. Root.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth
 2. Go out in the highways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-
 3. The fields all are rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har - vest tide: But reap-ers are few,
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, 'And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - engrain; Toil on till the Lord

CHORUS.

must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
 way, and pass none by; But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O who will come And
 and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
 of the har-vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."

share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" O, who will help us to gar - nar in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

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HOW MUCH I NEED THEE.

F. E. B.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Bless - ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin - ful, poor and blind; Take my trembling hand and
 2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine; Teach me first to feel my
 3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trust - ing self, how soon I fall! Walk life's rug-ged way be
 4. Then what e'er the fu - ture bring-eth, Smiles of joy or tears of grief, Still to thee my spir - it

REFRAIN.

lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
 weakness, Then to plead for strength di - vine. Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Bless-ed
 side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
 cling - eth, Thou art still my soul's re - lief.

Lord, how much I need thee! Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Sav - iour, keep me ev - 'ry hour.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWES.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.
 2. I need thee ev-ery hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
 3. I need thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
 4. I need thee ev-ery hour; Teach me thy will, And thy rich prom-is-es In me ful-fil.
 5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee! Ev-ery hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

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414 F. E. B.

ON TIME. (DAVIS. S. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The earth rolls round on time, The mornings ne'er de-lay; The sun is up, the noon is on, Then twilight's gentle ray.
 2. The plan-ets in their course, One moment tar-ry not; All things that move by pow'r divine Are in-to or-der bro't.
 3. Shall man a-lone of all The vast cre-a-tion round, Seem less to heed his Maker's call, Than dumb and senseless ground?
 4. A-wake, my soul, and be On time at his command Whose goodness moves the mighty sea. And wak-en ev'ry land.

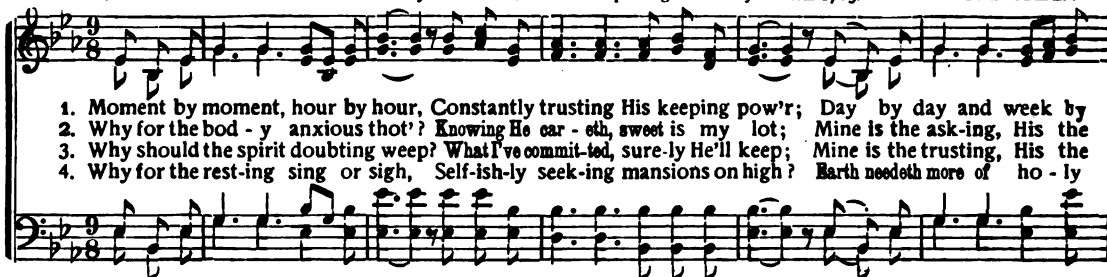
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MOMENT BY MOMENT.

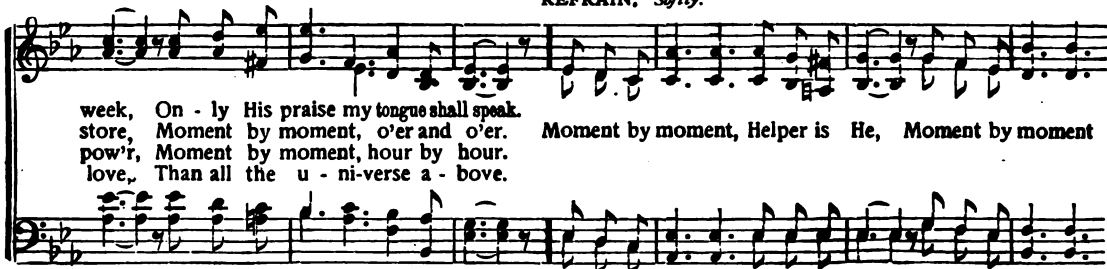
F. E. B.

"I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27:3.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by
 2. Why for the bod - y 'anxious thot'? Knowing He car - eth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the ask-ing, His the
 3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've commit-ted, sure-ly He'll keep; Mine is the trusting, His the
 4. Why for the rest-ing sing or sigh, Self-ish-ly seek-ing mansions on high? Earth needeth more of ho - ly

REFRAIN. *Softly.*


week, On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
 store, Moment by moment, o'er and o'er. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment
 pow'r, Moment by moment, hour by hour.
 love, Than all the u - ni-verse a - bove.



dwelling in me; Gently sub-du - ing powers of sin, Wonderful Sav-iour is Christ with-in.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 22:2.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he leads me in this world be - low;
 2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, he is still my own;
 3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom-y shadows round a - bout me creep,

An - y-where without him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
 Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver drear-y ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er-more to roam; An - y-where with Je-sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

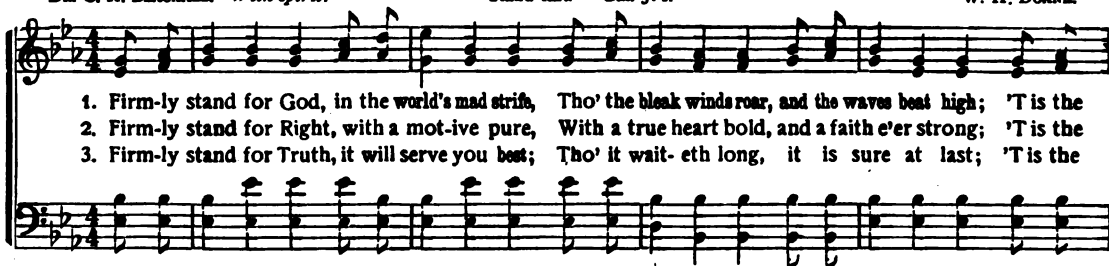
An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can - not know; An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

STAND ON THE ROCK.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. *With spirit.*

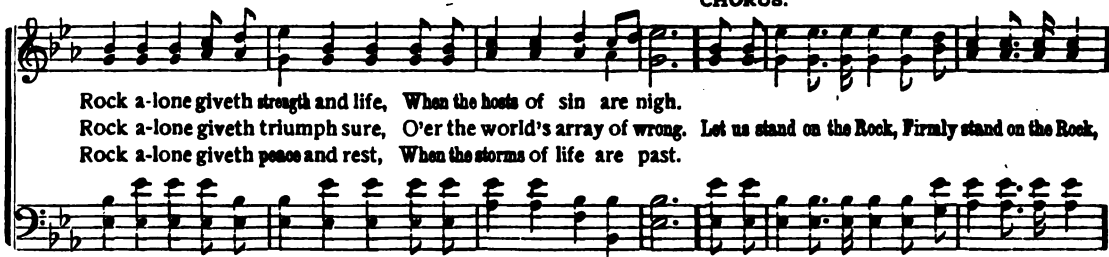
"Stand fast."—Gal. 5:1.

W. H. DOANE.

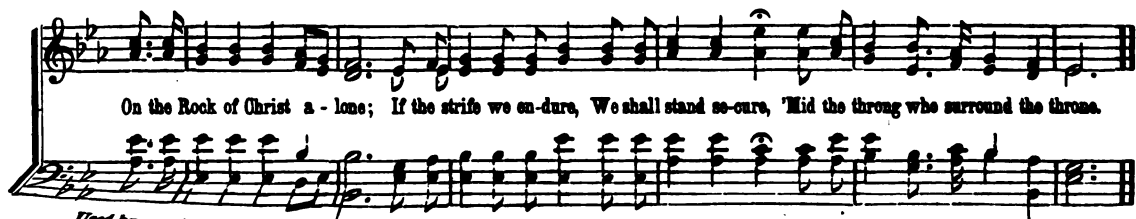


1. Firm-ly stand for God, in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; 'T is the
 2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a mot-ive pure, With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong; 'T is the
 3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait-eth long, it is sure at last; 'T is the

CHORUS.



Rock a-lone giveth strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh.
 Rock a-lone giveth triumph sure, O'er the world's array of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock, Firmly stand on the Rock,
 Rock a-lone giveth peace and rest, When the storms of life are past.



On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.

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ALL MY CLASS.

F. E. B.

"They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy
and not with grief," — Heb. 13: 17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. All my class! not one for - got - ten When be - fore the Throne I kneel; I would share the lov - ing
2. All my class! if one be miss - ing In the glo - rious gath'ring day, How shall I ac - count to
3. Dai - ly would I walk be - fore them, Sin - less in God's ho - ly sight, Pleading till his Spir - it -

REFRAIN.

bur - den That my Sa - viour's heart doth feel.
Je - sus? What shall I with weep - ing say? Ev - 'ry one, bless - ed thought! Not a
draw them, Ev - 'ry one, to life and light.

sin - gle name for - got. One left out, His joy would dim; Ev - 'ry one is dear to Him.

J E RANKIN, D. D

TELL IT TO JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

E. S. LORE

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
3. Do you fear the gath - ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;

End.

Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Have you sins that to the world are hid - den?
 Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

D. S.—You've no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 CHORUS.

.. it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well k

THINKING OF HIM.

F. E. B. *Dolce.*

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them. . . .
When I awake I am still with thee."—Ps. 119: 17, 18.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. My first tho't shall be of Je-sus, To greet the ris-ing day; My last tho't shall be of Je-sus,
2. I think of his love with wonder, That he should die for me; I think of his life with long-ing,
3. There's pow'r in his death of anguish, To cleanse from ev'-ry sin; There's pow'r in his life im-mor-tal,
4. I feast on his precious promise, His word is food di-vine; The Spir-it in prayer bears witness,

REFRAIN.

Whentwilightfades a-way.
That I like him may be.
To keep me pure with-in.
And whispers, Thou art mine.

I'm thinking of him at dawn-ing, For he is my soul's delight;

I'm think-ing of him at even-ing, I'm think-ing of him at night.

TELL IT AGAIN.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

"The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."—John 5:15.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
 3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the val - ley of death,
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

News of Sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "God sent his Son!" "who - so - ev - er," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve;" "tell it now to the rest!"

D. S.—Till none can say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

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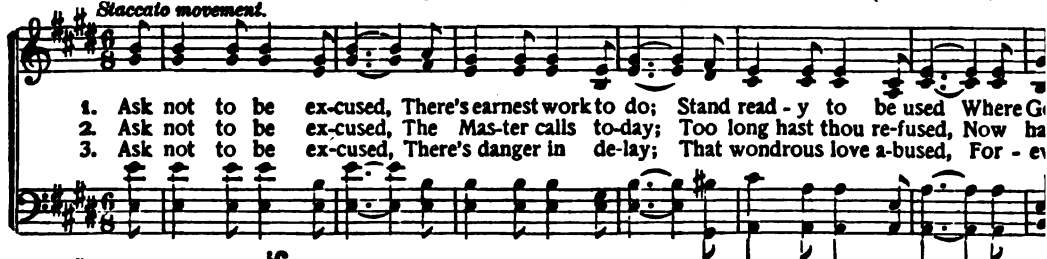
422

ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

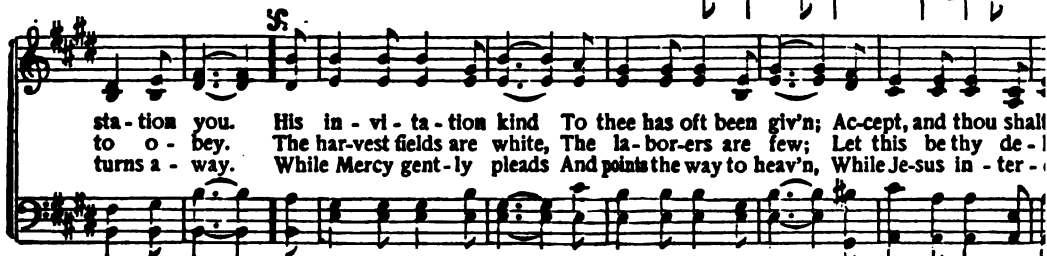
"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, 'Come, for all things are now ready.' And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14 : 16.

F. R. B.

F. R. BELL

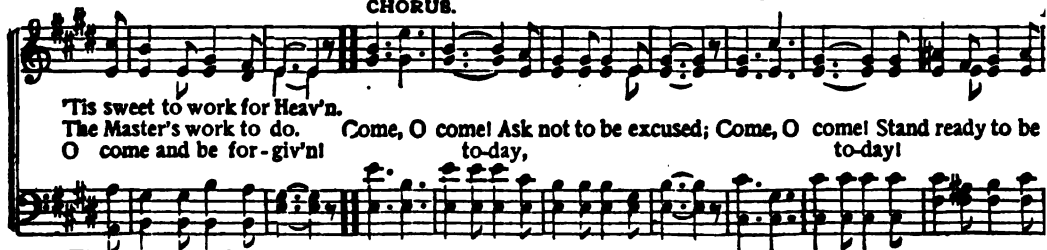
Staccato movement.


1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand read-y to be used Where Go;
2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Mas-ter calls to-day; Too long hast thou re-fused, Now ha;
3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de-lay; That wondrous love a-bused, For - ev



sta-tion you. His in-vi-ta-tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n; Ac-cept, and thou shall
to o-bey. The har-vest fields are white, The la-bor-ers are few; Let this be thy de-
turns a-way. While Mercy gent-ly pleads And points the way to heav'n, While Je-sus in-ter-

D. S.—Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n: Thou hast my love a-l
CHORUS.



'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.
The Master's work to do. Come, O come! Ask not to be excused; Come, O come! Stand ready to be
O come and be for-giv'ni to-day, to-day!

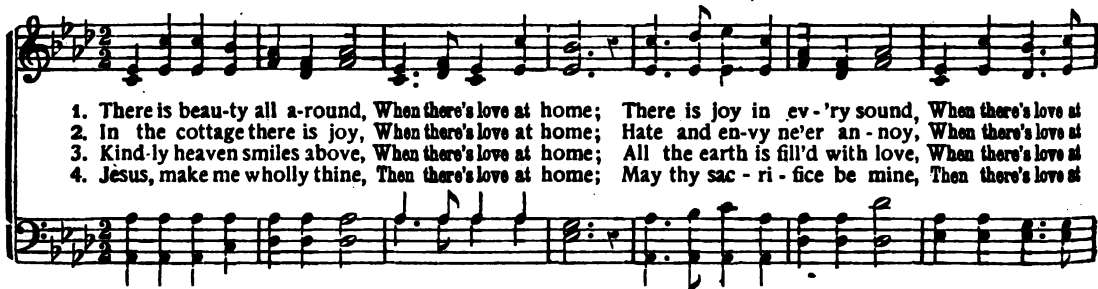
Thou art excused from heav'n.

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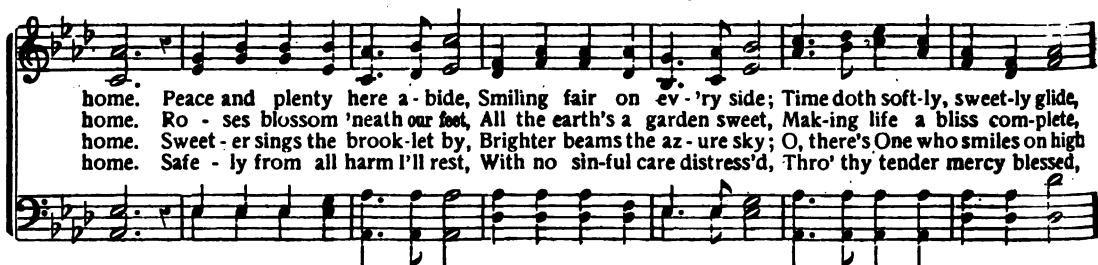
LOVE AT HOME.

Arranged from

J. H. M. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35. J. H. McNAUGHTON.



1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at
 2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at
 3. Kind-ly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at
 4. Jé-sus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home; May thy sac - ri - fice be mine, Then there's love at



home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling fair on ev-'ry side; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,
 home. Ro - ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,
 home. Sweet - er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the az - ure sky; O, there's One who smiles on high
 home. Safe - ly from all harm I'll rest, With no sin-ful care distress'd, Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,

CHORUS.



When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

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424

F. E. BELDEN.

SCATTER SMILES.

"Rejoice evermore."—1 Thess. 5:16.

A. A. G.

1. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, all a - long by the way, Where so of - ten the dark shadows fall;
 Like the sunbeams they en - ter with heav - en - ly ray, Giv - ing comfort and gladness to - - all.

2. Scatter smiles, loving smiles; not a mite do they cost; Yet their val - ue we nev - er can know.
 O what joy they impart to the tempt - ed and lost, Who are sink - ing in sor - row and - - woe!

3. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, for the ones who have stray'd From the pathway of life once they trod;
 You may lead them again to the Good Shepherd's fold, He will gath - er them safe home to - - God.

4. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, ere the grave covers o'er E'en the friends we too lightly es - teem;
 Ere they en - ter its gloom, ere we bend o'er their tomb, Let us has - ten the time to re - - deem.

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Scatter smiles, loving smiles, Others to cheer; Why should they sigh for our love?
 Scatter smiles, loving smiles, Dry ev'ry tear. (Omit.) Smiles are the pass-word above.

425

LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our
 Let it never, no never, decline; [hands;
 For its praises are sung by the good in all lands
 That are blest with the gospel divine.

Chorus:

Rally then, rally then, stand by the school;
 Why should it languish and die?
 Rally then, rally then, stand by the school;
 Why should it languish and die?

2. 'T is perfumed by the prayers, 't is bedewed by the tears
 Of the holy, the active, the true;
 They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears,
 When its friends were but feeble and few.—Chor.
3. Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path,
 And the church spreads above it her wing;
 'T is a source of her weal, 't is a source of her worth,
 And a gem in the crown of her King.—Chor.

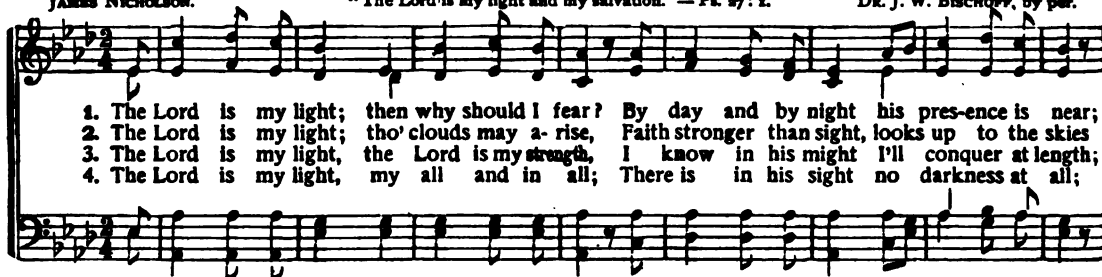
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THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

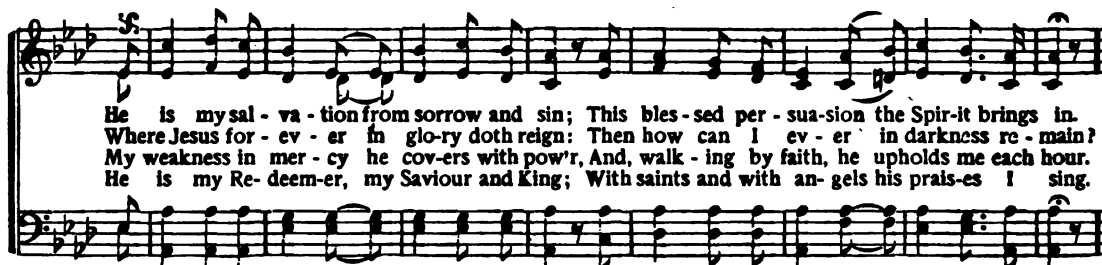
JAMES NICHOLSON.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation." — Ps. 27: 1.

DR. J. W. BISCOPE, by per.



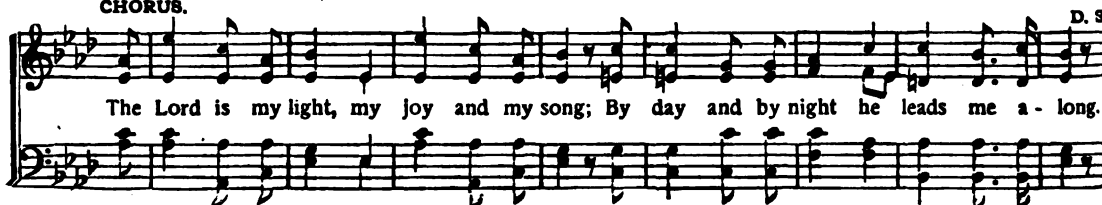
1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his pres-ence is near;
 2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a- rise, Faith stronger than sight, looks up to the skies
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no darkness at all;



He is my sal - va - tion from sorrow and sin; This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
 Where Jesus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign: Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main?
 My weakness in mer - cy he cov - ers with pow'r, And, walk - ing by faith, he upholds me each hour.
 He is my Re - deem - er, my Saviour and King; With saints and with an - gels his prais - es I sing.

D. S. — The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

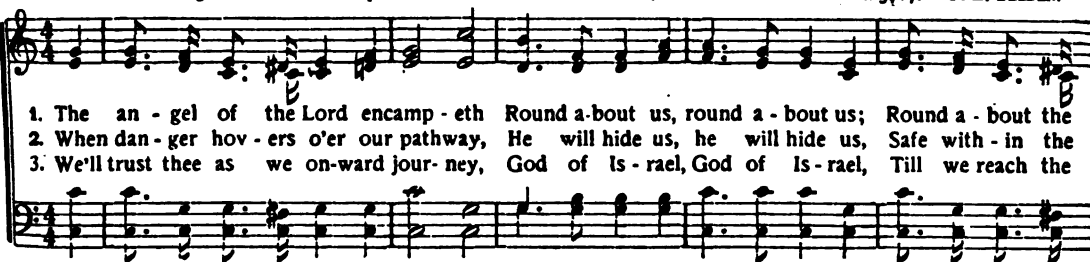
CHORUS.



The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

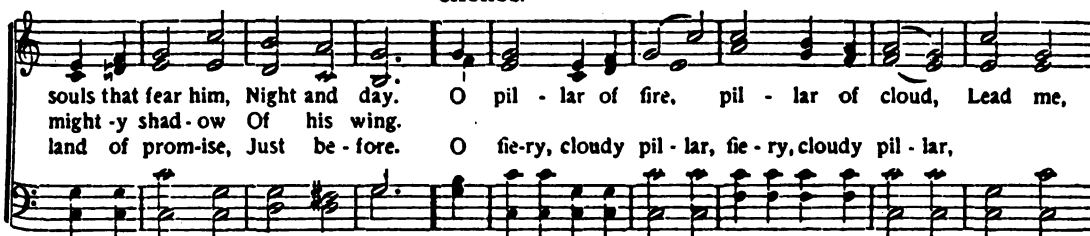
PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7. F. E. BELDEN.

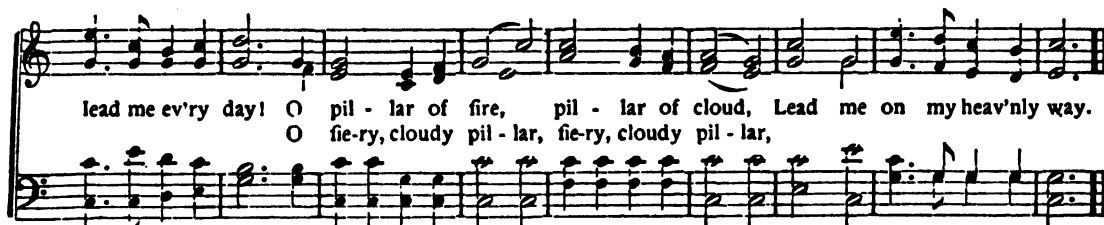


1. The an - gel of the Lord encamp - eth Round a - bout us, round a - bout us; Round a - bout the
 2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe with - in the
 3. We'll trust thee as we on - ward jour - ney, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael, Till we reach the

CHORUS.



souls that fear him, Night and day. O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me,
 might - y shad - ow Of his wing.
 land of prom - ise, Just be - fore. O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,



lead me ev'ry day! O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way.
 O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

428

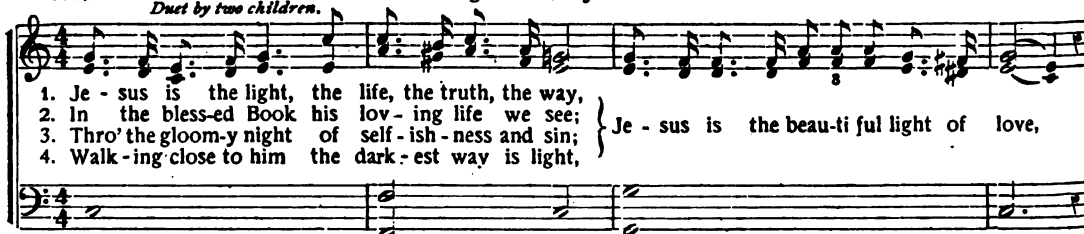
WALKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

F. E. B.

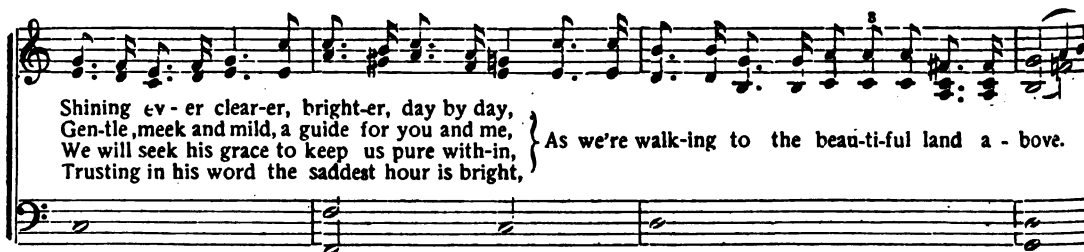
Duet by two children.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Je - sus is the light, the life, the truth, the way,
 2. In the bless-ed Book his lov - ing life we see;
 3. Thro' the gloom-y night of self - ish - ness and sin;
 4. Walk - ing close to him the dark - est way is light,

Je - sus is the beau - ti - ful light of love,



Shining ev - er clear-er, bright-er, day by day,
 Gen-tle, meek and mild, a guide for you and me,
 We will seek his grace to keep us pure with-in,
 Trusting in his word the saddest hour is bright,

As we're walk-ing to the beau-ti-ful land a - bove.

CHORUS.



Walk-ing in the glo-ry of his light,
 beautiful gospel light,
 Standing on the promise of his might,
 wonderful love and might.

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WALKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.—CONCLUDED.

Stepping out by faith and not by sight; Walk-ing in the beautiful light of God.
depending on mortal sight;

429

LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B.

F. E. B.

1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true; Sunshine and shad-ow are all a-round you; Look-ing at e-vil we
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the true; Thoughts like an avalanche sweep o-ver you; Keep not the mul-ti-tude,
3. Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi-son are whisp'ring to you; An-swer them not with a
4. Live for the beau-ti-ful, live for the true, Lift-ing the fall-en as Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-
grope in the night, Look-ing at Je-sus we walk in the light, Look for the beau-ti-ful, hon-or the right
sort them with care, Test-ing by pu-ri-ty, purg-ing by pray'r; Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the fair.
tale-bear-ing word, On-ly in bless-ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of thy Lord.
wed-ded in sin, Bring them to Je-sus, his blood wash-es clean; Live for the beau-ti-ful, keep love with-in.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. *With expression.*


"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31:3.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

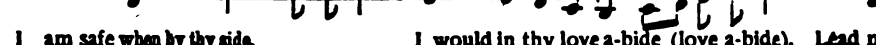
1. Sav-iour, lead me lest I stray,
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul,
3. Sav-iour, lead me till at last,

Gen-tly lead me all the way;
When life's stormy bil-lows roll;
When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;



 I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide (love a-bide). Lead me, Lead me,
 I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly (I re-ly).
 I shall reach the land of day, Where all tears are wiped away (wiped a-way).



 I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

A musical score for two voices or instruments. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment primarily with quarter and eighth notes. Between the staves, there are four lines of lyrics: "Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;" aligned under the first measure; "Gent-ly down the stream of time," aligned under the second measure; "Lead me, Saviour, all the way." aligned under the third measure; and "Changing stream of time, all the way." aligned under the fourth measure. There are also smaller lyrics "lest I stray;" and "all the way." appearing below the main lines in some measures.

SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B.

"With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."— Eph. 6:7.

F. E. Belden.

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His
 2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind - ness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from
 3. Saved to lift my low - est broth - ers, As the High - est lift - ed me; Cru - ci - fied with

CHORUS.

great sal - va - tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
 er - ror's blindness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy. Saved to serve; no re - serve; Saved to
 Him, that oth - ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

wear His yoke a - lone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

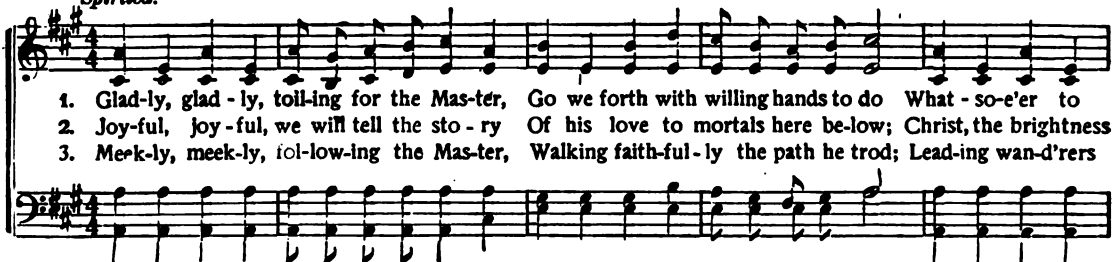
432

TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. OGDEN.
Spirited.

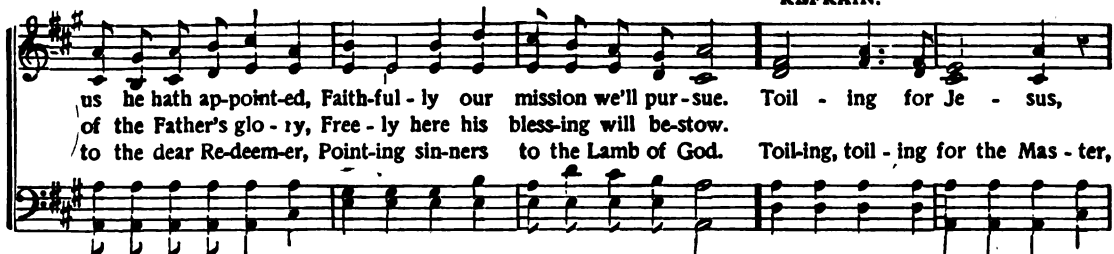
"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,"—Prov. 11 : 24.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

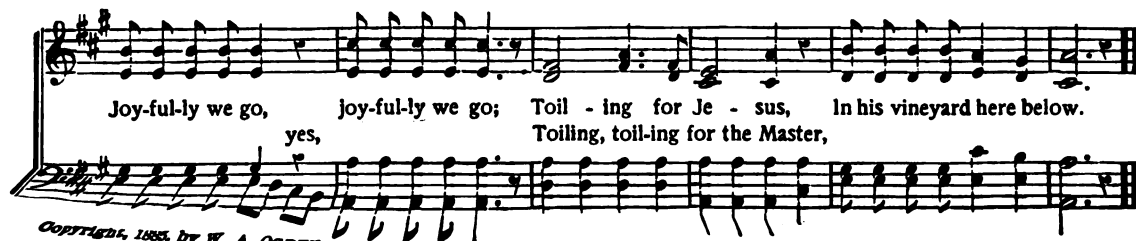


1. Glad-ly, glad-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with willing hands to do What-so-e'er to
 2. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we will tell the sto-ry Of his love to mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness
 3. Merk-ly, meek-ly, fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wan-d'ers

REFRAIN.



us he hath ap-point-ed, Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil-ing for Je-sus,
 of the Father's glo-ry, Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
 to the dear Re-deem-er, Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter,



Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; Toil-ing for Je-sus, In his vineyard here below.
 yes, Toiling, toil-ing for the Master,

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LIVING IS GIVING.

F. E. B.

"Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—Eph. 4: 17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Givel said the golden sun: ¹ Up rose the mist, Safe in the sil-ver clouds ² Cradled and kissed. Givel said the thirst-y earth:
 2. Givel said the little stream: ³ Up gushed the spring, In shady for-est nook, Where robins sing. Givel said the riv-er wide:
 3. Givel said the midnight moon: ⁴ Swift came the light, Borrowed from ⁵ far-off sun, Ob-scur-ing the night. Help! said the ¹⁰ "Milky Way."
 4. Givel cried a sinful world: ¹⁴ Down came the Lord, He who made every-thing Just by his word. Givel cries the ¹⁵ heathen child,

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

³ Down came the show'r; Givel said the rain-drops bright, ⁴ Up sprang the flow'r.
⁶ Brooks hurried down. Givel said the o-cean tide: ⁷ Rivers flowed on.
 Stars heard the call, ¹¹ O - ri - on, ¹² Ple-is-des, ¹³ Dip-per and all.
 Hun - gry for love: ¹⁶ Yea! say our pennies bright, Lent from above.

* Living is giving, giving is living; All things would

Faster.

die if on - ly re-ceiving. Givel this is the rule of love by which we live.

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MOTION SONG IF DESIRED. 1.—Hands lifted from left knee to right shoulder. 2.—Arms folded and rocked. 3.—Hands moved downward from head to knees. 4.—Hands lifted. 5.—Hands move upward. 6.—Hands move downward from left to right, fingers working. 7.—Flowing motion. 8.—Hands move downward. 9.—Point to sun. 10.—Hands indicating "Milky Way." 11, 12, 13.—Point to location of each in sky. 14.—Hands move downward. 15.—Pointing over the sea. 16.—Arms extended, hands open, showing offerings.
 *In chorus, all imitate receiving and passing on—both hands first to left receiving; then to right, giving; in time with music.

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away,
and be at rest."—Ps. 55: 6.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Mrs. C. FENNIFATHER.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,—a lit-tle more rough tossing, A lit-tle long-er on the bil-low's foam;
2. Not now; for I have wand'ers in the distance, And thou must call them in with pa-tient love;
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wear-y; Wilt thou not cheer them with a kind-ly smile?
4. Not now; for wound-ed hearts are sore-ly bleed-ing, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:

A few more journ'ying in the des-ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa-ther's home!
Not now; for I have sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must fol-low them where'er they rove.
Sick ones, who need thee in their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit-tle while?
Not now; for or-phans' tears are quick-ly fall-ing, They must be gathered 'neath some shelt'ring wing.

6. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

Home of Jesus to the dying,
all its living power;
and weary?

435

MORE DILIGENCE.

F. E. B.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1: 10. "Redeeming the time,
because the days are evil."—Eph. 5: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. More dil-i-gence give me; Swift fli-eth the day, Each moment some lost one Is passing a - way;
2. More tenderness give me For wan-der-ing sheep, Like Je - sus the Shepherd, To search and to weep
3. More grat-i-tude give me, More love for my Lord, More gifts for the Giv - er Who spreadeth my board;
4. More pur - i - ty give me, More hatred of sin, More hung'ring and thirsting For goodness within;

How can I be i - dle, Christ knowing so well? More dil - i - gence give me, Love's sto - ry to tell.
In by - ways and hed - ges, O'er des - ert and sea; More ten - der - ness give me For sin - ners like me.
More mem'ries of mer - cies, More prais - es in pray'r, More gladness in la - bor, More trust with my care.
More watch - ing and praying, From self to be free; More fruits of the Spir - it, More, Je - sus, of thee.

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436

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

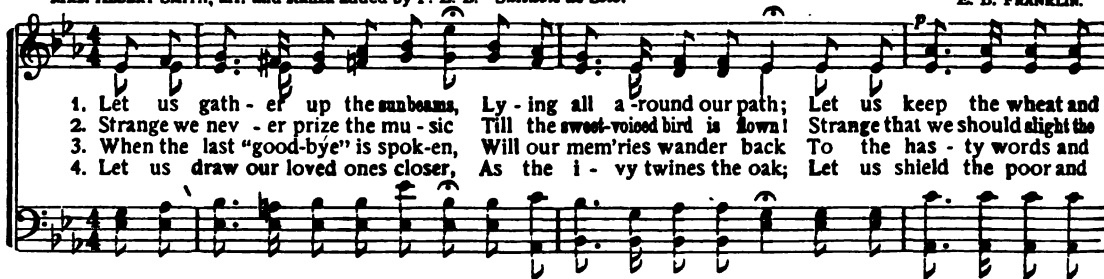
1. Chide mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears;
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow.

2. Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human,
How feeble were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander away,
When tempests so darken
Life's wearisome way?

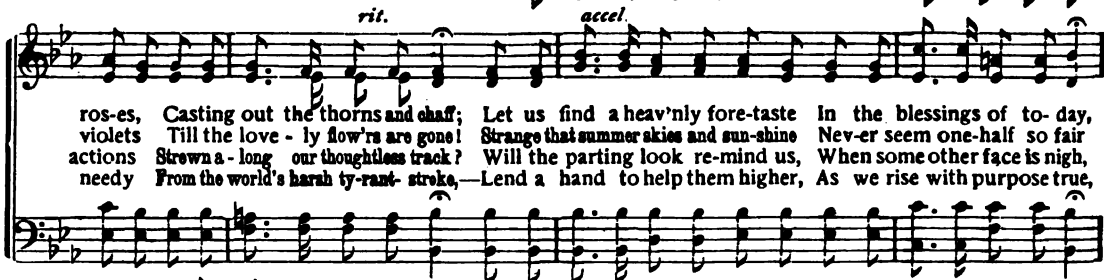
3. Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

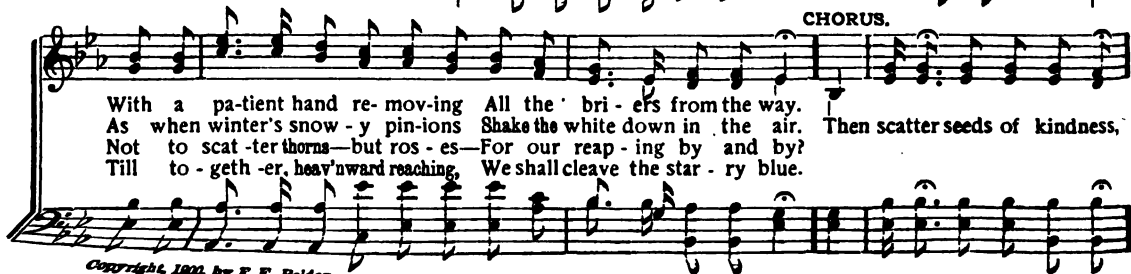
"Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."—Rom. 13:10.
 Mrs. ALBERT SMITH, arr. and stanza added by F. E. B. *Suitable as Solo.* E. B. FRANKLIN.



1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should alight the
 3. When the last "good-bye" is spok-en, Will our mem'ries wander back To the has - ty words and
 4. Let us draw our loved ones closer, As the i - vy twines the oak; Let us shield the poor and



ros-es, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find a heav'nly fore-taste In the blessings of to-day,
 violets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev - er seem one-half so fair
 actions Strewn a - long our thoughtless track? Will the parting look re-mind us, When some other face is nigh,
 needy From the world's harsh ty-rant- stroke,—Lend a hand to help them higher, As we rise with purpose true,



CHORUS.
 With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri - efs from the way.
 As when winter's snow - y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air. Then scatter seeds of kindness,
 Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es—For our reap-ing by and by?
 Till to - geth-er, heav'nward reaching, We shall cleave the star - ry blue.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—CONCLUDED.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness; Yes, scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

438

LITTLE FEET, BE CAREFUL.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

"Make me to go in the path of thy commandments."—Ps. 119: 35.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I wash'd my hands this morn-ing, & ver-y clean and white, And lent them both to Je-sus, To work for him till night.
2. I told my ears to lis-ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For a-my act of kindness, Such lit-tle hands can do.
3. My eyes are set to watch them A-bout their work or play, To keep them out of mis-chief, For Je-sus'sake all day.

CHORUS.

'lit-tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to, Any-thing for Je-sus, On-ly let me do.

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GOOD NIGHT.

F. E. HELDEN. *Legato*. "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. 3:24. D. S. HAKES.

1. When soft-ly fades the dy-ing day, - - And mor-tal cares we fold a-way, Then with the last faint
 2. And when the deep-er shadows fall, - - And na-ture veil as with a pall, Then pray'rs of eve-ning
 3. O Fa-ther, give us sweet re- pose - - From all our earth-ly cares and woes, And grant that heav'n may

REFRAIN.

ray of light All na-ture seems to say Good night. Good night, - - good night, May an - - gels
 take their flight From lips that soft-ly say Good night. Good night, good night, Good night, good night, May an - gels or -
 greet our sight When we have said our last Good night.

bright, (pure and bright), Their vig-ils keep till morn-ing light, - - Good night, good night, Good night, good night,
 bright, (pure and bright), Their vig-ils keep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).

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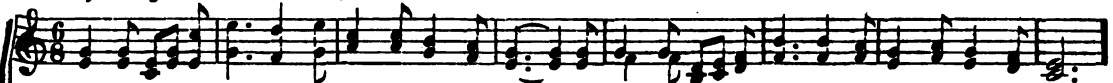
NEVER ALONE.


C. F. O.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. 28:20.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.


May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

- 
1. Lonely? no, not lonely While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence always cheers me; I know that he is nigh.
 2. Wea-ry? no, not weary While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full enjoyment, In His e - ter - nal rest.
 3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting; He bids me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder oft - en, What makes my Lord so late.



Friend-less? no, not friendless, For Je-sus is my Friend; I change, but he re-main-eth, The same un - to the end.
 Helpless? yes, so helpless; But I am leaning hard On the mighty arm of Je - sus, And he is keeping guard.
 Joy-ful? yes, so joyful, With joy too deep for words; A precious, sure foundation, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.



No, never a-lone, - - no, never a-lone; He has promised never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone. }
 No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone; Omit - - } leave me a-lone.

441

"God is the Rock of our refuge."—Ps. 94: 22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—F. 22.
J. V. C., chorus added.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,
2. A shade by day, defence by night,
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat,
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear,

A shel-ter in the time of storm;
A shel-ter in the time of storm;
A shel-ter in the time of storm;
A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er
No fears a-larm, no
We find in God a
Be thou our helper,

CHORUS.

Rock in a wea-ry land, Cooling

may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Mighty Rock

the pil-grim band,—A shelter in the time of storm

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you;
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing hide you, Dai-ly man-na still provide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick confound you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

REFRAIN.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, - till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'

Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

feet, Till we meet, - - till we meet,
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

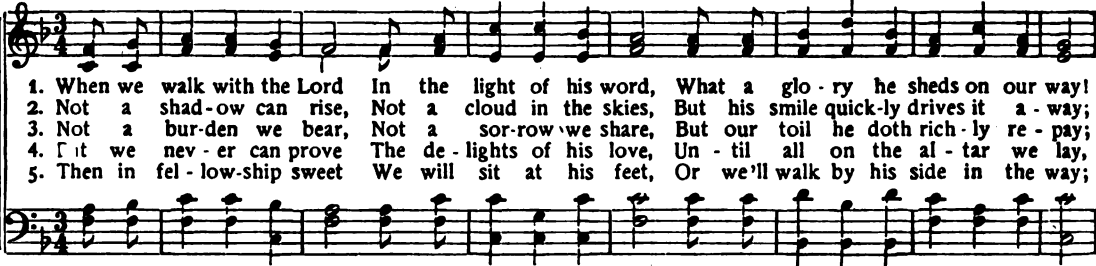
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TRUST AND OBEY.

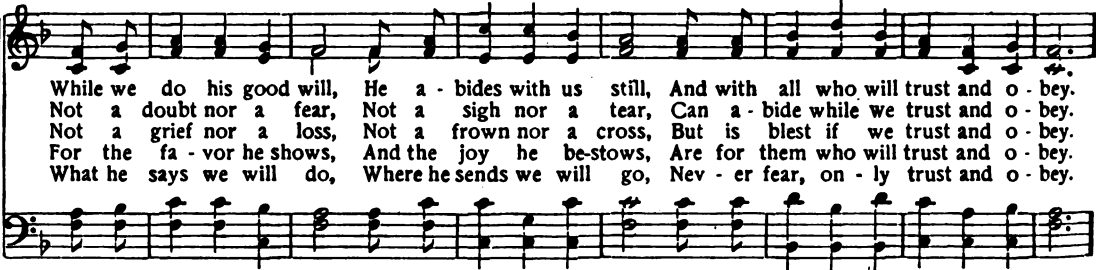
REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25:14.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

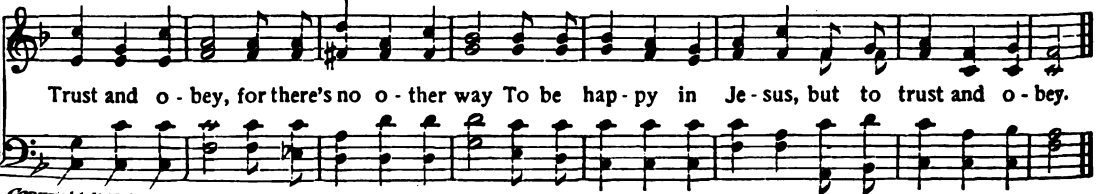


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he sheds on our way!
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick - ly drives it a - way;
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth rich - ly re - pay;
 4. [t] it we nev - er can prove The de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the al - tar we lay,
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his side in the way;



While we do his good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.



Trust and o - bey, for there's no o - ther way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

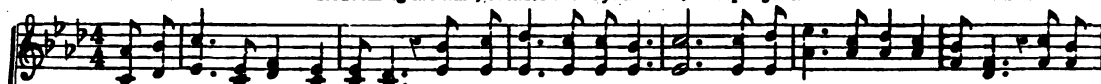
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WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

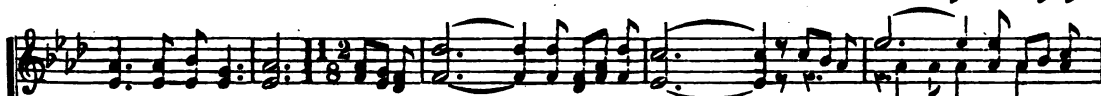
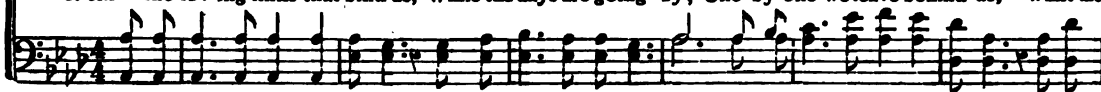
GEORGE COOPER.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."— Eph. 5:16.

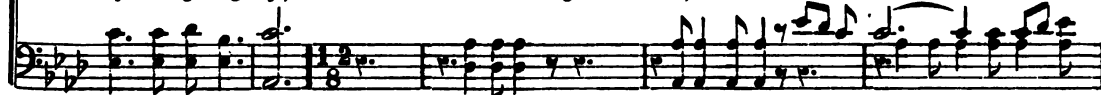
F. E. BELDEN.



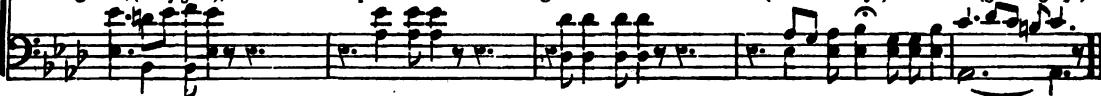
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the
2. There's no time for i- dle scorning, While the days are going by; Let your face be like the morning, While the
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the



days are go-ing by; If a smile we can re- new, As our jour - - ney we pur
 days are go-ing by; For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping
 days are go-ing by; But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will

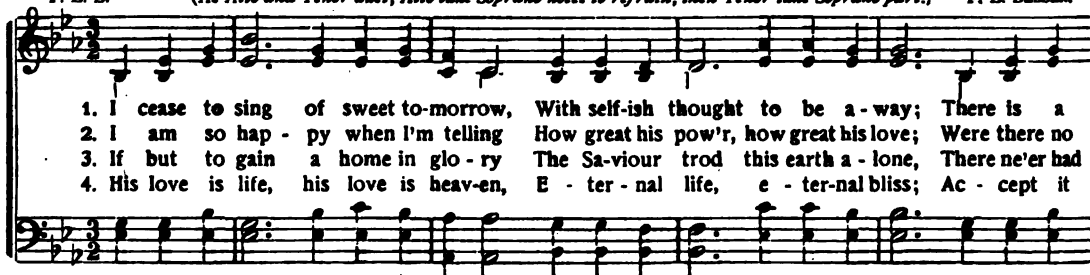


sue; (we per-ish); O the good we all may do,
 eyes; (weeping eyes); Help your fall - en brothers rise, While the days are going by.
 grow, (surely grow), And will keep our hearts aglow (while the days) (go - ing by.)



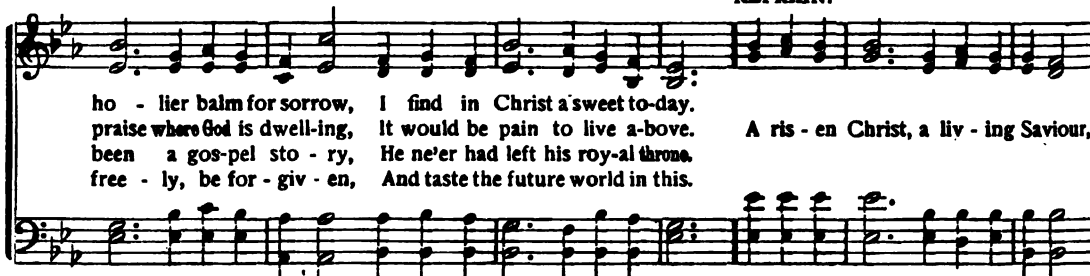
SWEET TO-DAY.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.
 F. E. B. (As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.) F. E. BELDEN.



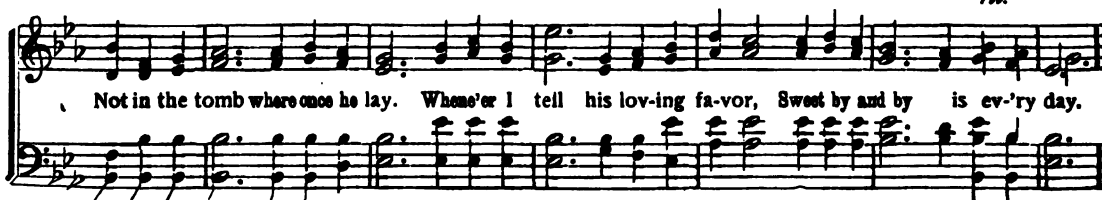
1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a-way; There is a
 2. I am so hap - py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
 3. If but to gain a home in glo - ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a - lone, There ne'er had
 4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E - ter - nal life, e - ter-nal bliss; Ac - cept it

REFRAIN.



ho - lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
 praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove. A ris - en Christ, a liv - ing Saviour,
 been a gos-pel sto - ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
 free - ly, be for - giv - en, And taste the future world in this.

rit.

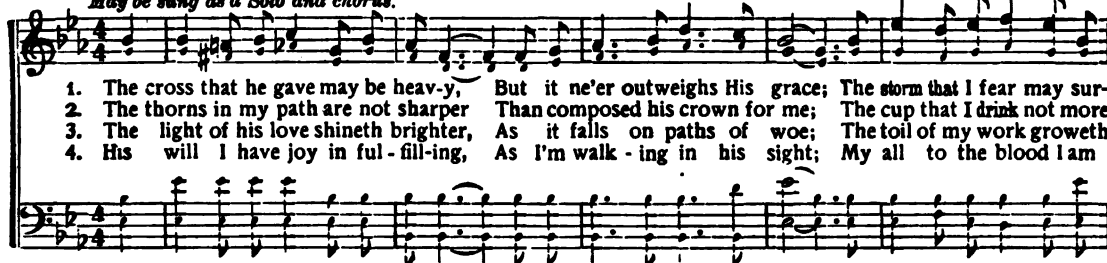


Not in the tomb where once he lay. Where'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev-'ry day.

THE CROSS THAT HE GAVE.

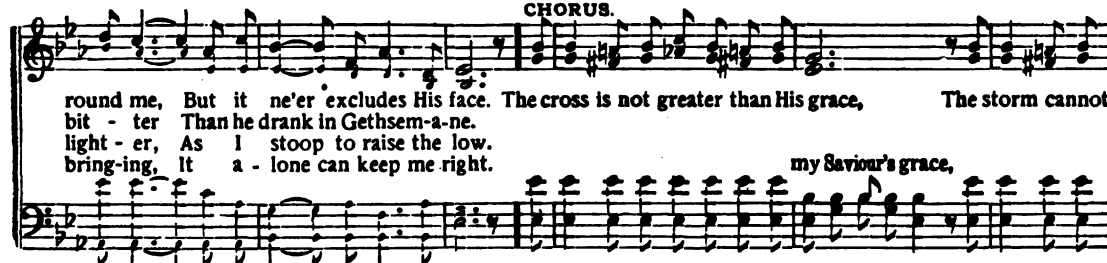
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6:14. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by F. E. B.

May be sung as a Solo and chorus.

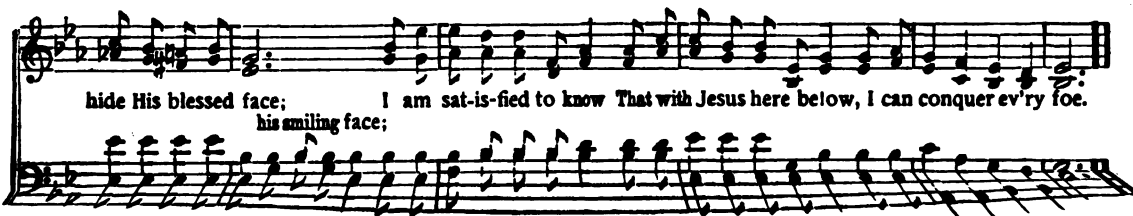


1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I fear may sur-
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me; The cup that I drink not more
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe; The toil of my work groweth
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in his sight; My all to the blood I am

CHORUS.



round me, But it ne'er excludes His face. The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm cannot
 bit - ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
 light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right. my Saviour's grace,



hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev'ry foe.
 his smiling face;

By permission.

R

HARVEST TIME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." — Ps. 126. 6.

THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CARLE.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be
3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy; Be the prospect ne'er so

CHORUS.


sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
giv - en Thro' an influence all di - vine.
drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning! See the ris - ing
the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the


are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near.
Look! the waving fields the way - ing fields are whit'ning,
Look!

HASTEN ON, GLAD DAY.

F. E. B. "In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, . . . Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. 13: 30. F. E. BELDEN.

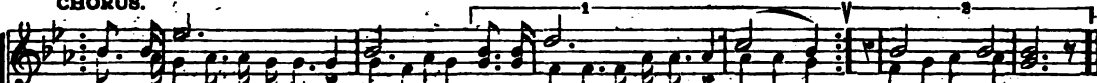


1. The world's glorious harvest is fast draw-ing on, The Mas-ter is call-ing his reap-ers to come;
 2. That morn ev - er-last-ing, that day free from tears is swift-ly ap-proach-ing as on roll the years;
 3. O sweet is the la-bor that floweth from love!—A stream nev-er fail-ing, whose Fount is a - bove;



The grain bright and gold-en, in fields far and near, Is ripe for the gar-ner when he shall ap-pear.
 The wheat, rudely scattered by sin's cru-el blast, Then hast-en to gath-er e'er aut-umn be past.
 'Tis love that in-vites us, 'tis love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sick-le,—and wondrous the yield.

CHORUS.



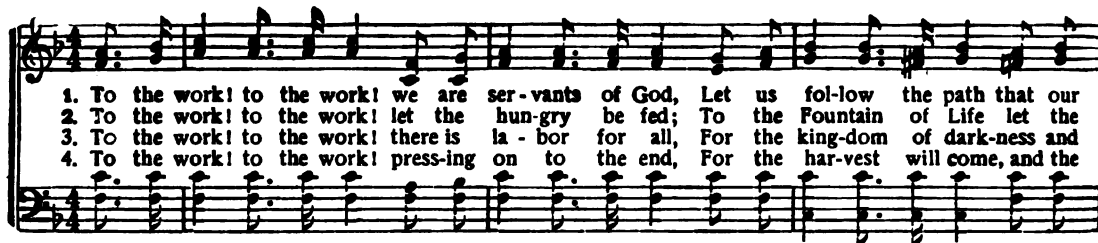
Has-ten on, - - - glad day, Bear the sheaves - - - a - way; } Bear us home.
 Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far a-way; } Bring the "har-vest home."

TOILING ON.

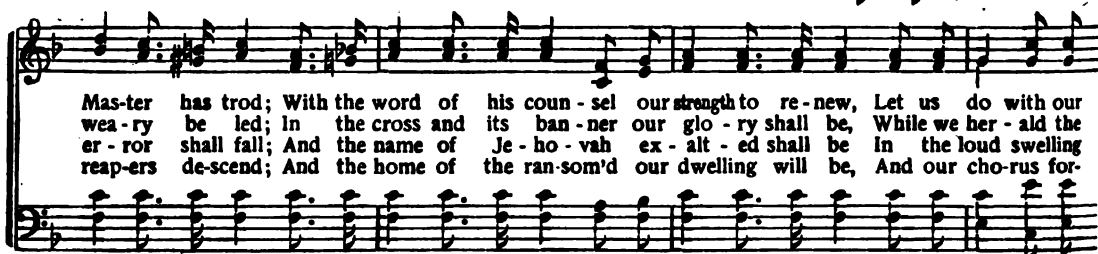
FANNY CROSSY.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

W. H. DOANE.



1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the Fountain of Life let the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and
 4. To the work! to the work! press-ing on to the end, For the har-vest will come, and the



Mas-ter has trod; With the word of his coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our
 wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the
 er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be In the loud swelling
 reap-ers de-scend; And the home of the ran-som'd our dwelling will be, And our cho-rus for-

CHORUS.



might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
 ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 ev-er, "Sal-va-tion is free!"

Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on,

TOILING ON.—CONCLUDED.

toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Let us hope, and trust, let us watch, and pray, And la - bor till the Master comes.

480

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HANDS.

T. CORBEE.

"I will show thee my faith by my works."—James 2: 18.

BISHOP W. JONES.

1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands That fulfill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
 2. All the lit-tle hands were made Je-sus precious came to aid; All the little hearts to beat Warm in his service so sweet.
 3. All the lit-tle lips should pray To the Saviour ev'ry day; All the little feet should go Swift on his errands be-low.
 4. What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you; Make that thing your first delight, Do it for him with your might.

CHORUS.

1 2
 { Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the hands That ful - fill the Lord's commands; } Kindled with light from the skies.
 { Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the eyes, (Omit) }

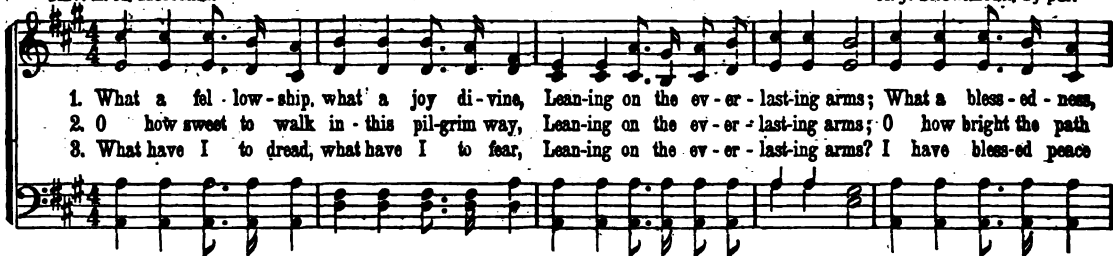
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LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33:27.

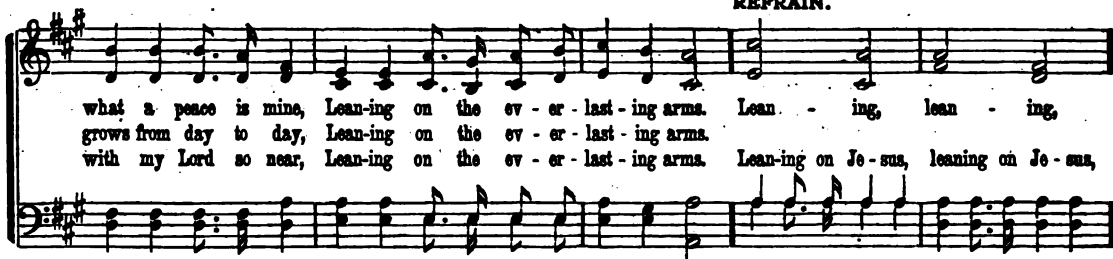
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

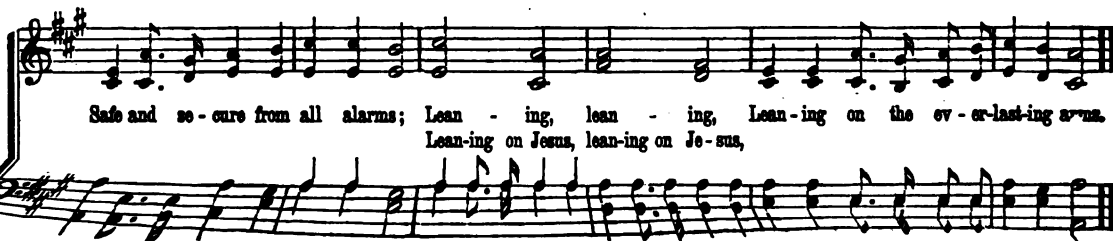


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness,
 2. O how sweet to walk in - this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; O how bright the path
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace

REFRAIN.



what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing,
 grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,



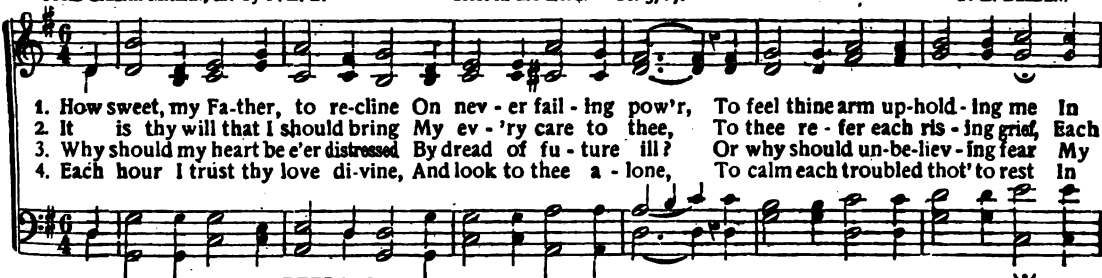
Safe and se-cure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

FROM CESAR MALAN, SET BY F. E. B.

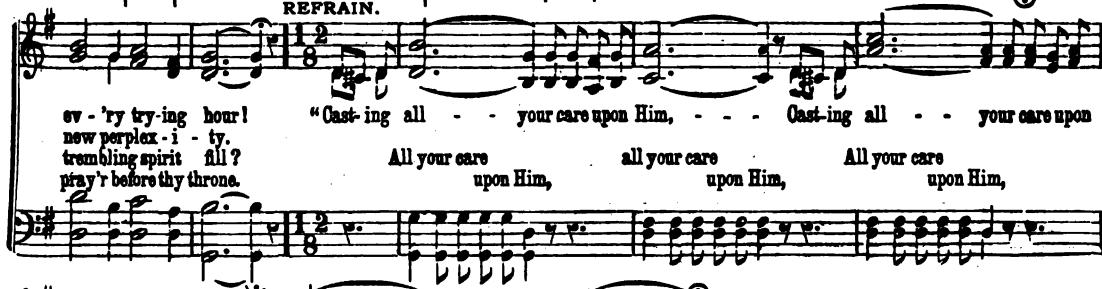
"Rest in the Lord."—Ps. 37:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

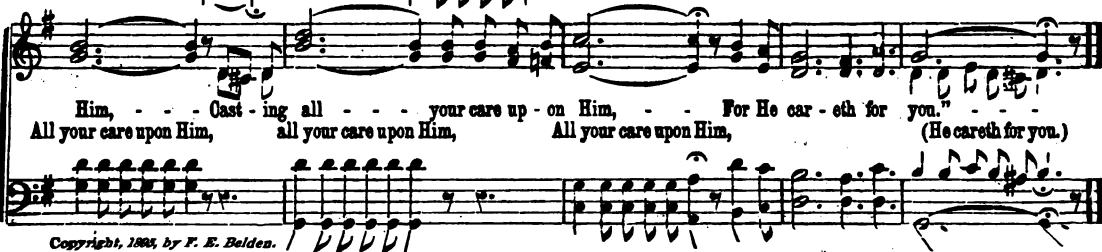


1. How sweet, my Fa-ther, to re-cline On nev - er fail - ing pow'r, To feel thine arm up-hold - ing me In
 2. It is thy will that I should bring My ev - 'ry care to thee, To thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each
 3. Why should my heart be e'er distressed By dread of fu - ture ill? Or why should un-be-liev - ing fear My
 4. Each hour I trust thy love di-vine, And look to thee a - lone, To calm each troubled thot' to rest In

REFRAIN.



ev - 'ry try - ing hour! "Cast - ing all - - your care upon Him, - - - Cast - ing all - - your care upon
 new perplex - i - ty. All your care all your care All your care
 trembling spirit fill? upon Him, upon Him, upon Him,
 pray'r before thy throne.




Him, - - - Cast - ing all - - - your care up - on Him, - - - For He car - eth for you." - - -
 All your care upon Him, all your care upon Him, All your care upon Him, (He careth for you.)

WATCH AND PRAY.



Anon.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13.

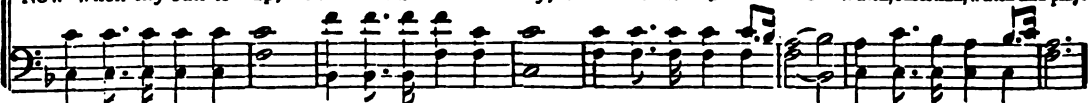
R. LOWRY.




1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch lest the world pre-vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
 2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promis'd prize Of heaven's e-ter-nal rest;
 3. Take Je-sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar-mor on; Watch till thy Lord appear.

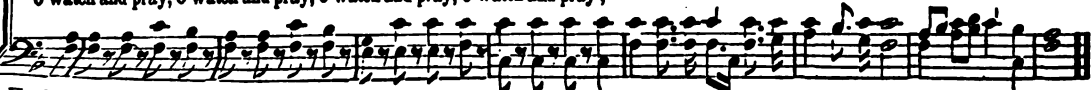
Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch lest the Bride-groom come; Watch, tho' he tar-ry long.
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of ag-o - ny.
 Now when thy sun is up, Make thou no more delay, In this ac-cept-ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.



CHORUS.



O watch and pray, O watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.
 O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray;



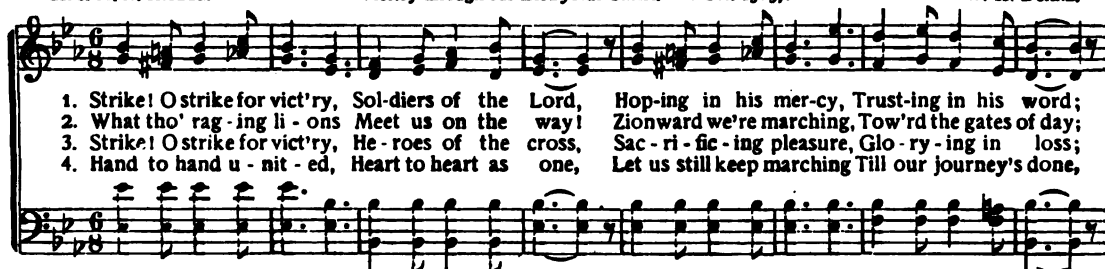
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STRIKE FOR VICTORY

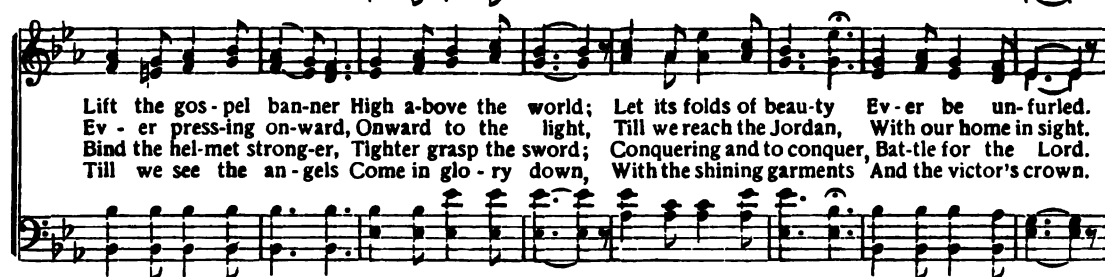
Mrs. M. A. Krodes.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 57.

W. H. DOANE.

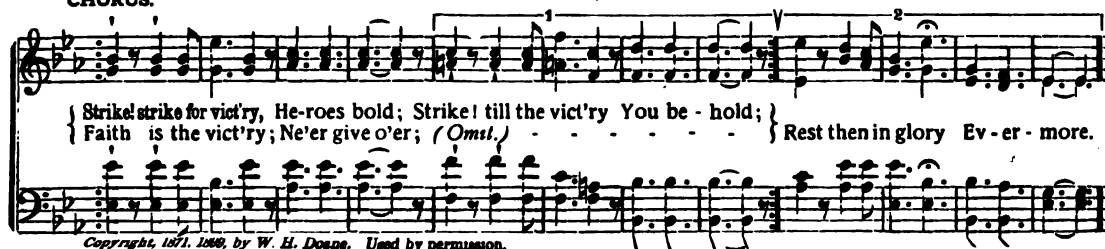


1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Sol-diers of the Lord, Hop-ing in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his word;
 2. What tho' rag-ing li-ons Meet us on the way! Zionward we're marching, Tow'rd the gates of day;
 3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, He-ros of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;
 4. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,



Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
 Ev-er press-ing on-ward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword; Con-quering and to conquer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
 Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments And the victor's crown.

CHORUS.

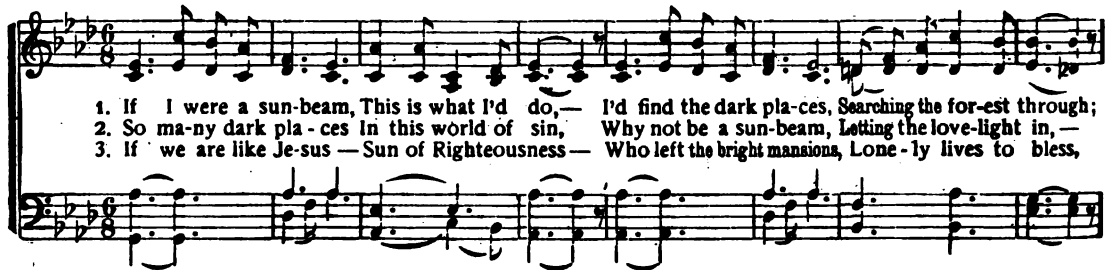


{ Strike! strike for vict'ry, He-ros bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be-hold; }
 { Faith is the vict'ry; Ne'er give o'er; (Omsl.) } Rest then in glory Ev-er-more.

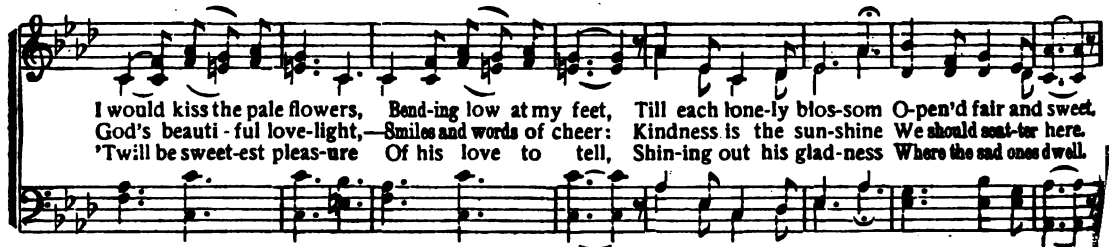
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I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

F. E. B. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35. F. E. B.



1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark pla-ces, Searching the for-est through;
 2. So ma-ny dark pla-ces In this world of sin, Why not be a sun-beam, Letting the love-light in,—
 3. If we are like Je-sus — Sun of Righteousness — Who left the bright man-sions, Lone-ly lives to bless,



I would kiss the pale flowers, Bend-ing low at my feet, Till each lone-ly blos-som O-pen'd fair and sweet,
 God's beau-ti-ful love-light, — Smiles and words of cheer: Kindness is the sun-shine We should seek far here.
 'Twill be sweet-est pleas-ure Of his love to tell, Shin-ing out his glad-ness Where the sad ones dwell.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful sun-beam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, *Lone-ly hearts to cheer.

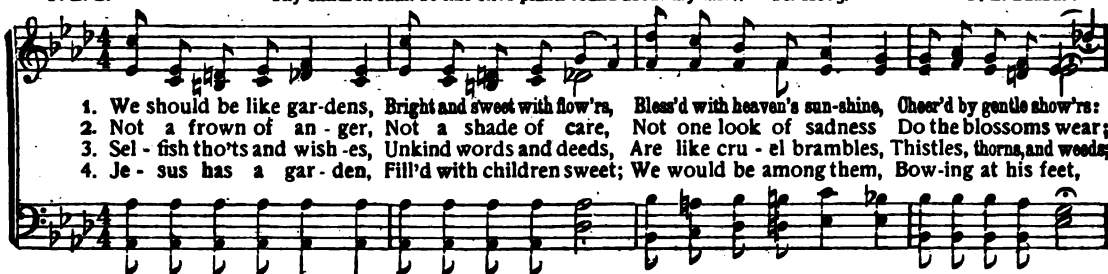
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BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

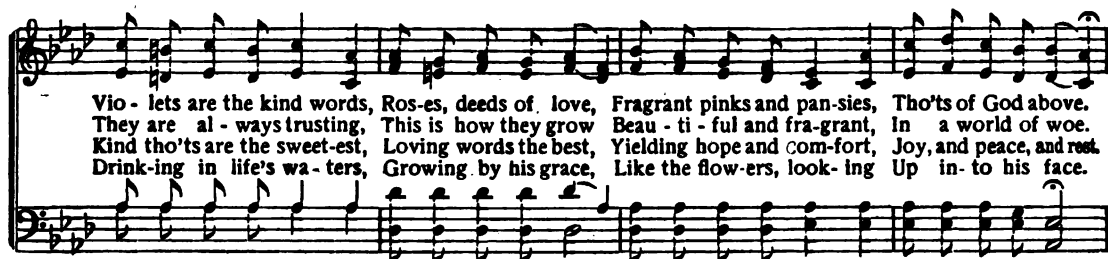
F. E. B.

"Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."—Ps. 128:3.

F. E. BELDEN.

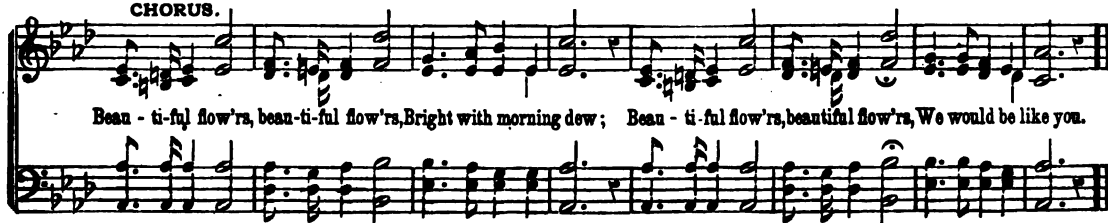


1. We should be like gar-dens, Bright and sweet with flow'rs, Bless'd with heaven's sun-shine, Cheer'd by gentle show'rs;
 2. Not a frown of an-ger, Not a shade of care, Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;
 3. Sel-fish tho'ts and wish-es, Unkind words and deeds, Are like cru-el brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;
 4. Je-sus has a gar-den, Fill'd with children sweet; We would be among them, Bow-ing at his feet,



Vio-lets are the kind words, Ros-es, deeds of love, Fragrant pinks and pan-sies, Tho'ts of God above.
 They are al-ways trusting, This is how they grow Beau-ti-ful and fra-grant, In a world of woe.
 Kind tho'ts are the sweet-est, Loving words the best, Yielding hope and com-fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.
 Drink-ing in life's wa-ters, Growing by his grace, Like the flow-ers, look-ing Up in-to his face.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Bright with morning dew; Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beautiful flow'rs, We would be like you.

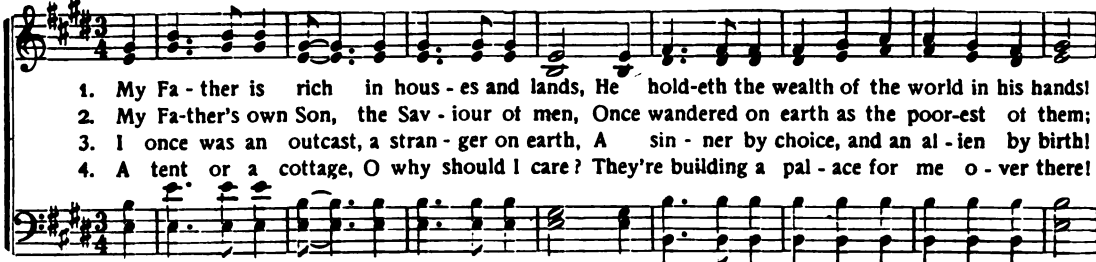
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A CHILD OF THE KING.

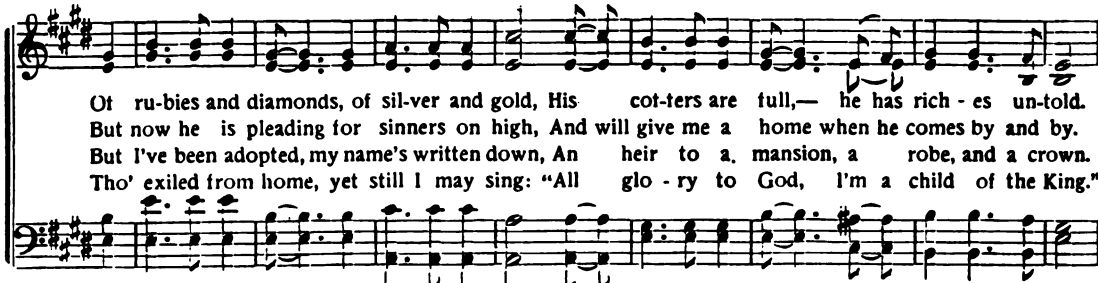
"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

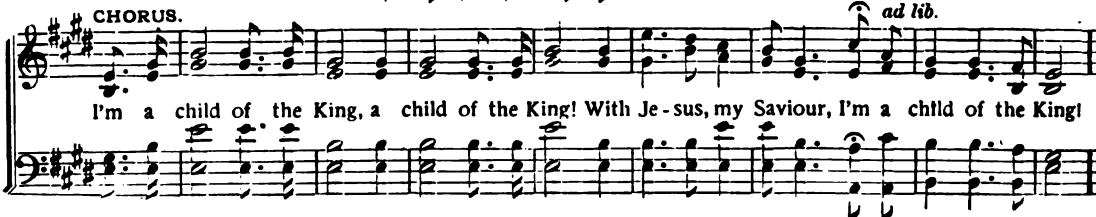
HATTIE E. BURL.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands!
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor-est of them;
 3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth!
 4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there!



Ot ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cot-ters are full,— he has rich - es un-told.
 But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
 But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
 Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."



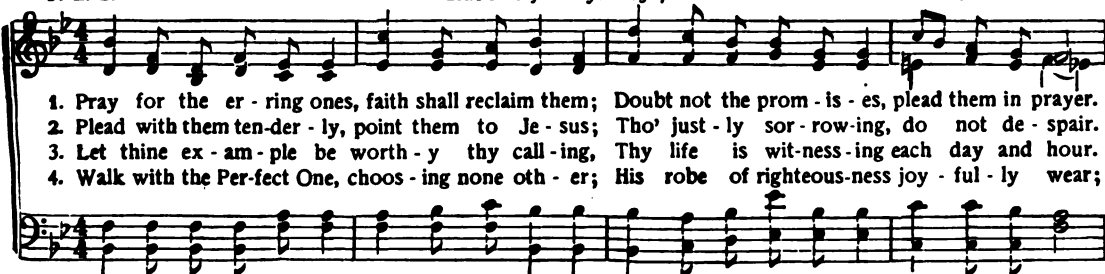
CHORUS. *ad lib.*
 I'm a child of the King, a child of the King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

PRAY FOR THE ERRING.

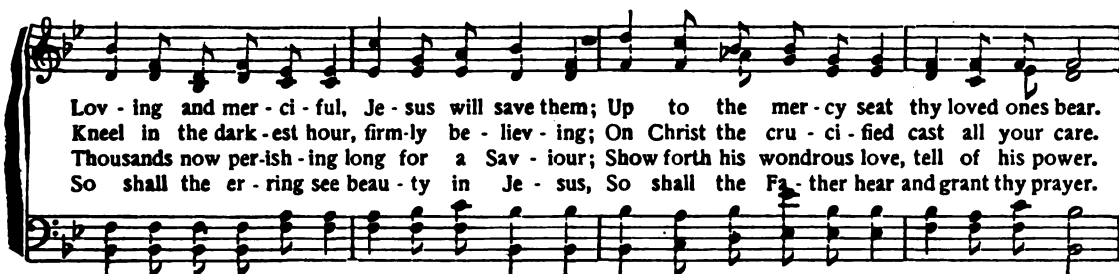
F. E. B.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

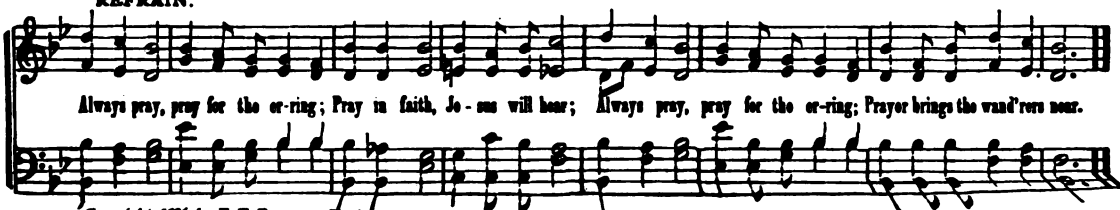


1. Pray for the er - ring ones, faith shall reclaim them; Doubt not the prom - is - es, plead them in prayer.
 2. Plead with them ten - der - ly, point them to Je - sus; Tho' just - ly sor - row - ing, do not de - spair.
 3. Let thine ex - am - ple be worth - y thy call - ing, Thy life is wit - ness - ing each day and hour.
 4. Walk with the Per - fect One, choos - ing none oth - er; His robe of righteous - ness joy - ful - ly wear;



Lov - ing and mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save them; Up to the mer - cy seat thy loved ones bear.
 Kneel in the dark - est hour, firm - ly be - liev - ing; On Christ the cru - ci - fied cast all your care.
 Thousands now per - ish - ing long for a Sav - iour; Show forth his wondrous love, tell of his power.
 So shall the er - ring see beau - ty in Je - sus, So shall the Fa - ther hear and grant thy prayer.

REFRAIN.



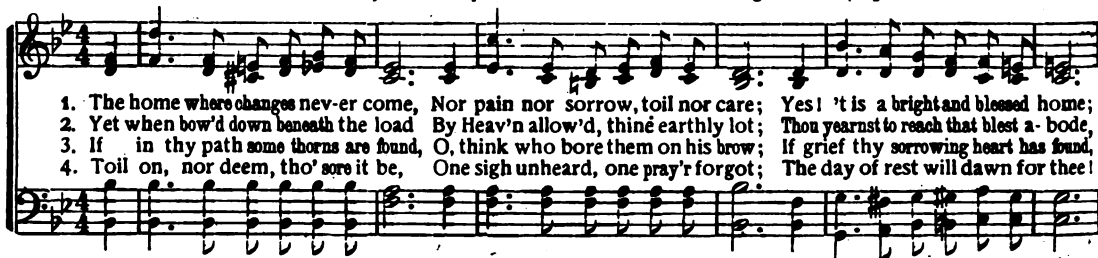
Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Pray in faith, Je - sus will hear; Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Prayer brings the wand'ers near.

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WAIT ON THE LORD.

W. H. BELLAMY. Chorus added. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—Isa. 40: 31.

F. E. BELDEN.

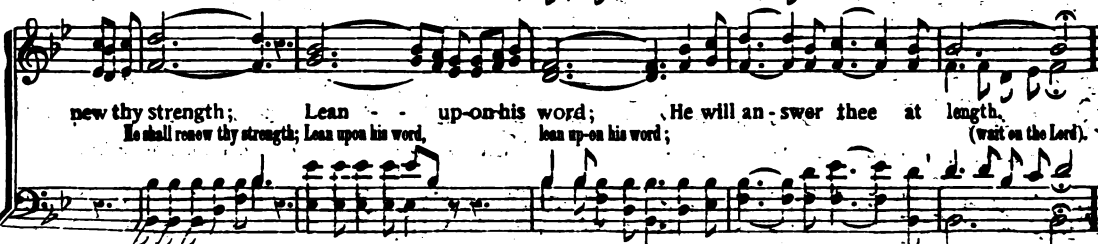


1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes! 't is a bright and blessed home;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By Heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou yearnst to reach that blest a-bode,
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for thee!

REFRAIN.



Who would not fain be resting there? (resting there)? Wait - - upon the Lord (upon the Lord), He - - shall re-
 Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not).
 It reach'd a ho-li-er than thou (Jesus' brow).
 Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not). Wait upon the Lord, wait upon the Lord, He shall renew thy strength,



new thy strength; Lean - - up-on his word; He will an-swer thee at length.
 He shall renew thy strength; Lean upon his word, lean up-on his word; (wait on the Lord).

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

ANNA L. WARREN.

"Abide in my love."—John 15: 10.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes
 2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-side me, And nothing can I
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have

The storm may roar

here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-
 lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he
 been. My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my

The storm may roar

bout me, And can I be dismayed? But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dismayed?
 tak - eth, And I will walk with him, He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.
 treas - ure, And he will walk with me, My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

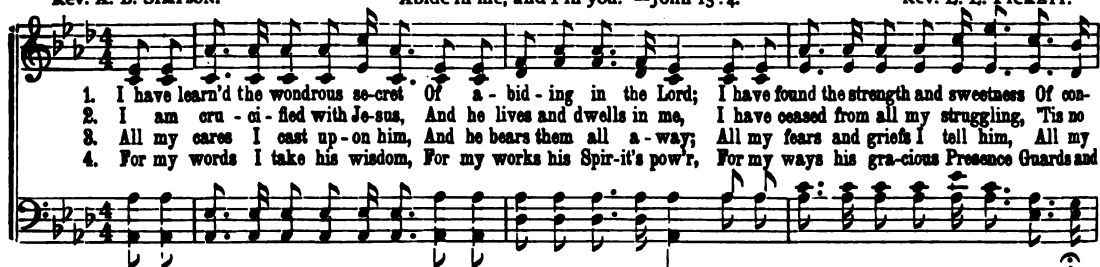
bout me, and can I be dismayed?

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

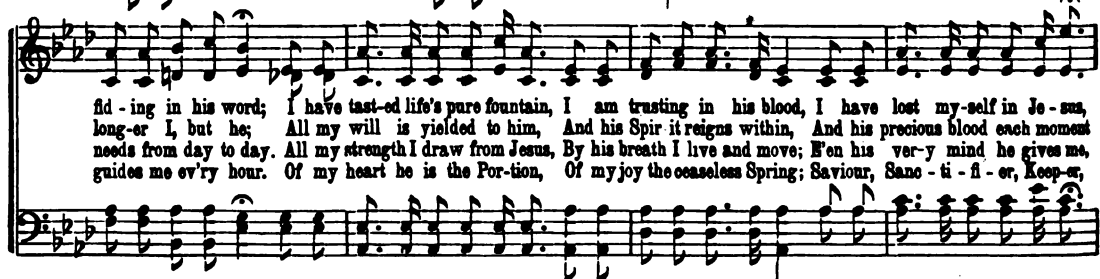
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

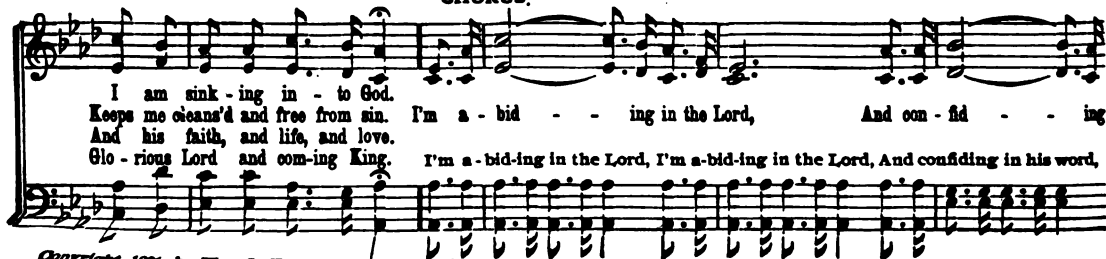


1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-
 2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no
 3. All my cares I cast up-on him, And he bears them all a-way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my
 4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spir-it's pow'r, For my ways his gra-cious Presence Guards and



fid-ing in his word; I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost my-self in Je-sus,
 long-er I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spir-it reigns within, And his precious blood each moment
 needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; E'en his ver-y mind he gives me,
 guides me ev'ry hour. Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Savi-our, Sancti-fi-er, Keep-er,

CHORUS.



I am sink-ing in - to God.
 Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-fid-ing
 And his faith, and life, and love.
 Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King. I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

ABIDING AND CONFIDING—CONCLUDED.

in his word, And I'm hid ing, safe-ly hid ing, In the bo-son of his love.
And con-fid-ing in his word, And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am hiding, safely hiding

462

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

3d & 4th stanzas by F. E. B.

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel."—Matt. 5:15.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle can - dle burn-ing in the night;
2. Je - sus bids us shine thro' the gloom a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark-ness in this world are found,
3. Je - sus is the bright Light of love di - vine, When on him we're look-ing, then it is we shine,
4. Kind words, gentle deeds, cheering smiles of love, Are the lights he sends us from his home a - bove;

In this world of dark-ness he helps us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
Sin, and want, and sor-row; so we should shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
Like the sil - ver moon, with a bor - rowed light, Each in his cor - ner do - ing right.
Let them fill the heart, then we all shall shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.

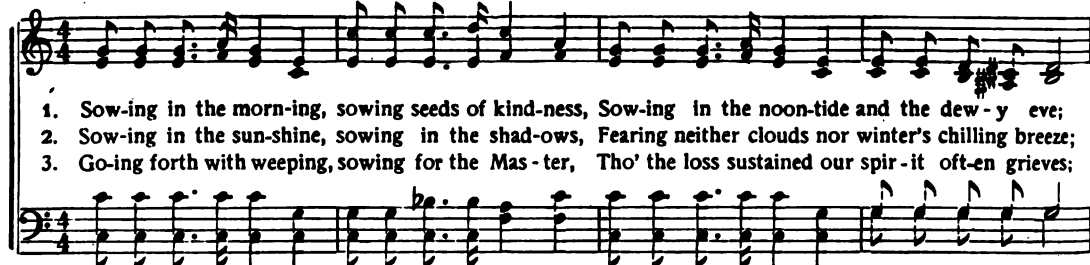
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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

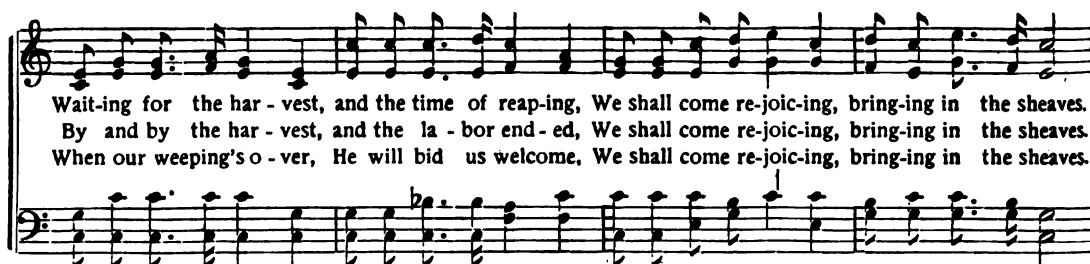
KNOWLES SHAW.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13 : 39.

GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve;
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves;



Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves;
 Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, (Omit,) - - - - - }-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

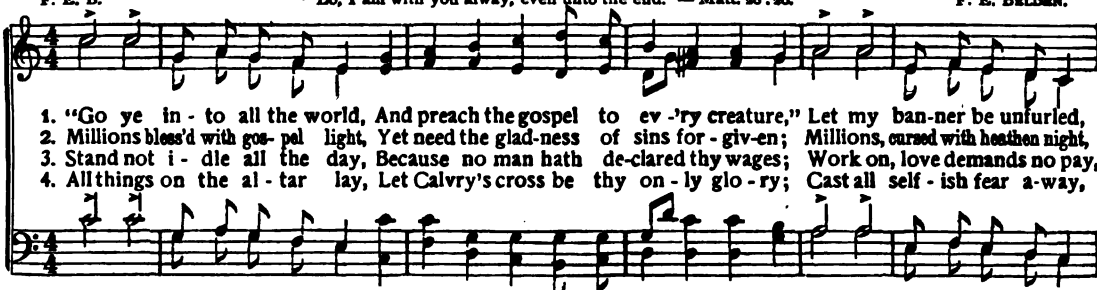
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"EVEN UNTO THE END."

F. E. B.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."—Matt. 28:20.

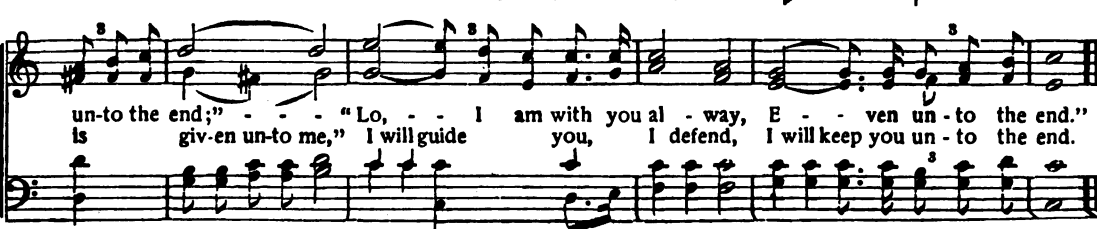
F. E. BELDEN.



1. "Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature," Let my ban - ner be unfurled,
 2. Millions bless'd with gos - pel light, Yet need the glad - ness of sins for - giv - en; Millions, cursed with heathen night,
 3. Stand not i - dle all the day, Because no man hath de - clared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay,
 4. All things on the al - tar lay, Let Calvry's cross be thy on - ly glo - ry; Cast all self - ish fear a - way,



CHORUS.
 With pen, and song, and the liv - ing teach - er. "E - - ven un - to the end, E - - ven
 Yet long to know of the Way to heav - en. un - to the end,
 'Tis all set down in the heav'n - ly pag - es.
 Be - gin just now tell - ing love's sweet sto - ry. Go ye, go ye over land and sea, Pow'r, "all pow'r



un - to the end;" "Lo, - - I am with you al - way, E - - ven un - to the end."
 Is giv - en un - to me," I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you un - to the end.

LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3:7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1:21.

F. E. B.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2:28.

F. E. BELDEN.

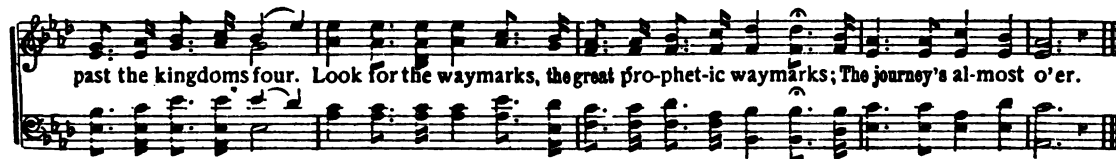
1. Look for the way-marks as you jour-ney on, Look for the way-marks, passing one by one;
 2. First, the As-syr-ian king-dom ruled the world, Then Me-do-Per-sia's banners were un-furled;
 3. Down in the feet of i-ron and of clay, Weak and di-vid-ed, soon to pass a-way;

Down thro' the a-ges, past the kingdoms four,—Where are we stand-ing? Look the way-marks o'er.
 And af-ter Greece held u-ni-ver-sal sway, Rome seized the scepter,—Where are we to-day?
 What will the next great, glo-rious dra-ma be?—Christ and his com-ing, And e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great pro-phet-ic way-marks, Down thro' the a-ges,

LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—CONCLUDED.



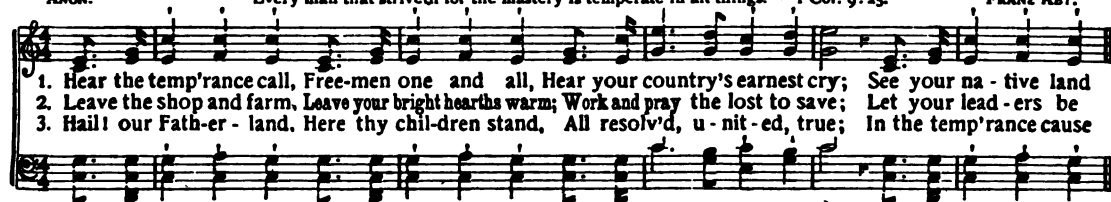
466

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

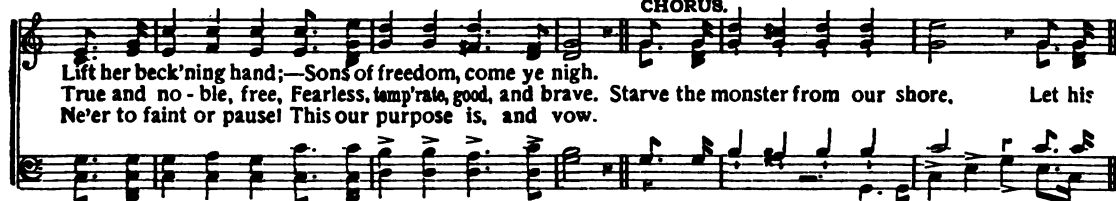
ANON.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9: 25.

FRANZ ABT.



CHORUS.



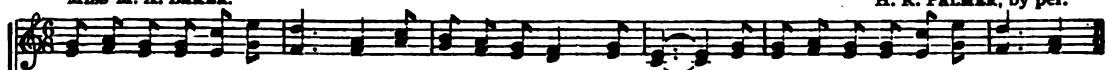
Starve the monster from our



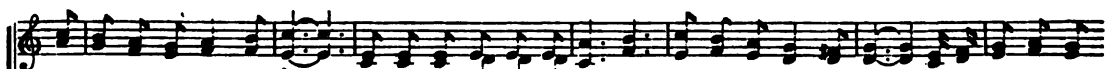
PEACE, BE STILL!

MISS M. A. BAKER. "Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4:39.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

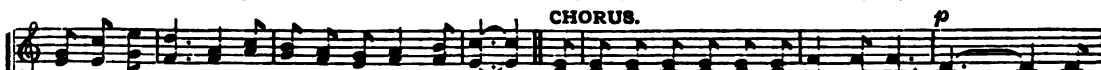


1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high! The sky is o'er-shadow'd with black-ness;
 2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
 3. Master, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el-e-ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored,



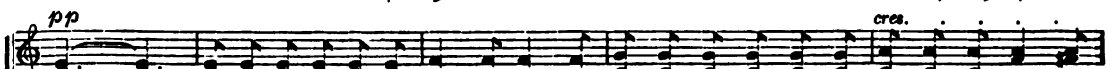
No shel-ter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we perish?—How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each moment so
 O waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I per-ish, I
 And heav-en's with-in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall

CHORUS.



mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 per-ish! dear Master; O hasten and take con-trol. "The winds and the waves shall o-bey my will, Peace, . . . be -
 make the blest har-bor, And rest on the blissful shore. be still!

pp *cres.*



still! . . . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-ev - er it be, No
 peace be still!

PEACE, BE STILL.—CONCLUDED.

wa-ter can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o -
 bey my will; Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!

468

AWAY THE BOWL!

Written and arranged by F. E. B.

"Look not on the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23:31.

Arranged.

1. Cold wa-ter is the cup that cheers; A-way, a-way the bowl! Old Al-co-hol is king of tears;
 2. See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels; A-way, a-way the bowl! What shame and mis'-ry he re-veals!
 3. No al-co-hol we'll buy or sell; A-way, a-way the bowl! We hate it now and ev-er shall;

D. C.—Cold wa-ter hath far sweeter charms; Away, a-way the bowl!
 D. C.—They watch for his return with dread; Away, a-way the bowl!
 D. C.—To drive the de-mon from our land; Away, a-way the bowl!

D. C.

A-way, a-way the bowl! Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's dread alarms,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! His hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! U-nit-ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

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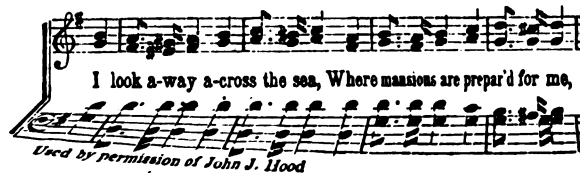
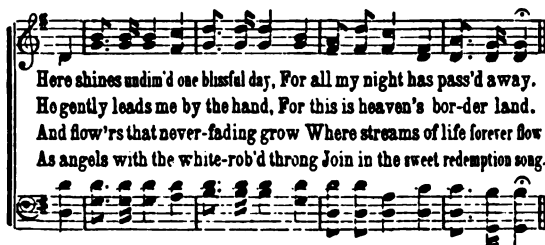
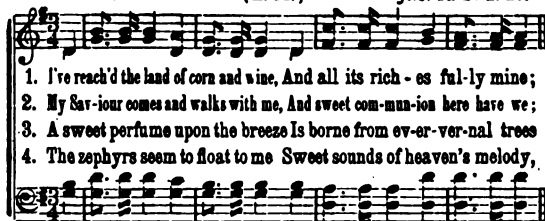
469

BEULAH LAND.

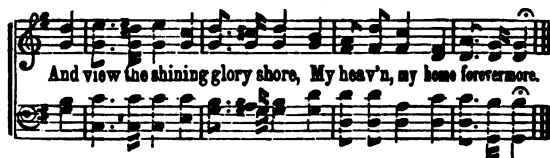
EDGAR PAGE.

(L. M.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.



BEULAH LAND.—CONCLUDED.

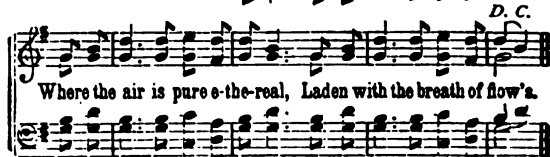
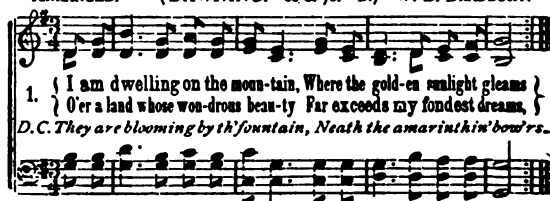


470

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED.

(DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.



- 2 I can see far down the pathway,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly lie along the way;
But the Spirit gently led me
To the land I hold to-day.
- 3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure rarer,
And my soul is satisfied;

There's no thirst for worldly pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay.
For I've found a greater treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed land of love and light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?
Yes, I've reached the land of Beulah,
Blessed land of love and light.
Here the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

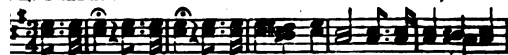
71

SPEED AWAY!

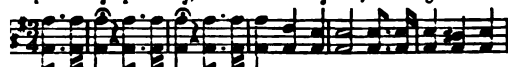
(For Male Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN.

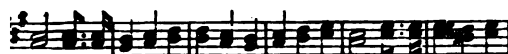
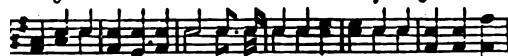
I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.



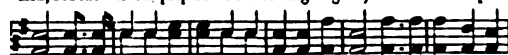
1. Speed a-way! speed away, o-ver mountain and sea, To the hearts that are
Speed away! speed away from thy home fair and bright, To the homes that are
1. Speed a-way! speed away, with the love of thy Lord, With the glo-ri-ous



ing with welcome for thee; There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel
anon'd by sin's starless night, Tho' the world with its pleasures invite thee to
tidings revealed in his word: Bear the Bethlehem sto-ry with gladness to



light, There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right, There are voices to
stay, Tho' the lov'd ones entreat thee "good-bye" to delay, Look away thro' the
men, Bid the world to prepare for His coming a-gain; Free salvation pro-



sing Praise to Jesus the King: }
tears, To e-ter-ni-ty's years: } Speed away! speed away! Speed a - way!
claim Thro' Immanuel's name: }



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472

CAN YOU WAIT?

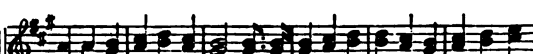
(For Ladies' Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN.

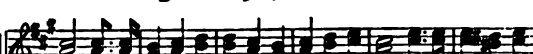
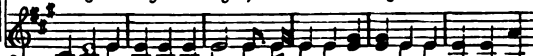
I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.



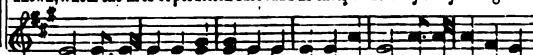
1. Could you wait, could you wait if a brother were lost In the dark, stormy
2. Could you wait, could you wait if a sister should cry, "I am wall'd in by
3. In the flood, in the flood and the tempest-torn night, There are brothers now



night, and a flood to be cross'd? If you knew how to guide him from danger and
fire! I'm not read-y to die! Were your cottage or palace en-cir-cled with
wand'ring who long for the right; There are sisters as gentle as ev - er were



death, Would you sit i-dly singing sweet carols of faith? - O, the faith born a-
flame, And you heard her voice calling you, calling by name, Would you linger to
known, Whom the fires of perdition surround as their own: They are yielding their



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here is the faith full of love! - Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
read Of some beautiful deed? - Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
blood To the flame and the flood, - Can you wait? Can you wait? Can you wait?



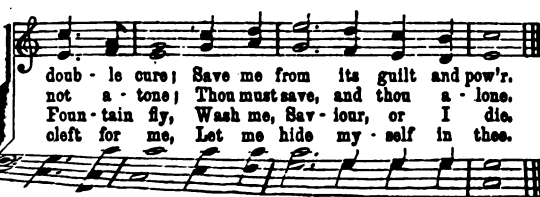
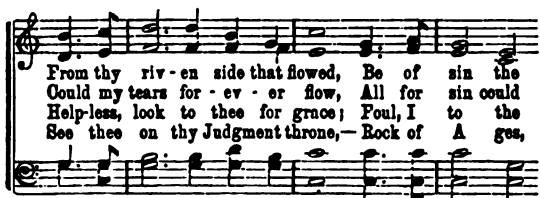
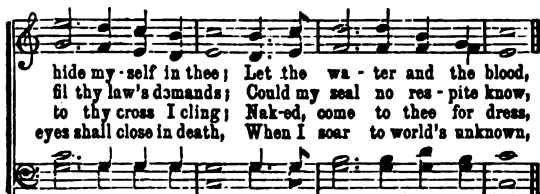
473

ROCK OF AGES.

AGGUSTUS M TOPLADY

(75. 6L.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.



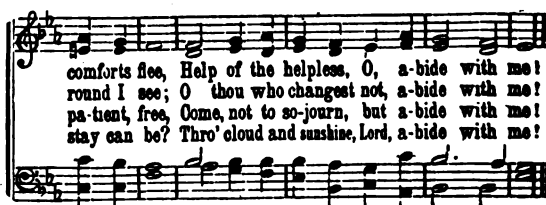
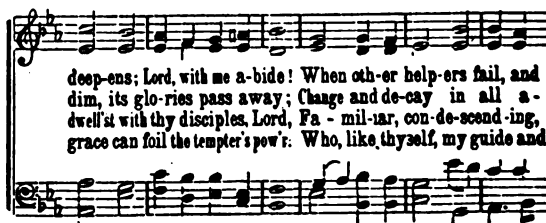
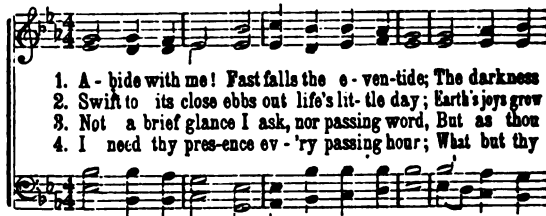
474

ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 105.)

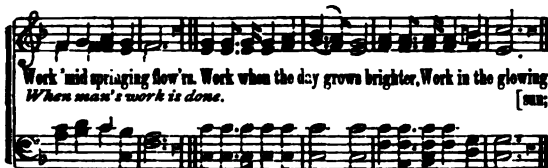
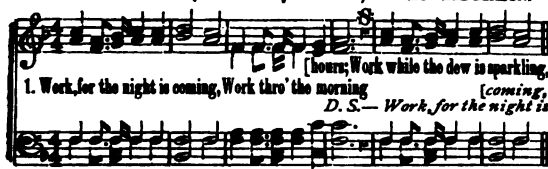
WM. H. MONK.



5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

475 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SYDNEY DYER. (WORK. 75 & 66. P.) LOWELL MASON.



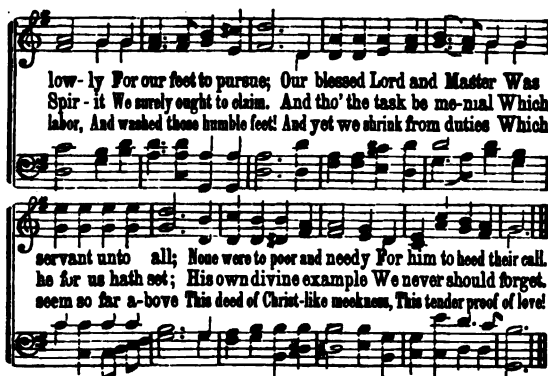
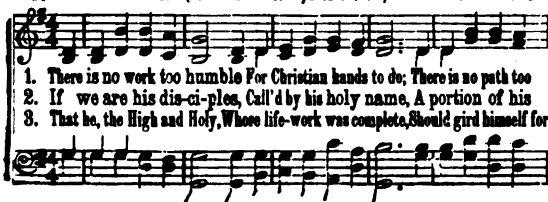
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2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fades,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

476 NO WORK TOO HUMBLE.

T. R. MATTHEWS. (CHENIES. 75 & 66. D.) KATE CAMERON.



477 CARRY THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

(Tune, WORK, No. 475.)

1 Carry the joyful tidings
To every land and sea;
Banish the heart dividings,—
Brothers should brothers be;
Christ died for all the nations,
"One flesh and blood," saith he;
There are no tribes or stations;
One in the Lord are we.

God who hath freedom given,
Calls us to make it known;
He is preparing heaven
Not for ourselves alone.

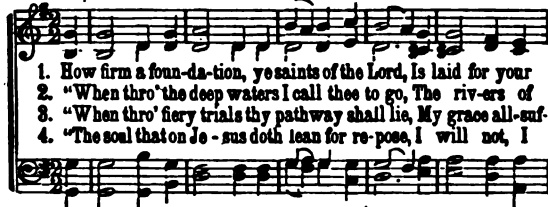
2 God who hath lent his talents,
Bids us his service choose;
God who hath lent his riches,
Bids us in kindness use;

3 Souls on the Orient mountains,
Souls in the Northern snows,
Souls by the Southern fountains,
Souls where the sunset glows!
Souls out of Christ the Saviour:
O for a Church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor,
Pointing the lost above!

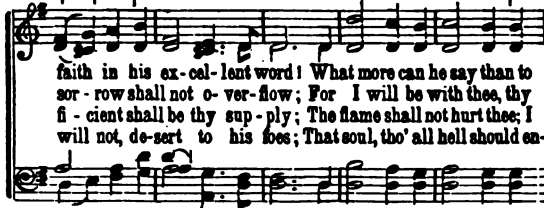
F. E. BELDEN.

478 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION!

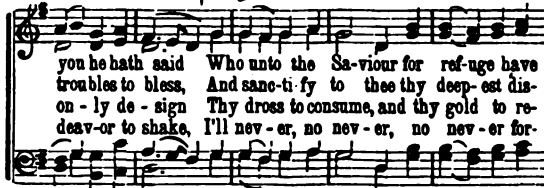
G. KEITH. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 111.) J. READING.



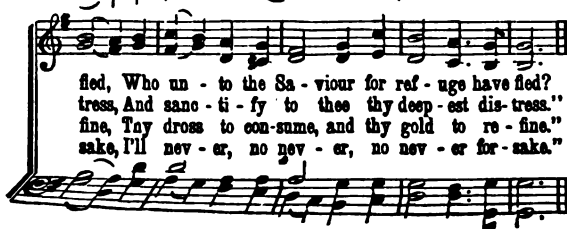
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, yesaints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
3. "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-
4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



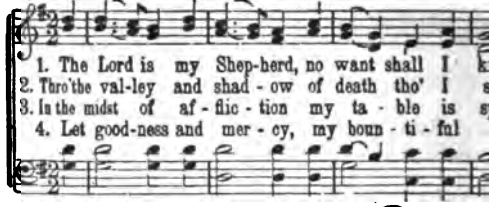
you he hath said Who unto the Sa-viour for ref-uge have
troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-



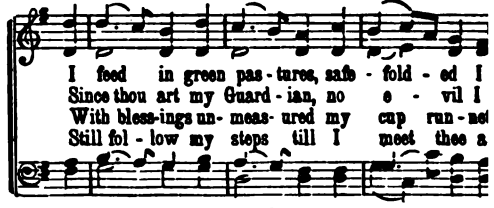
fied, Who un-to the Sa-viour for ref-uge have fled?
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."
sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

479 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

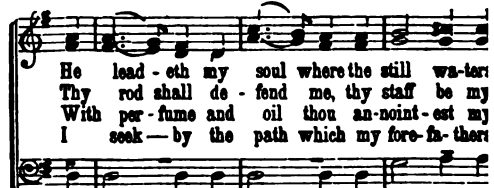
J. MONTGOMERY. (GOSHEN. 112.) GE



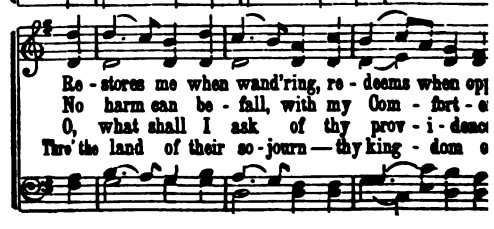
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I k
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I s
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is s
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful



I feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I
Since thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I
With bless-ings un-meas-ured my cap run-net
Still fol-low my steps till I meet thee a



He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ter
Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my
With per-fume and oil thou an-noint-est my
I seek-by the path which my fore-fa-ther



Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er
O, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence
Thro' the land of their so-journ-thy king-dom

480

HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR.

(L. M. D.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed the't! O words with heav'ly comfort franght!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - or mur-mur or re-pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vic't'ry's won.

What'e'r I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
 Con-tent what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 From death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:

His faithful fol'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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481

TO BE LIVING IS SUBLIME.

ANON.

(THE ALARM. 8s & 7s. D.)

ARRANGED.

1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time,
 2. Christian, rouse and arm for con - flict, Nerve thee for the bat - tle field;
 3. Wicked spirits gather round thee, Legions of those foes to God —

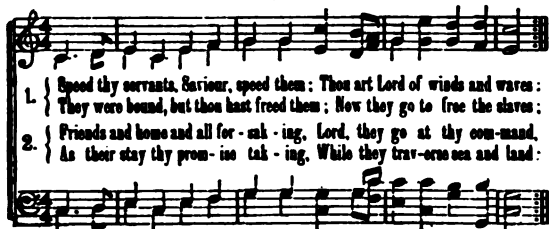
In an age on a-gee telling, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
 Bear the helmet of sal-va-tion, And the mighty gospel shield;
 Principalities most mighty — Walk unseen the earth abroad;

Hark! the waking up of na - tions, Gog and Magog to the fray:
 Bind the breastplate firmly on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand:
 They are gath-'ring to the battle, Strengthen'd for the last deep strife;

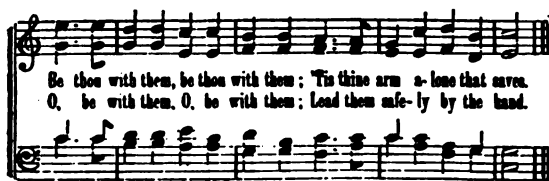
Hark! what soundeth! Is cre-a-tion Groaning for her lat-ter day?
 Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
 Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Strug-gle man-ful-ly for life.

482 SPEED THY SERVANTS.

T. KELLY. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s. 6L.) NEANDER, arr. by F. E. B.



1. Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them: Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but thou hast freed them: Now they go to free the slaves:
2. Friends and home and all for - sak - ing, Lord, they go at thy com-mand,
As their stay thy prom - ise tak - ing, While they trav - erse sea and land:



Be thou with them, be thou with them: 'Tis thine arm a - lone that saves.
O, be with them, O, be with them: Lead them safe - ly by the hand.

483

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Thou art mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
[:] Thus supported: []
Bid their zeal revive again.

In the midst of opposition
May they trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
May thy servants humble be:
[:] Never leave them, [:]
Tell thy face in heart's they see.

1 In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
[:] Little clusters, [:]
Help to fill the garner too.

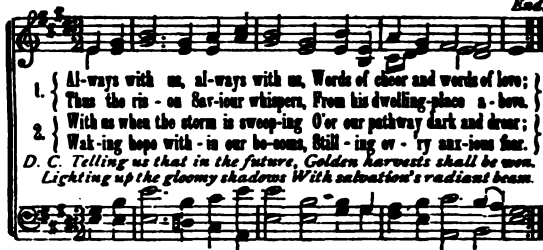
2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments thro' the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorned
While we work, and watch, and pray;
[:] Gathering gladly: []
Free-will off'ings by the way.

484

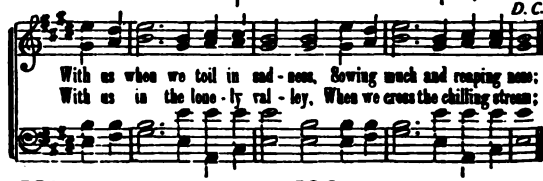
ALWAYS WITH US.

(RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.)

GREGORIAN. *End.*



1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the ris - on Rav - our whispers, From his dwelling - place a -bove.
2. With us when the storm is sweep - ing, O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Wak - ing hope with - in our bo - soms, Still - ing ev - ry anx - ious fear.
*D. C. Telling us that in the future, Golden harvests shall be won,
Lighting up the gloomy shadows With salvation's radiant beam.*



D. C.
With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sowing much and reaping none;
With us in the lone - ly ral - ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

485

1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed throng,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Judgment hath in thee no part.

2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heav'nly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all risks befriended.

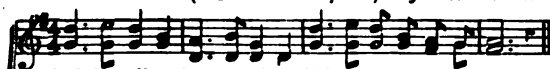
486

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
Thou canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Thou'lt be there dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All is well," thy constant cheer.


2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me o'er I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And the mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heav'n's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

487 PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

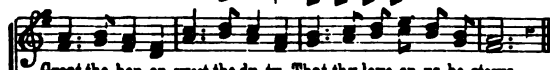
(NORTH. 8s & 7s. D.) JAS. M. NORTH.




1. Lord, thou call-est for the workers, Glad we come at thy command;
2. Bless our labors, God of heaven, Aid thy servants, Lord of earth,
3. Ours is toil that knows no season; Day and night to us are one;
4. Waka, O North-wind! come, O South-wind! O'er our garden softly blow;



Give us each the worker's outfit, Loving heart and ready hand.
As we strive to set our garden With the plant of priceless worth!
Winter is the same as summer; Ours is an e - ter - nal sun.
Bid the Ro-se's sacred perfume From our tender plants to flow.



Great the hon-or, sweet the du-ty That thy love on us be-stows,
Pa-tient all the day we labor, Still at night the tempter sows
So when heat of summer scorches, And when storm-y winter blows.
Come, Be-lov-ed, to thy garden; All its sweets to thee it owes;



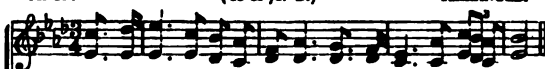
In the soul, howe'er un-fer-til, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Tares of sin where we had planted Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!
Still we toil within our gar-den, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Shed thy ho-ly fragrance o'er us, Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!

488 BREAD ON THE WATERS.

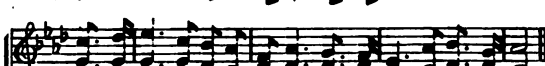
ANON.

(8s & 7s. D.)

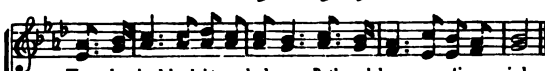
ARRANGED.




1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have but scant supply;
2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" Sad and weary, worn with care,
3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store;



An-gel eyes will watch above it; You shall find it by and by;
Wherefore sitting in the shadow? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
It may float on many a billow, It may strand on many a shore;



He who in his righteous balance, Doth each human action weigh,
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,



Will your sac-rifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
In this life, or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.

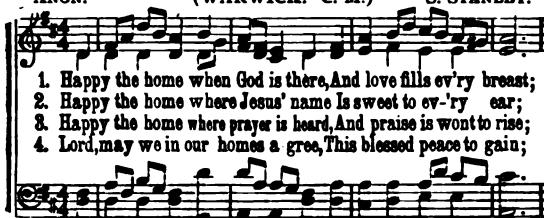
489

HAPPY THE HOME.

ANON.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

S. STANLEY.



1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, may we in our homes a glee, This blessed peace to gain;



When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'nly rest.
Where children ear-ly lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.
Where parents love the sa-cred word, And live but for the skies.
U-nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

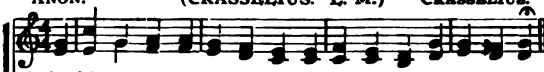


490 THE GOSPEL LIVED OUT.

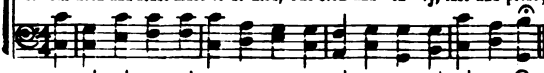
ANON.

(CRASSELIOUS. L. M.)

CRASSELIOUS.



1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fer;
2. Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The hon-ors of our gracious Lord;
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and on-ry, lust and pride;



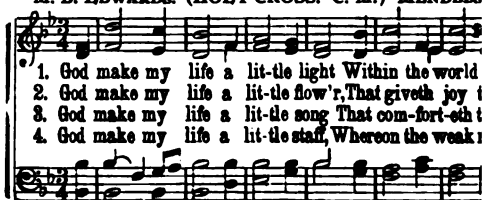
So let our words and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
When his al-mighty reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love, Our in-ward pi-e-ty ap-prove.



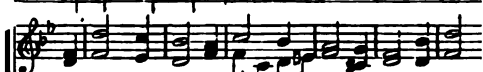
491

A LITTLE LIGHT.

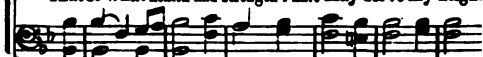
M. B. EDWARDS. (HOLY CROSS. C. M.) MENDELSSOHN.



1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r, That giveth joy
3. God make my life a lit-tle song That com-fort-eth
4. God make my life a lit-tle staff, Whereon the weak



A lit-tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherever I am
Con-tent to bloom in na-tive bow'r, Altho' the place be
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong, And makes the sing
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neigh-

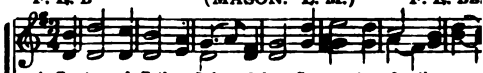


492 KEEP THOU OUR LIPS.

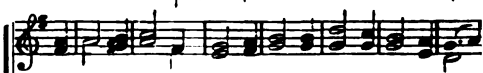
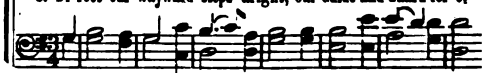
F. R. B.

(MASON. L. M.)

F. R. B.



1. E-ter-nal Father, God of love, Cre-a-tor of the u-
2. Keep thou our lips, that all we say May hon-or thee, our God;
3. Di-rect our wayward steps aright, Our Guide and Guard for-ev-



Pour out thy Spir-it from a-bove, As from thy tem-ple we
That our ex-am-ple day by day May teach the sa-cred truths
In thine e-ter-nal arms of might En-fold and draw us near -



493

HEAVENLY DOVE.

L. WATTS. (ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) WM. TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'r;
 2. O raise our thoughts from things be-low, From van - i - ties and toys!
 3. A - wake our souls to joy - ful songs; Let pure de-vo-tions rise;

Kiln-dried a flame of na - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Then shall we with fresh cour-age go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Till praise employs our thankful tongues, And doubt for - ev - er dies.

494

THE SACRED BOOK.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG. L. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa - cred book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
 2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The image of my ab - sent Lord;
 3. But while I'm here, thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;

It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
 From thy instructive page I learn The joys His presence will af - ford.
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye, And thus partake of joys a - bore.

495

AMAZING GRACE.

J. NEWTON. (BELMONT. C. M.) S. WEBB.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' man - y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

496

HOW PRECIOUS!

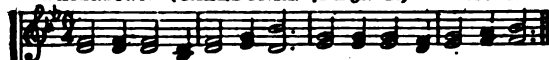
J. FAWCETT. (LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
 2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears,
 3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way,

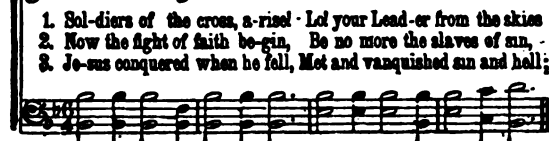
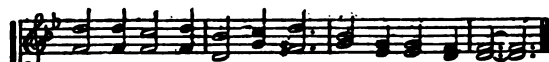
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 And life and light and joy imparts, To banish all our fears.
 Till we be - hold the clearer light Of an e - ter - nal day.

497 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

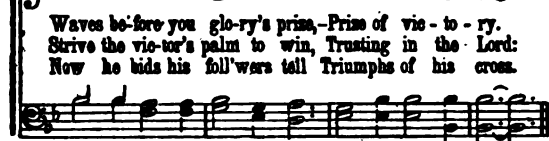
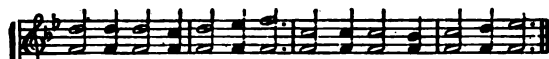
WATERBURY. (CALEDONIA. 78 & 58. D.) SCOTCH.



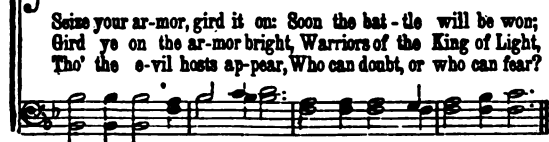

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Let your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;

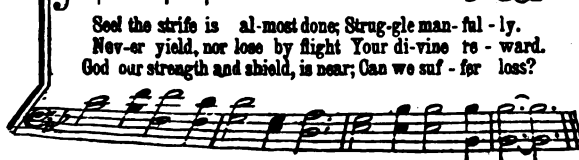
Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, Prize of vic-to-ry.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord:
Now he bids his fol-l'wers tell Triumphs of his cross.

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on: Soon the bat-tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
Tho' the e-vil hosts ap-pear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?





See! the strife is al-most done; Strug-gle man-ful-ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf-fer loss?

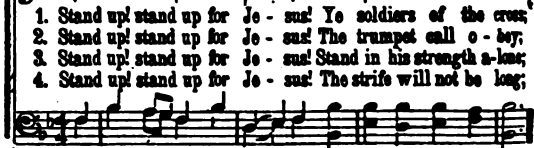
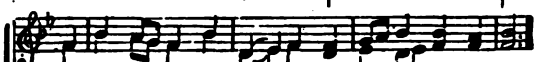


498 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

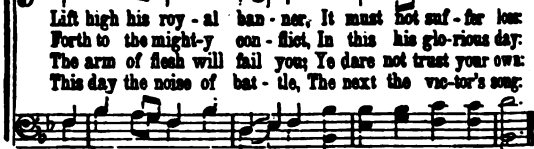
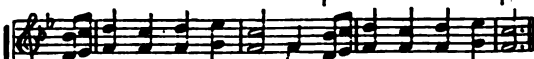
DUFFIELD. (ELLACOMBE. 78 & 68. D.) ST. GALL'S



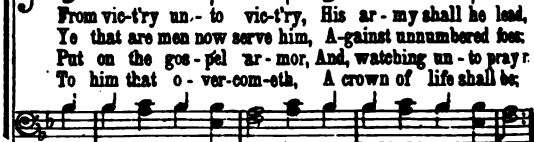
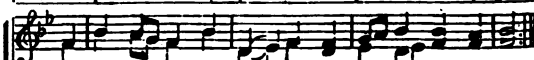
1. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call o-ber;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Stand in his strength a-lore;
4. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The strife will not be long;

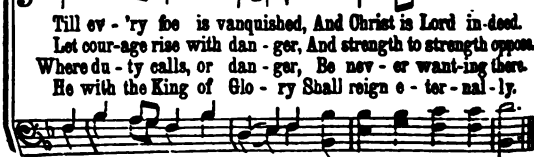
Lift high his roy-al ban-nor, It must not suf-fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con-flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat-tle, The next the vic-tor's song.

From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His ar-my shall he lead,
Ye that are men now serve him, A-against unnumbered foes:
Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And, watching un-to pray:
To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppos:
Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there:
He with the King of Glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.




499 MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.


AMON.

(I LOVE THEE 118.)



JER. INGALLS.




1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my
2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and mi-
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he




Saviour, I love thee, my God. I love thee, I love thee, and
mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my ac - tions will show.
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
name be my song: Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spir - it do cheer:




500 NEVER STAND STILL.

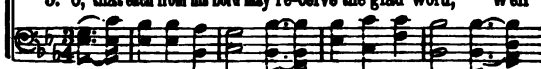

C. WESLEY.

(ANEW. P. M.)

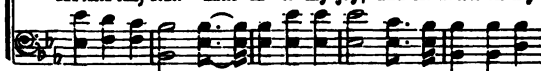
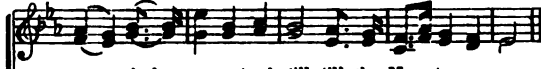
L. MASON.



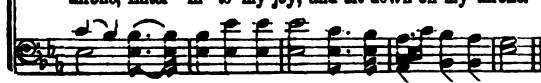
1. Come, let us a - new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll
2. His adorable will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides
4. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I
5. O, that each from his Lord may re-ceive the glad word, "Well

round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-
pear, talents im-prove, By the patience of hope and the labor of
swift-ly a-way, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to
have fought my way thro': I have finished the work thou didst give me to
and faith-fully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my

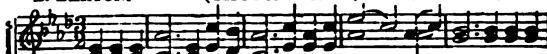
pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas - ter ap-pear.
love, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love.
stay, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."



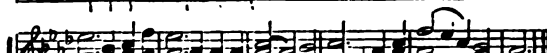
501

WALK IN THE LIGHT.


B. BARTON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, the' thorny, bright; For God, by



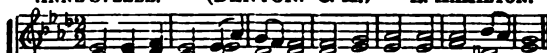
on-ly can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.
light on thee hath shone in which is perfect day, in which is perfect day.
chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there, For Christ hath conquered there.
grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light, And God himself is light.



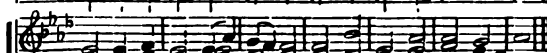
502

A THANKFUL HEART.

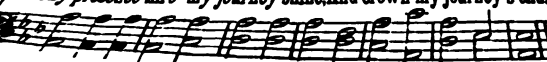
ANNE STEELE. (DENTON. C. M.) E. HAMILTON.



1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;



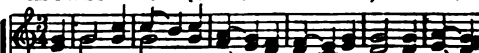
Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise-
The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.



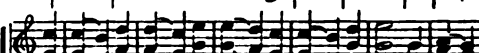
503

ABOVE THESE SHADES.

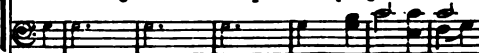
ANNE STEELE. (COVENTRY. C. M.) ENG



1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy
2. There, joys un - seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - b
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upwa
4. O then, on faith's sub-lim - est wing, Our ardent souls ab



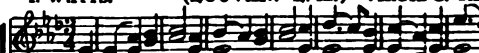
To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er
In ev - er-bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Exposed to no
With one re - viv-ing look of thine, Our languid hearts
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring immortal in t



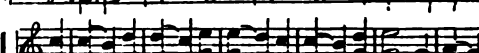
504

WE WALK BY FAITH.


I. WATTS. (LOUVAN. L. M.) VIRGIL C. TA



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark
2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gat
3. The' li-ous roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill



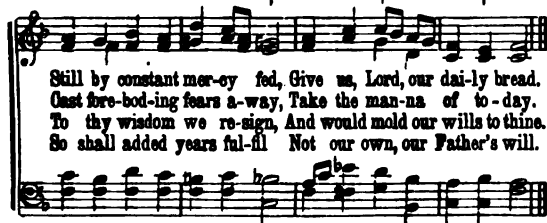
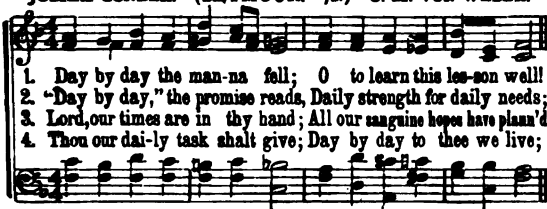
Ti we arrive at heav'n, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith
Far in - to distant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo
With joy we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a hos



505

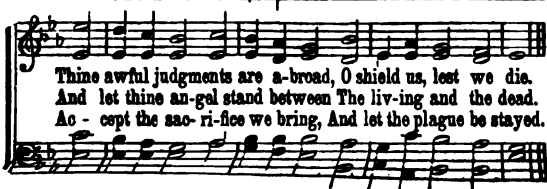
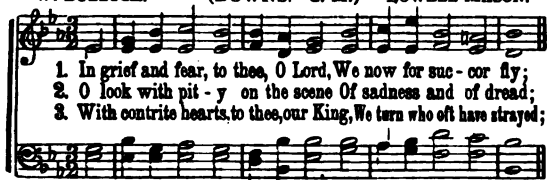
DAILY MANNA.

JOSIAH CONDER. (SHYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.



506 THY JUDGMENTS ABROAD.

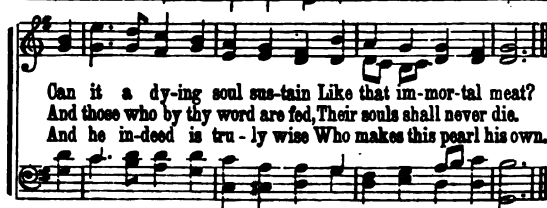
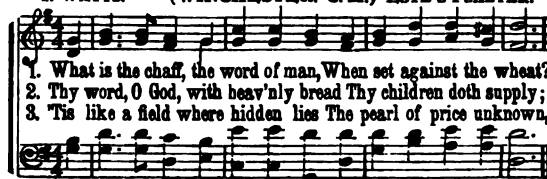
W. BULLOCK. (DOWNS. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.



507

WHAT IS THE CHAFF?

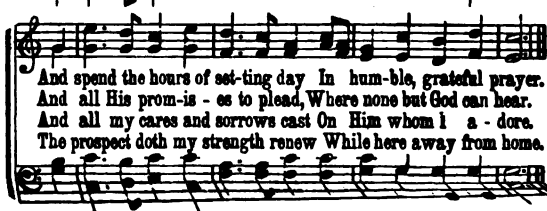
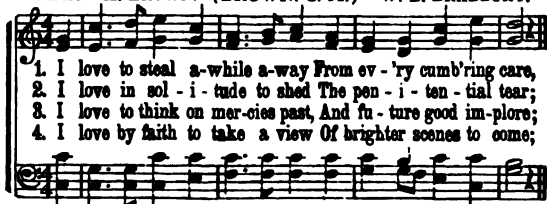
I. WATTS. (WINCHESTER. C. M.) ESTE'S PSALTER.



508

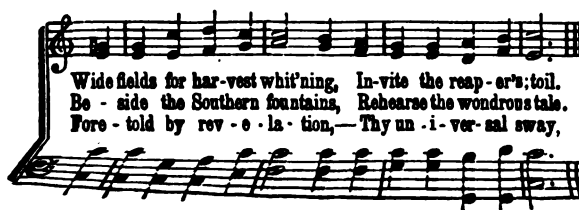
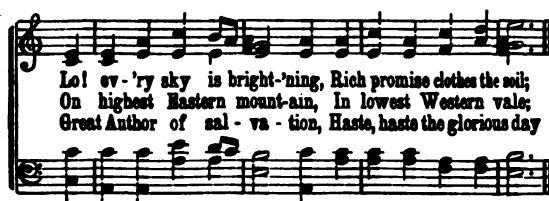
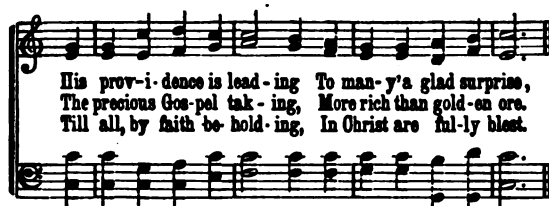
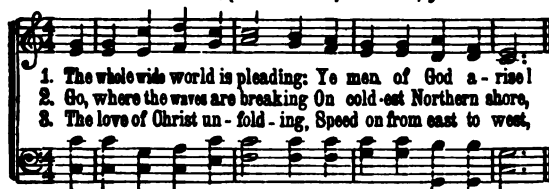
AWAY FROM CARE.

PHOEBE H. BROWN. (BROWN. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



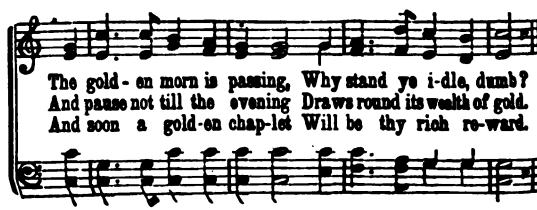
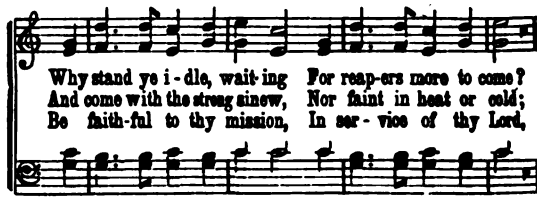
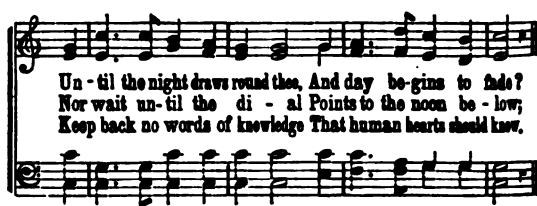
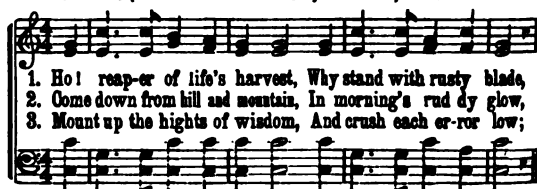
B09 MEN OF GOD, ARISE!

Arr. from M. ANDERSON. (MIRIAM. 75 & 68 D.) J. HOLBROOK.



B10 WHY STAND WITH RUSTY BLADE?

WOODBURY. (LIFE'S HARVEST. 75 & 68 D.) L. B. WOODBURY.



511

ABIDE WITH US.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.) SPANISH.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine abode;
2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
4. Then with thee may we for - ev - er Reiga with all the good and blest,

We would fain like thee be ho - ly, Humbly walking with our God.
 Let each lit - ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer thee.
 All is ill without thy fa-vor, With thy presence all is well.
 Where no sin from thee can sev-er, Where the wea-ry are at rest.

We would thy sweet Spir-it cheer-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
 In thy foot-steps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and frowns;
 While the ev'-ning shad-ows gather, Thro' this drea-ry night of tears,
 There to praise the matchless Giver, There with an - gels to a - dore

Let without thine aid we per-ish, O, a-bide with us, we pray.
 There is suf'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
 Tar-ry with us, O our Sav-iour, Till the morning light appears.
 Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death forevermore.

512

HERE AM I, SEND ME.

DANIEL MARCH. (FILLMORE. 8s & 7s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"
2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
 You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
 Pointing out the path to heaven, Of'ring life and peace to all,
 Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Load and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of - fers free;
 If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
 With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what Heav'n de-mands,
 Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will an - swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me!"
 You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
 You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
 Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

513

THE DAY OF TOIL.

BONAR.

(MORNINGTON. S. M.) MORNINGTON.

1. This is the day of toil Be-neath earth's sul-try noon;
 2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time's brief day;
 3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney still;
 4. The way may rough-er grow, The wea-ri-ness in crease,

This is the day of serv-ice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon.
 No turning back in coward fear, No ling'ring by the way.
 Ours is the path the Master trod Thro' good re-port and ill.
 We gird our loins and hasten on,—The end, the end is peace.

514

KINDRED MINDS.

ANNA BARBAULD. (CAPTIVITY. L. M.)

BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds in sweet communion kindred minds!
 2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love! what holy fear!
 3. Their streaming eyes to-ge-th-er flow For human guilt and human woe;

How swift the heav'nly course they run. Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
 How does the gen'rous flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
 Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.

515

LAMP OF OUR FEET.

BARTON.

(BLISS. C. M.)

F. E. BEI

1. Lamp of our feet, Whereby we trace Our path when wout
 2. Bread of our souls, Whereon we feed; True manna from e
 3. Pil-lar of fire thro' watches dark, And radiant cloud b
 4. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God; Will of his gloriou

Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace; Brook by the trav'ler
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond th
 When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and o
 Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self b

516

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

C. ELLIOTT.

(NOTTING HILL. C. M.) C. H. PE

1. When waves of trouble round me swell, My soul is not dis
 2. When black the threat'ning skies appear, And storms my pat
 3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Saviour, be near to

I hear a voice I know full well,—“Tis I; be not a
 Those accents tran-qui-lize each fear,—“Tis I; be not a
 Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—“Tis I; be not a

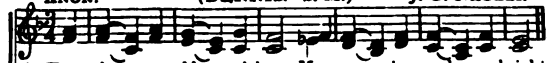
517

BLESSED HOPE.

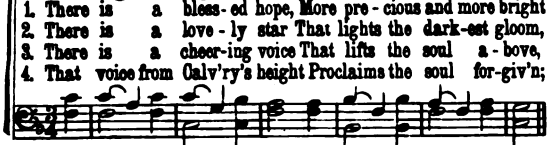
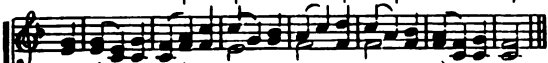
ANON.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

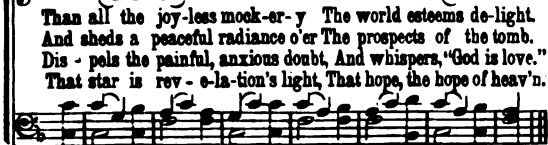
J. G. NAGELL.



1. There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright
 2. There is a love-ly star That lights the dark-est gloom,
 3. There is a cheer-ing voice That lifts the soul a-bove;
 4. That voice from Calv'ry's height Proclaims the soul for-giv'n;

Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world esteems de-light.
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb.
 Dis-pels the painful, anxious doubt, And whispers, "God is love."
 That star is rev-e-la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.



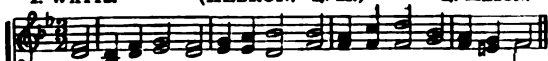
518

THUS FAR.

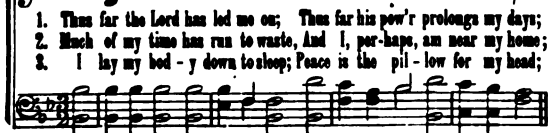
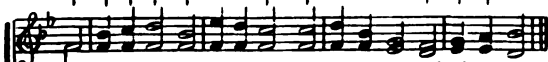
I. WATTS.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

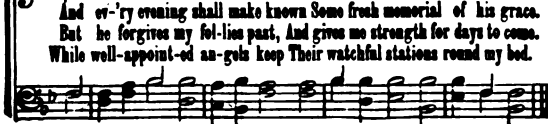
L. MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bed-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev'-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.




519

ON THY CARE.

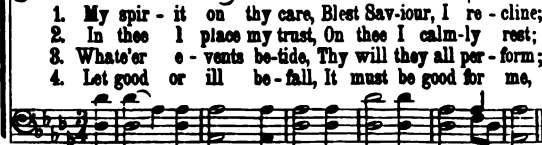
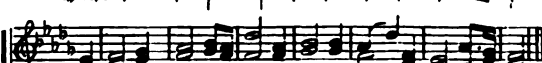
H. F. LYTR.

(DAY. S. M.)

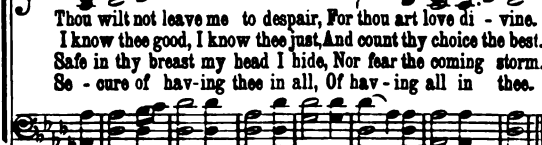
H. ABBOTT.



1. My spir-it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
 2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm-ly rest;
 3. What-e'r e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form;
 4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me,

Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love di-vine.
 I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.
 Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
 So-cure of hav-ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

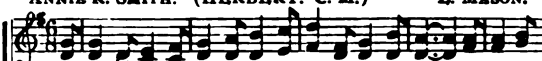


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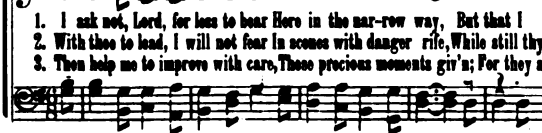
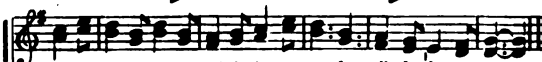
NOT LESS TO BEAR.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.)

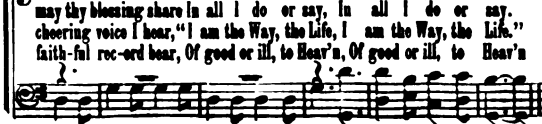
L. MASON.



1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the nar-row way, But that I
 2. With thee to lead, I will not fear In scenes with danger rife, While still thy
 3. Then help me to improve with care, These precious moments giv'n; For they a

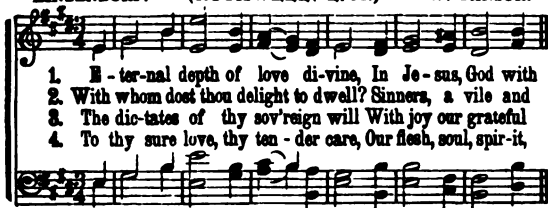



may thy blessing share In all I do or say, In all I do or say.
 cheering voice I hear, "I am the Way, the Life, I am the Way, the Life."
 faith-ful rec-ord bear, Of good or ill, to Hear'n, Of good or ill, to Hear'n

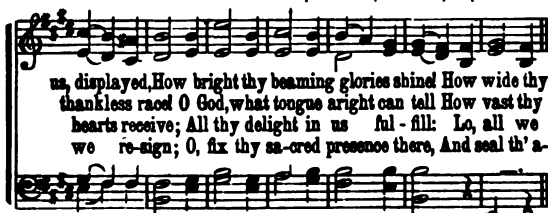


ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

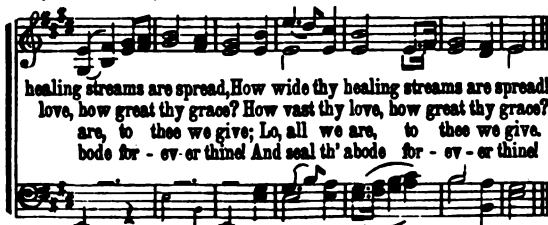
ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR.



1. E - ter - nal depth of love di - vine, In Je - sus, God with
2. With whom dost thou delight to dwell? Sinners, a vile and
3. The dic - tates of thy sov'reign will With joy our grateful
4. To thy sure love, thy ten - der care, Our flesh, soul, spir - it,



us, displayed, How bright thy beaming glories shine! How wide thy
thankless race! O God, what tongue aught can tell How vast thy
hearts receive; All thy delight in us ful - fill: Lo, all we
we re - sign; O, fix thy sa - cred presence there, And seal th' a -



healing streams are spread, How wide thy healing streams are spread!
love, how great thy grace? How vast thy love, how great thy grace?
are, to thee we give; Lo, all we are, to thee we give.
bode for - ev - er thine! And seal th' abode for - ev - er thine!

522

1 God is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yes, the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be
hurled.

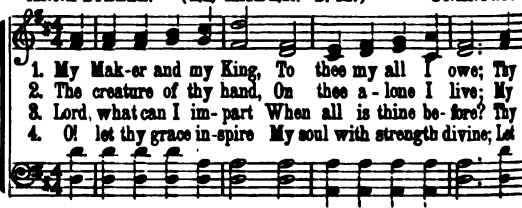
His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.

3 Built by the word of his command,
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
All living things are in his hand,
And he who trusts his word is blest.

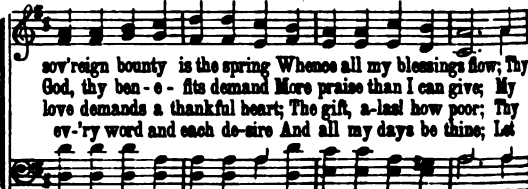
J. MONTGOMERY.

MY MAKER AND MY KING.

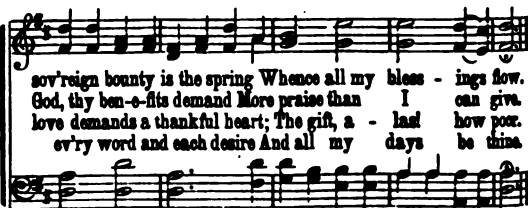
ANNE STEELE. (EL KADER. S. M.) UNKNOWN.



1. My Mak - er and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy
2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My
3. Lord, what can I im - part When all is thine be - fore? Thy
4. O! let thy grace in - spire My soul with strength divine; Let



sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow; Thy
God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give; Thy
love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - last how poor; Thy
ev - 'ry word and each de - sire And all my days be thine; Let



sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.
God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give.
love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - last how poor.
ev - 'ry word and each desire And all my days be thine.

sov - reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

524

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are
spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him?

Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

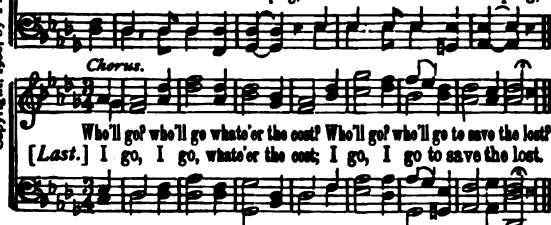
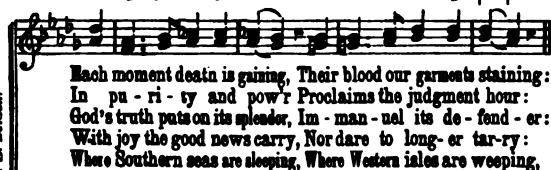
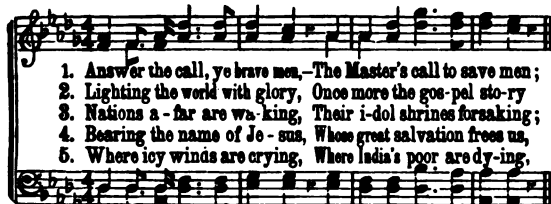
3 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways!
In us O let thy power frame
A

525

I GO.

F. E. BELDEN.

(FOR MALE VOICES.) ARR. FROM J. KINKEL.



Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.

526

REMEMBER ME.

1 When storms of life are sweeping,
When lonely watch I'm keeping,
When floods of ill are falling,
And tempter voices calling,

Chorus. Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!

3 When walking on life's ocean,

Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When 'neath the billows sinking. *Chorus.*

3 When weight of care oppresses,
When thought of sin distresses;
Through all the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal. *Chorus.*

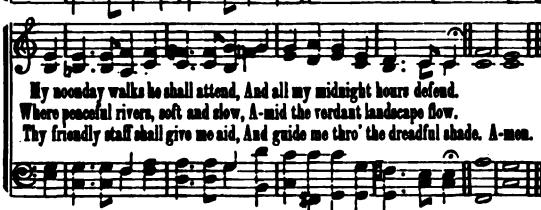
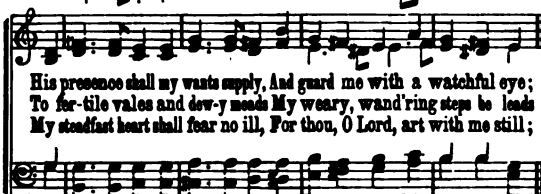
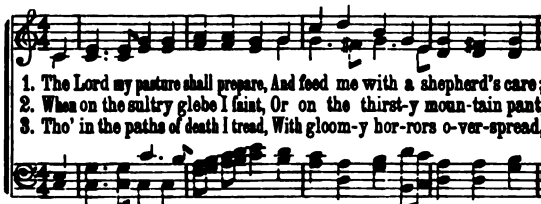
527

THE LORD MY TRUST.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(MELITA. L. M. 6L.)

J. B. DYKES.



528

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Where arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who hidest the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,

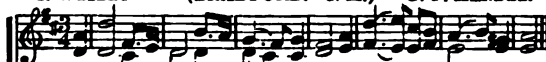
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when, etc.

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bid'st its angry tumult cease,
And pour'st light and life and peace:
O hear us when, etc.

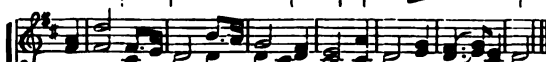
529

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

C. WESLEY. (BRADFORD. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
2. Joy-ful in hope, my spir-it soars To meet thee from a-bove;
3. When God is mine, and I am his, Of par-a-dise possessed,

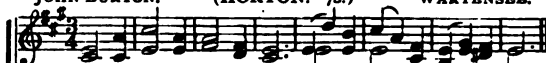


A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.
Thy goodness thank-ful-ly adores, And tastes thy precious love.
I taste un-nut-ter-a-ble bliss, And ev-er last-ing rest.

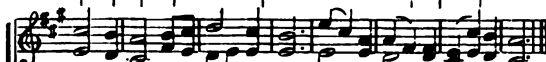
530

BOOK DIVINE.

JOHN BURTON. (HORTON. 7s.) WARTENSER.



1. Ho-ly Bi-ble book di-vine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in distress, If the Ho-ly Spir-it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saints' e-ter-nal home:

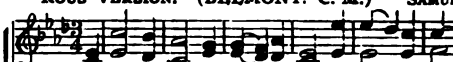


Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to guide my wayward feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to show by liv-ing faith, Man can triumph o-ver death;
O thou ho-ly Book di-vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!


531

MY SHEPHERD.

"ROUS' VERSION." (BELMONT. C. M.) SAMUEL



1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me
2. My soul He doth re-store again; And me to walk
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fe-

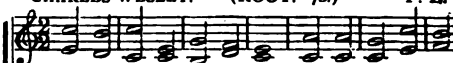


In pastures green; he leadeth me The qui-et wa-
Within the paths of righteousness, Ev'n for his own;
For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff do com-

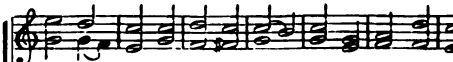
532

GOD, OUR KEEPER.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ROOT. 7s.) F. R.



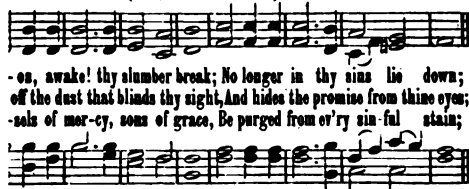
1. God of love that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo-
2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flatt'ring te-
3. Cut off our dependence vain On the help of fee-
4. Men of worldly, low de-sign, Let not these thy peo-



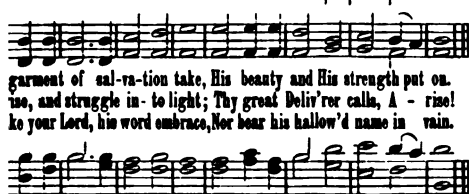
Who on thee a-lone de-pend; Love us, save us
From his un-sus-pect-ed wiles, From the world's pernicious
Ev-ry arm of flesh re-move; Stay us on-ly o-
Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in the

ZION, AWAKE!

SLEY. (HEBER. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



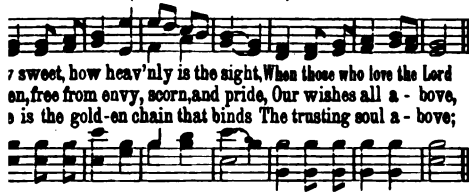
- on, awake! thy slumber break; No longer in thy sins lie down;
off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
- sels of mer-cy, sons of grace, Be purged from ev'ry sin-ful stain;



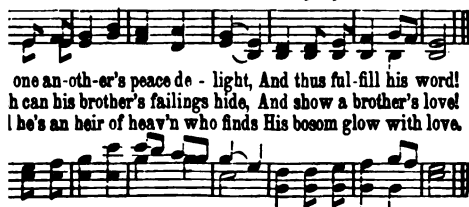
garment of sal-va-tion take, His beauty and His strength put on.
rise, and struggle in- to light; Thy great Deliv'rer calls, A - rise!
ho your Lord, his word embrace, Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

H SWAIN. (GOLDEN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



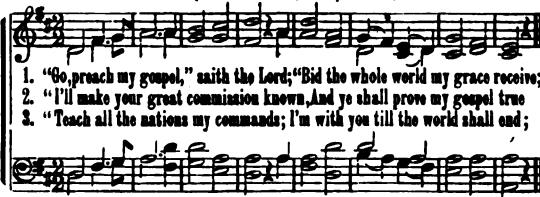
7 sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
en, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
s is the gold-en chain that binds The trusting soul a - bove;



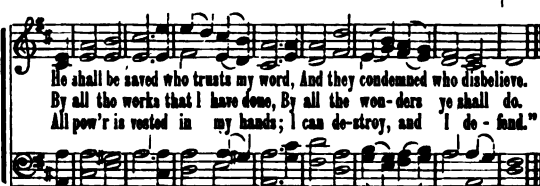
one an-oth-er's peace de - light, And thus ful-fill his word!
h can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bosom glow with love.

535 GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS. (TRURO. L. M.) CHARLES BURNBY.



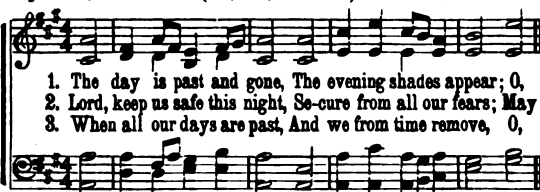
1. "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole world my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gospel true
3. "Teach all the nations my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;



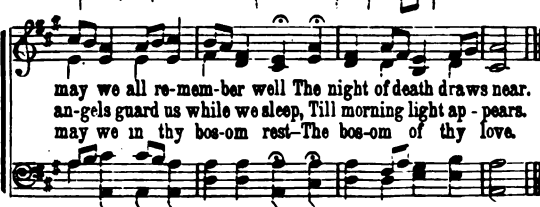
No shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemned who disbelieve.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All pow'r is vested in my hands; I can de-stroy, and 'I do - fund."

536 THE DAY IS PAST.

JOHN LELAND. (VESPER. S. M.) A. CHAPIN.



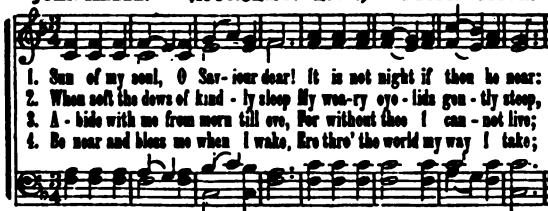
1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O,
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May
3. When all our days are past, And we from time remove, O,



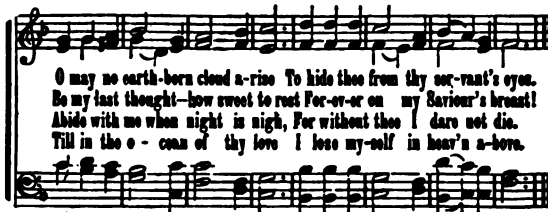
may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.
an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap - pears.
may we in thy bos-om rest - The bos-om of thy love.

537 SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.



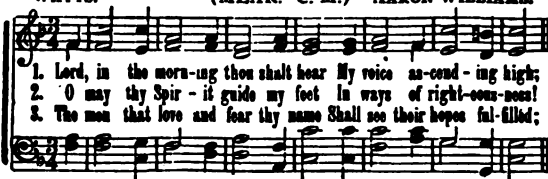
1. Sun of my soul, O Ser-ious dear! It is not night if thou be near:
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gon-ly sleep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
4. Be near and bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



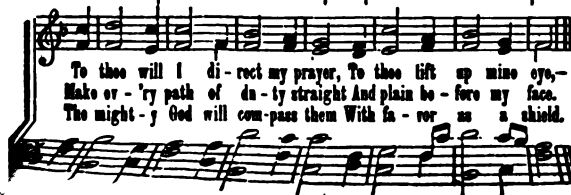
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought-how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Ser-i-ous's breast!
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the e-tern-ity of thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-borne.

538 IN THE MORNING.

WATTS. (MEAR. C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.



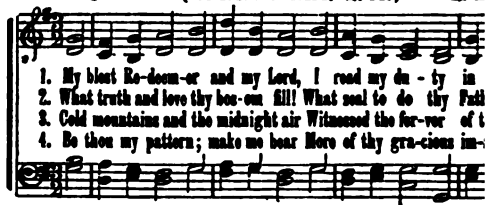
1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;
2. O may thy Spir-it guide my feet In ways of right-ous-ness!
3. The men that love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes ful-filled;



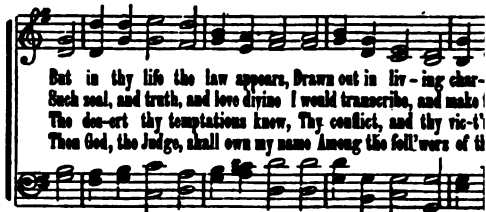
To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,
Make ev-'ry path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face.
The might-y God will com-pan-ions them With fa-ith as a shield.

539 THE LIVING LAW.

WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) L. M.



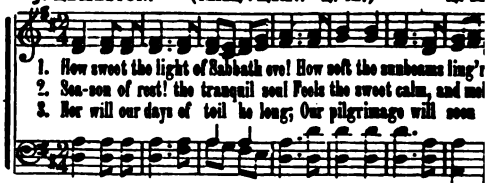
1. My blest Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in
2. What truth and love thy bee-son fill! What zeal to do thy Fiat
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fer-vor of t
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-



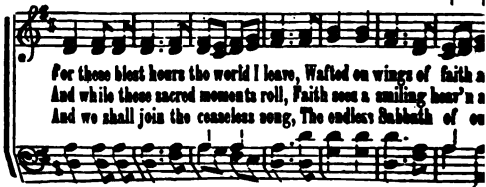
But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine I would transcribe, and make
The doc-er thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and thy vic-t'
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the fol-l'wers of th

540 SABBATH EVE.

J. EDMESTON. (MALVERN. L. M.) L. M.



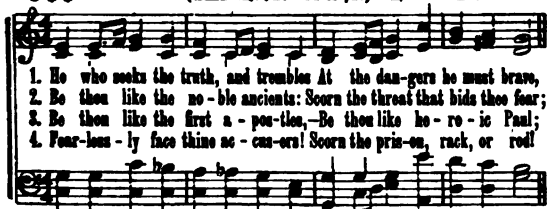
1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve! How soft the sunbeams ling'r
2. Son-son of rest! the tranquil soul Feels the sweet calm, and m
3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pilgrimage will soon



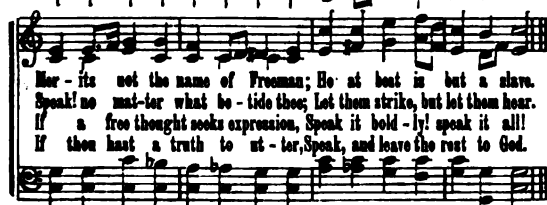
For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith a
And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heav'n a
And we shall join the ceaseless song, The endless Sabbath of on

541 LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

(SHIRLEY. 8s & 7s.) EDWIN BARNES.



1. He who seeks the truth, and trembles At the dan-gers he must brave;
2. Be thou like the no-ble ancients: Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
3. Be thou like the first a-pes-tles,—Be thou like he-ro-ic Paul;
4. Fear-less-ly face thine ac-cu-sers! Scorn the pris-on, rack, or rod!

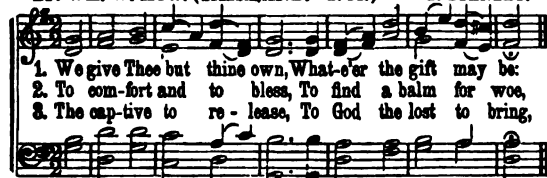


Mer-its not the name of Free-man; He at best is but a slave.
Speak! no mat-ter what be-tide thee; Let them strike, but let them hear.
If a free thought seeks expres-sion, Speak it bold-ly! speak it all!
If thou hast a truth to ut-ter, Speak, and leave the rest to God.

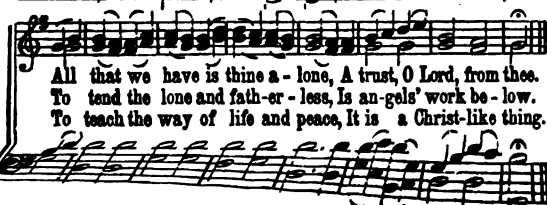
542 THINE OWN.

BP. WM. W. HOW. (SHIRLAND. S. M.) S. STANLEY.

Used by permission.



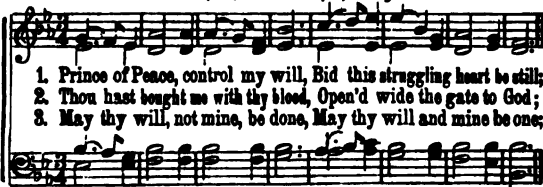
1. We give Thee but thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
2. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
3. The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,



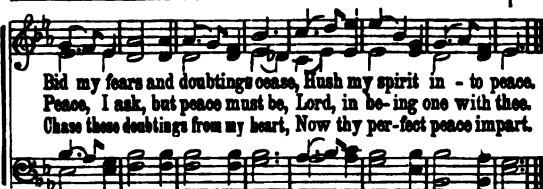
All that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
To tend the lone and fath-er-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.

543 CONTROL MY WILL.

ANON. (FLOWER. 7s.) J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Prince of Peace, control my will, Bid this strag-gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Open'd wide the gate to God;
3. May thy will, not mine, be done, May thy will and mine be one;

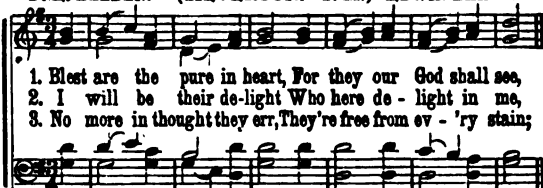


Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spirit in - to peace.
Peace, I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with thee.
Chase these doubt-ings from my heart, Now thy per-fect peace impart.

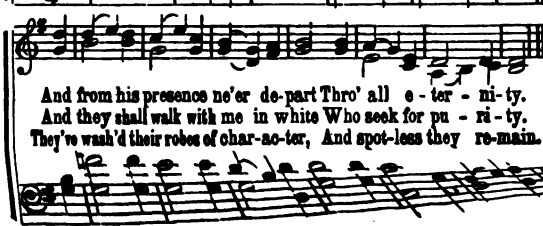
544 THE PURE IN HEART.

F. R. BELDEN. (SILVERTON. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

Used by permission.



1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they our God shall see,
2. I will be their de-light Who here de-light in me,
3. No more in thought they err, They're free from ev-'ry stain;



And from his pres-ence ne'er de-part Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
And they shall walk with me in white Who seek for pu-ri-ty.
They're wash'd their robes of char-ac-ter, And spot-less they re-main.

PILGRIMS, ON!

ANON.

(ONWARD. 8s & 7s. D.)

ARRANGED.

1. Pilgrims! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haster;
2. Pilgrims! the storm is beating; Beating wildly on your way;
3. Pilgrims! what tho' in dangers, Life's e-vent-ful course pur-sue;
4. Pilgrims! there's rest in heaven, Rest from every anxious care,

Sleep not while the blush of morning Calls you on the desert waste.
Tar - ry not, the time is fleet-ing; Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
La - bor on, ye friendless strangers, Grace will guide you safely through.
Rest in Je - sus' smiles for-giv-en, Peaceful and e-ter-nal there.

Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Life's sharp anguish must be borne;
Hasten on, thro' joy and sorrow, Or what-ev-er may be-tide,
What if tri-als must befall you! What if fierce temptations rise!
O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness, O, 't were well the cross to bear,

Courage, then, ye faint and weary, Linger not to weep and mourn.
Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faithful at your work a - bide.
Shall earth's bitter strife appall you While contending for the prize?
If at last in joy and gladness We may rest for-ev-er there!

546 MORN BREAKS O'ER THEE.

J. F. RUSLING. (MORNING LIGHT. 9s & 8s. D.) J. F. RUSLING.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
2. Thou' on the rude, re-lent-less sur-g-en, Calmly compos'd and dawns-ton, stand;
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;

Thy home is in that world of glo-ry, A beacon light hangs out for thee.
For lo, beyond these scenes e-mer-g-es The lights that bound the promi-d land.
The star-ry crowns and realms of glory In-rite thy hap-py soul a-way.

A - rise! a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the thron.
Be-hold! behold! the land is nearing, Where storms of evil rage no more.
A-way! a-way! leave all for glo-ry, Thy name is graven on the thron.

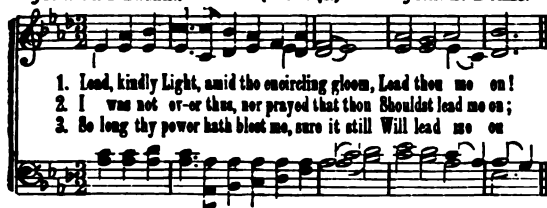
Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re - deem - er reigns
Hark, how the heav'nly hosts are cheering! See in what throngs they range
Thy home is in that world of beauty Where thy Re - deem - er reigns

547 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

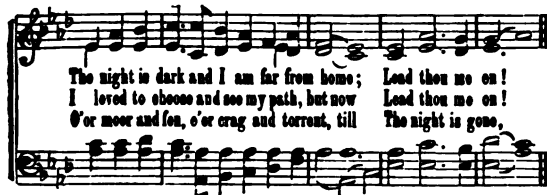
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(108 & 4a.)

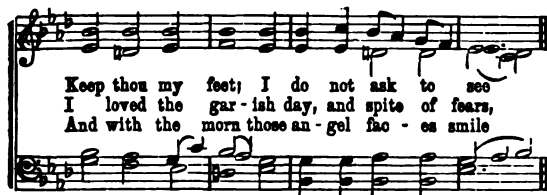
JOHN B. DYKES.



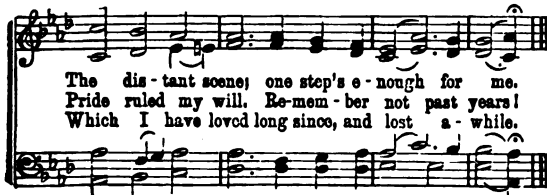
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not er-or thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,



Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar- ish day, and spite of fears,
And with the morn those an- gel fac- es smile



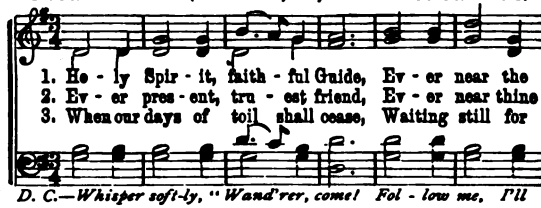
The dis- tant scene; one step's e- nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem- ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while.

548 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

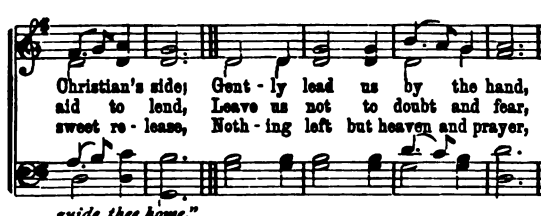
M. M. W.

(GUIDE. 75 D.)

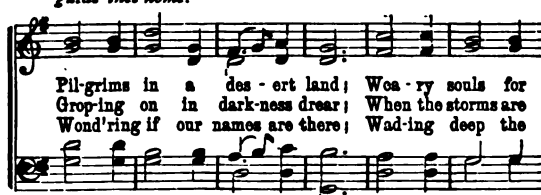
M. M. WELLS.



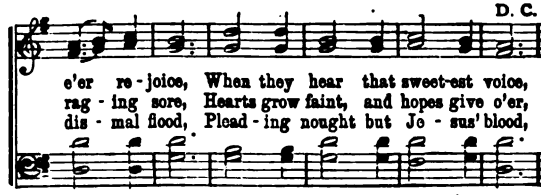
1. Ho- ly Spir- it, faith- ful Guide, Ev- er near the
2. Ev- er pres- ent, tru- est friend, Ev- er near thine
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for



D. C. - Whisper soft-ly, "Wand' rer, come! Fol- low me, I'll
Ohristian's side; Gent- ly lead us by the hand,
aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
sweet re- lease, Noth- ing left but heaven and prayer,



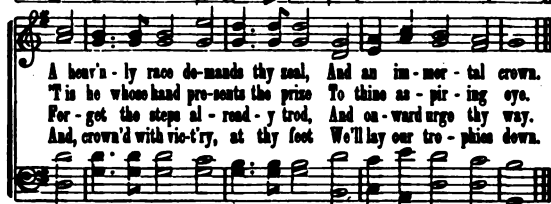
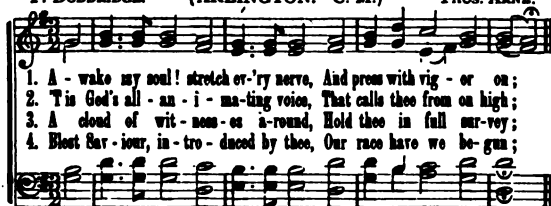
guide thee home."
Pil- grims in a des- ert land; Woa- ry souls for
Groping on in dark- ness drear; When the storms are
Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad- ing deep the



D. C.
e'er re- joice, When they hear that sweet- est voice,
rag- ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
dis- mal flood, Plead- ing nought but Je- sus' blood,

STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

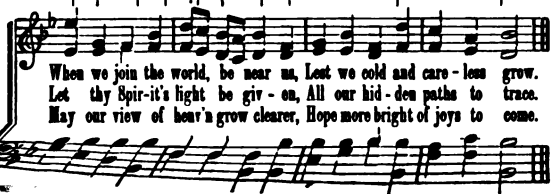
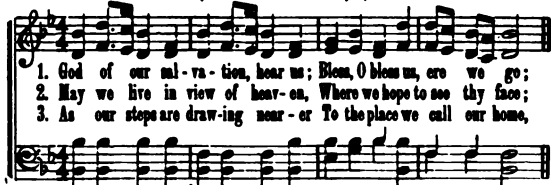
P. DODDRIDGE. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOS. ARNE.



550

BE NEAR US.

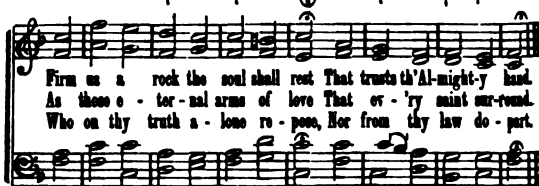
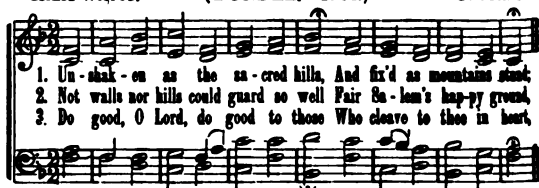
THOS. KELLY. (WILMOT. 8s & 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.



551

FIRM AS A ROCK.

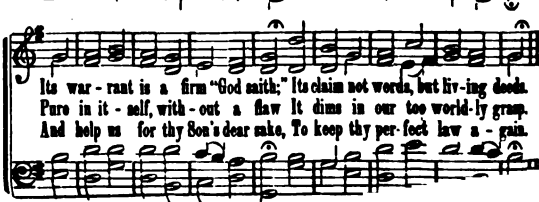
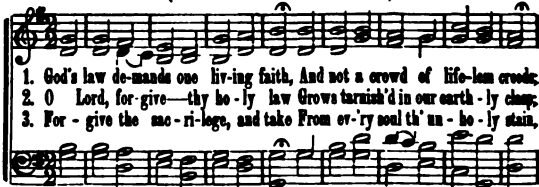
ISAAC WATTS. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.



552

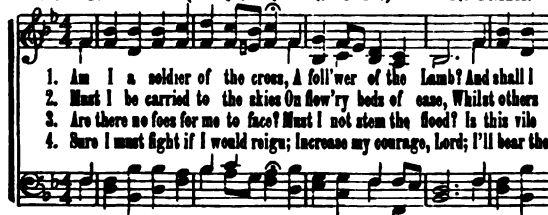
ONE LIVING FAITH,

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. FRANC.

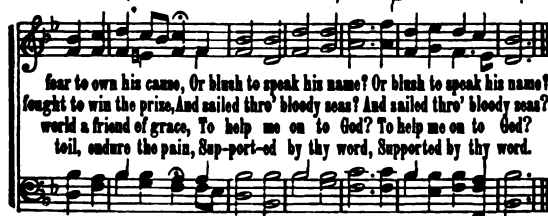


553 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

WATTS. (MILES LANE. C. M.) ENGLISH.



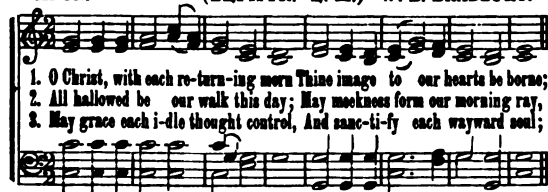
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And shall I
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, Whilst others
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the



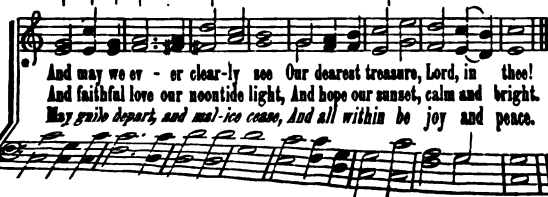
fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?
world a friend of grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word, Supported by thy word.

554 EACH RETURNING MORN.

ANON. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. E. BRADBURY.



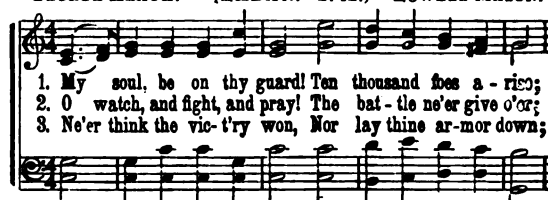
1. O Christ, with each re-turn-ing morn Thine image to our hearts be borne;
2. All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our morning ray,
3. May grace each i-dle thought control, And sanc-ti-fy each wayward soul;



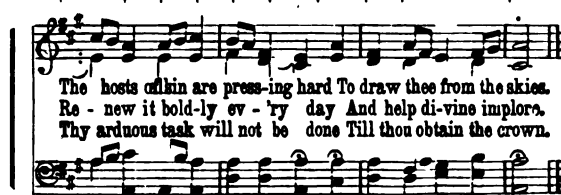
And may we ev - er clear-ly see Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee!
And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
May glo-ri-ous depart, and mal-ice cease, And all within be joy and peace.

555 BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.



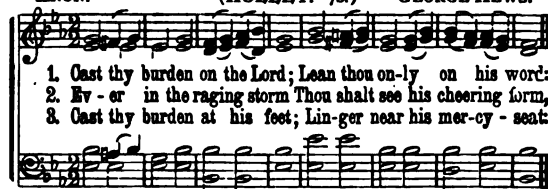
1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;



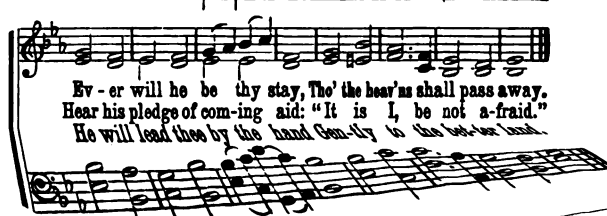
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day And help di-vine implor.
Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

556 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

ANON. (HOLLEY. 78.) GEORGE HEATH.



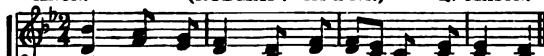
1. Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou on-ly on his word:
2. Ev - er in the raging storm Thou shalt see his cheering form,
3. Cast thy burden at his feet; Lin-ger near his mer-cy - seat




Ev - er will he be thy stay, Tho' the heav'n's shall pass away.
Hear his pledge of com-ing aid: "It is I, be not a-fraid."
He will lead thee by the hand Gen-er-ally to the heav'n's

557 HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

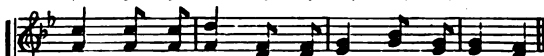
ANON. (RODMAN. 118 & 108.) L. MASON.




1. Heir of the king - dom, O why dost thou slum - ber?
 2. Earth's might - y na - tions, in strife and com - mo - tion,
 3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al - lure - ments
 4. Keep the eye sin - gle, the head up - ward lift - ed;



Why art thou sleep - ing so near thy blest home?
 Trem - ble with ter - ror, and sink in dis - may;
 See how its glo - ry is pass - ing a - way;
 Watch for the glo - ry of earth's com - ing King;



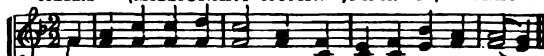
Wake thee, a - rouse thee, and gird on thine ar - mor,
 Lis - ten, 'tis naught but the char - iot's loud rum - bling;
 Break the strong fet - ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
 Lo! o'er the moun - tain - tops light is now break - ing;




Speed for the mo - ments are hur - ry - ing on.
 Heir of the king - dom, no lon - ger de - lay.
 Heir of the king - dom, turn, turn thee a - way.
 Heir of the king - dom, re - joice ye and sing.

558 THEY CALL US.

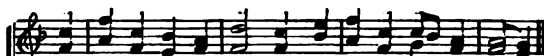
HEBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 75 & 68. D.) MASON.



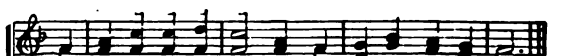
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor - al strand,
 2. Can we whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high, -
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, Ye wa - ters, on - ward roll,



Where Afric's sunny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Can we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim
 Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain -



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has heard Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, O - a - to - In bliss re - turns to reign.


559

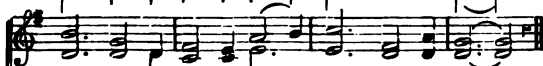
I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. ROBINSON.

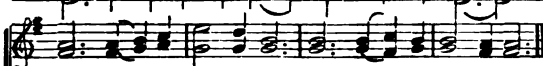
(DOANE. 6s & 4s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

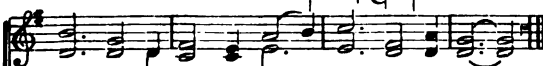
- 
1. Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee,
 2. Riv-en the Rock for me, Thirst to re-lieve,
 3. Of-ten to Marah's brink Have I been bro't;
 4. Saviour! I long to walk Clo-ser with thee;




See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
 Man-na from heaven falls Fresh ev'-ry eve;
 Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
 Led by thy guiding hand, Ev-er to be



Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
 Nev-er a want se-vere Causeth mine eye a tear,
 And with the prayer's as-cent, Je-sus the branch hath rent—
 Constantly near thy side, Quickened and purified,



On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
 But thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be-lieve!"
 Quickly re-lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
Liv-ing for him who died Free-ly for me.

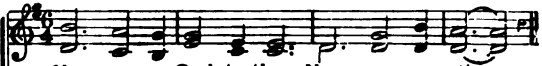


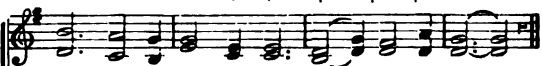
560 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

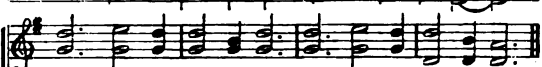
(BETHANY. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

- 
1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone,
 3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky,




E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
 Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n;
 Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,



Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
 So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

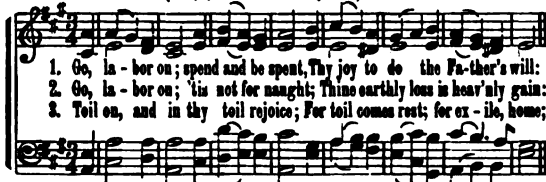


Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

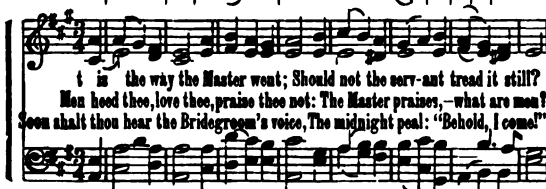


561 SPEND AND BE SPENT.

H. BONAR. (ALL SAINTS. L. M.) WILLIAM KNAPP.

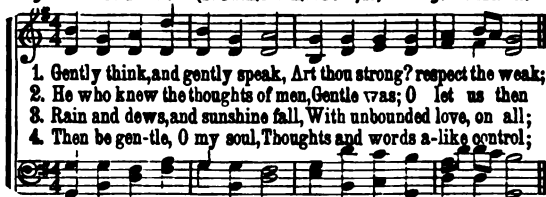


1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will:
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain:
3. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest; for ex - ile, home;

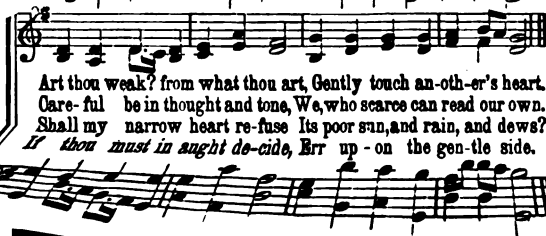


562 GENTLY THINK AND SPEAK.

JOHN MONSELL. (NUREMBERG. 7a.) J. R. AHLB.

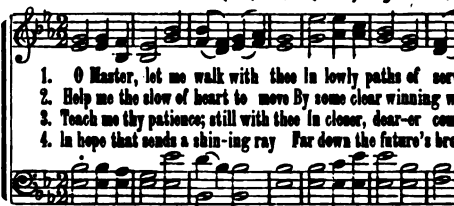


1. Gently think, and gently speak, Art thou strong? respect the weak;
2. He who knew the thoughts of men, Gentle was; O let us then
3. Rain and dews, and sunshine fall, With unbounded love, on all;
4. Then be gen - tle, O my soul, Thoughts and words a - like control;

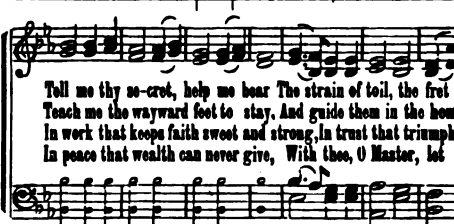


563 IN LOWLY PATHS.

REV. W. GLADDEN. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E.

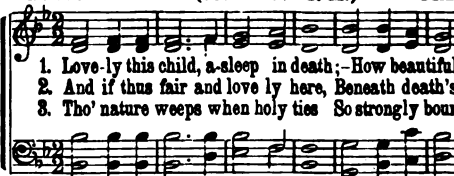


1. O Master, let me walk with thee in lowly paths of sor -
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning w
3. Teach me thy patience; still with thee in closer, dear - er com
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's bro

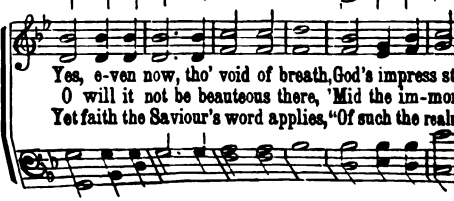


564 THOUGH NATURE WEEPS.

ANON. (PATMOS. C. M.) GRE



1. Love - ly this child, a - sleep in death: - How beautiful
2. And if thus fair and love ly here, Beneath death's
3. Tho' nature weeps when holy ties So strongly hour

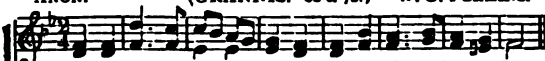


565

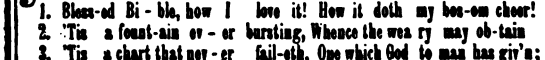
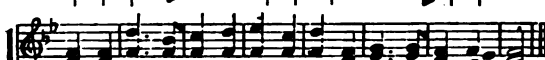
BLESSED BIBLE.

ANON.

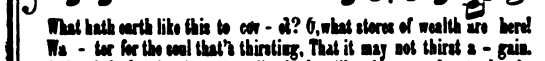
(GRANNIS. 8s & 7s.) W. O. PERKINS.



1. Bless-ed Bi-ble, how I love it! How it doth my soul cheer!
 2. 'Tis a fount-ain ev-er bursting, Whence the wea-ry may ob-tain;
 3. 'Tis a chart that nev-er fail-eth, One which God to man has giv'n;
 4. 'Tis a pearl of price ex-ceed-ing All the gems in o-cean found;

What hath earth like this to cov-er? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Wa-ter for the soul that's thirsting, That it may not thirst a-gain.
 And tho' oft the storm as-sail-eth, It will guide us safe to heav'n.
 All its sa-cred precepts heed-ing, So shall we in grace a-bound.



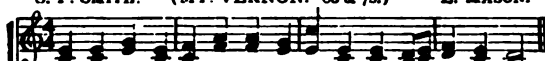
566

THOU HAST LEFT US.

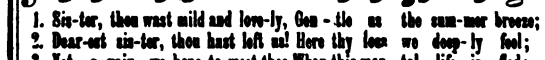
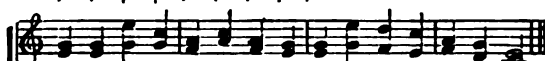
S. F. SMITH.

(MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.)

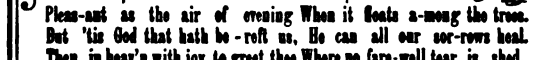
L. MASON.



1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze;
 2. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us! Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
 3. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee. When this mor-tal life is fled;

Please-ant as the air of evening When it sooths a-mong the trees.
 But 'tis God that hath re-cess'd us, He can all our sor-rows heal.
 Then, in heav'n, with joy to greet thee. Where no fare-well tear is shed.



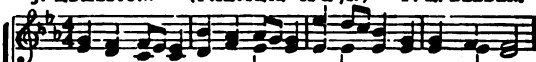
567

EVENING BLESSING.

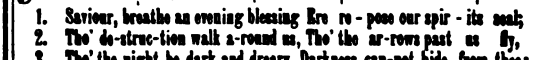
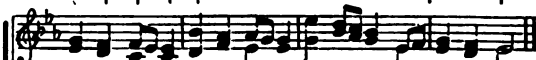
J. EDMESTON.

(PALMER. 8s & 7s.)

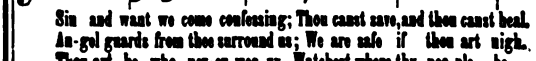
F. E. BELDER.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing Ere re- pose our spir-its seek;
 2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
 3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can-not hide from thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And command us to the tomb,

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 An-gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
 Thou art he, who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple lie.
 May the morn of glo-ry wake us, Clad in bright, e-ter-nal bloom.



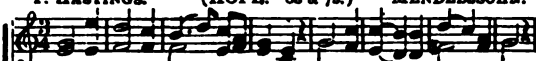
568

THY WILL BE DONE.

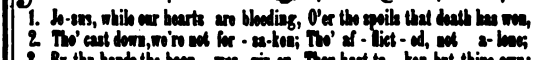

T. HASTINGS.

(HOPE. 8s & 7s.)

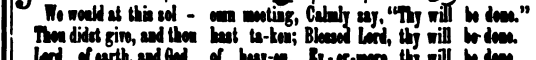
MENDELSSOHN.



1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
 2. Tho' cast down, we're not for-sa-ken; Tho' af-flict-ed, not a-lone;
 3. By thy hands the boon was giv-en, Thou hast ta-ken but thine own:

We would at this sol-own meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
 Thou didst give, and thou hast ta-ken; Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
 Lord of earth, and God of heav-en, Ev-er-more thy will be done.

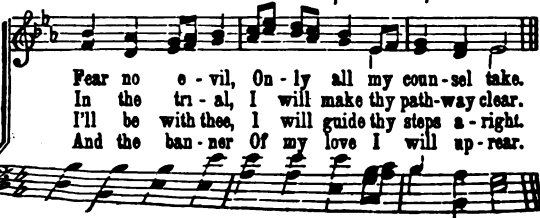
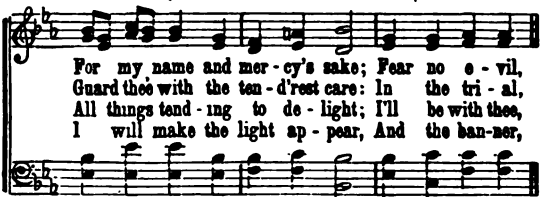
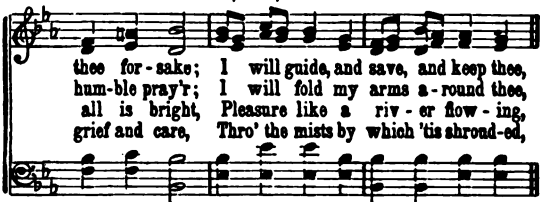
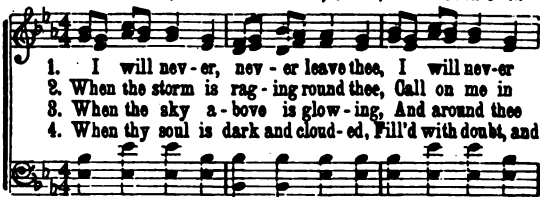


569 I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ANON.

(PROMISE. 8s & 7s. 6L.)

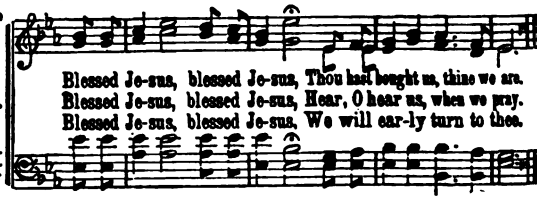
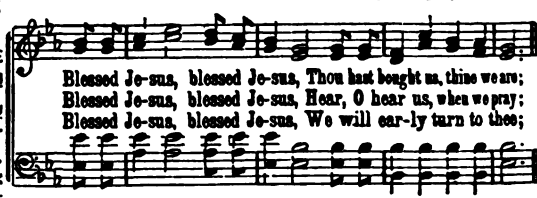
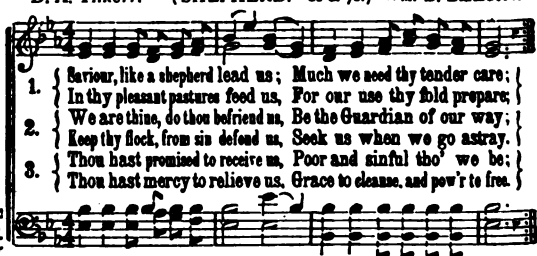
UNKNOWN.



570 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

D. A. THURPP.

(SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.) Wm. B. BRADBURY.



571

1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
[; Guide us, Saviour. ;]
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakens;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
[; Naught can harm us. ;]
While we thus in thee abide.

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572

AS THOU WILT.

B. SCHMOLKE.

(JEWETT. 6s. D.)

WEBER.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt. O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
I travel calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

573

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

574

THY HOLY DAY.

MRS. E. R. PARSON. (ROTHMANN. 6s. D.)

F. E. BILDEN.

1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this thy ho - ly day; We worship
2. We dare not tri-ble now, On this thy ho - ly day; In si-lent
3. We list - en to thy word, On this thy ho - ly day; Bless all that

round thy feet On this thy ho - ly day. Then tender Hear-ly Friend,
awe we bow, On this thy ho - ly day. Check ev-ry wand'ring tho't,
we have heard On this thy ho - ly day. Go with us when we part,

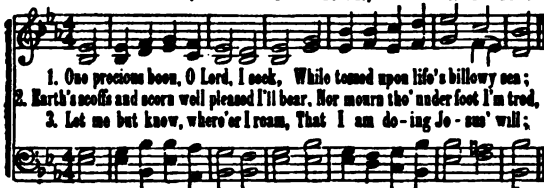
To thee our pray'rs ascend; O'er us in blessing bend, On this thy ho - ly day.
And let us all be taught To serve thee as we ought, On this thy ho - ly day.
And to each humble heart Thy saving grace impart, On this thy ho - ly day.

575

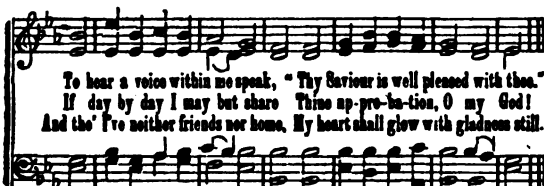
1 God sets a still small voice
Deep ev'ry soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.
If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us,
Bright as the noon we see.

2 If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, soon
'T will leave us quite alone.
O grief! to be allowed
To go in our own way;
Lord, hold our footsteps back,
Lest we no sadly stray.

THINE APPROBATION
FITCH. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.

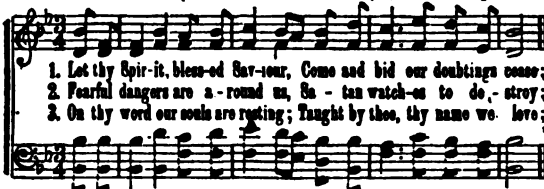


1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
2. Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear, Nor mourn the' under foot I'm tread,
3. Let me but know, where'er I roam, That I am do-ing Jo-han-nas' will;

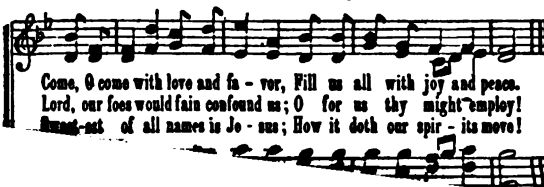


To hear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
If day by day I may but share Thine ap-pro-ba-tion, O my God!
And tho' I've neither friends nor home, My heart shall glow with gladness still.

577 BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.
ANON. (STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.) JONES.

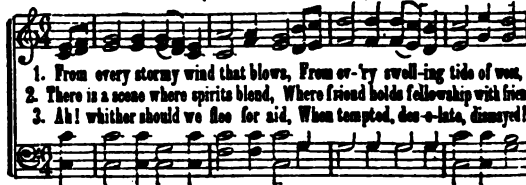


1. Let thy Spir-it, bless-ed Sav-iour, Come and bid our doubtings cease;
2. Fearful dangers are a-round us, Sa-tan watch-es to de-stroy;
3. On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love;

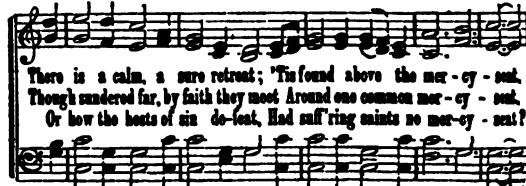


Come, O come with love and fa-ver, Fill us all with joy and peace.
Lord, our foes would fain confound us; O for us thy might employ!
Humbly-act of all names is Jo-han-nas; How it doth our spir-it move!

578 THE MERCY SEAT.
STOWELL. (RETREAT. L. M.) HASTINGS.

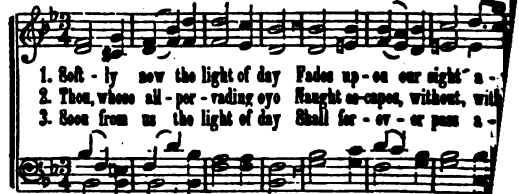


1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-ry swell-ing tide of woe,
2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
3. Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, des-a-late, dismayed?

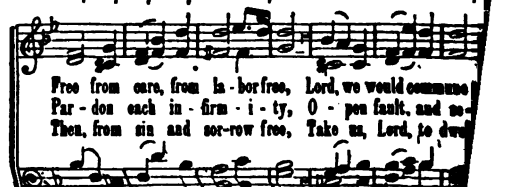


There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found above the mer-cy-seat.
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of sin de-feat, Had suf-fering saints no mer-cy-seat?

579 COMMUNING WITH THEE.
DOANE. (MERCY. 7s.) GOTTSCHALL.



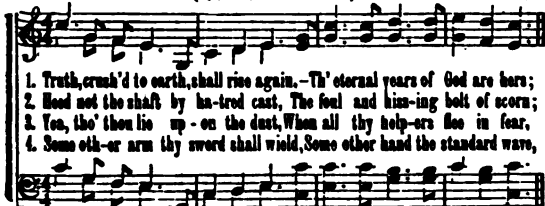
1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our night-a-
2. Thou, whose all-per-ading eye Naught es-capest, without, with
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-



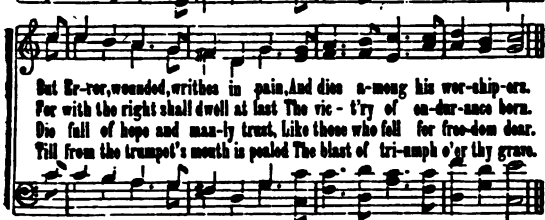
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and so-
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell

580 TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.

WM. C. BRYANT. (LORENZ. L. M.) F. R. BELDEN.



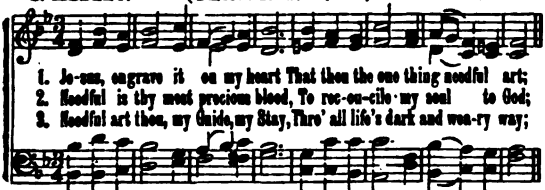
1. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again. - Th' eternal years of God are here;
2. Need not the shaft by ha-tred cast, The foul and hiss-ing bolt of scorn;
3. Yea, tho' thou lie - on the dust, When all thy help-ers flee in fear,
4. Some oth-er arm thy sword shall wield, Some other hand the standard wave,



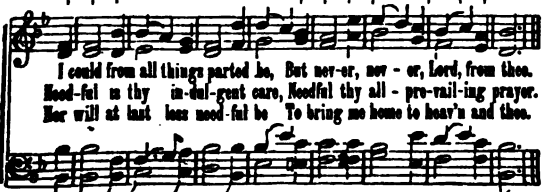
But er-er, wounded, writhe in pain, And die a-mong his wor-ship-ers.
For with the right shall dwell at last The vic-t'ry of on-our-nance born.
O'er full of hope and man-ly trust, Like those who fell for free-dom dear.
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The blast of tri-umph o'er thy grave.

581 THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

S. MEDLEY. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.



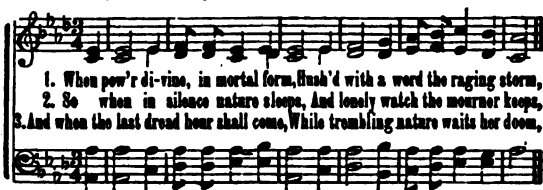
1. Je-sus, en-grave it on my heart That thou the one thing needful art;
2. Needful in thy most pre-cious blood, To re-con-cile my soul to God;
3. Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay, Thro' all life's dark and wea-ry way;



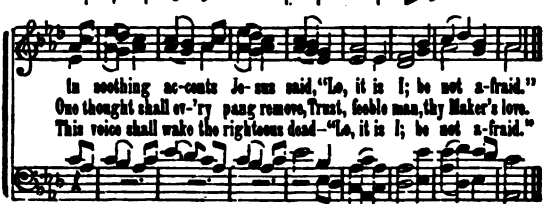
I could from all things parted be, But nev-er, nev-er, Lord, from thee.
Need-ful in thy in-dul-gent care, Needful thy all - pre-vail-ing prayer.
Nor will at last less need-ful be To bring me home to heav'n and thee.

582 BE NOT AFRAID.

SIR F. R. SMITH. (MELITA. L. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



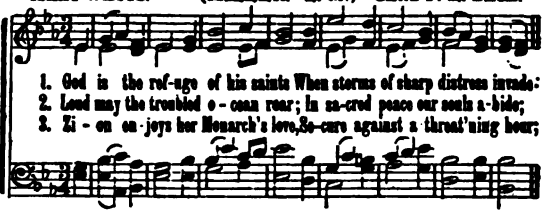
1. When pow'r di-vine, in mortal form, flash'd with a word the raging storm,
2. So when in silence nature sleeps, And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
3. And when the last dread hour shall come, While trembling nature waits her doom,



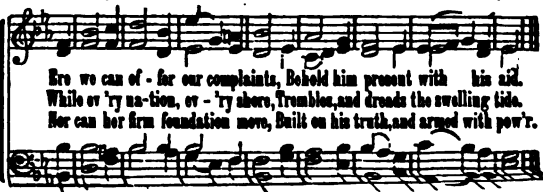
In soothing ac-cente Je-sus said, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."
One thought shall ev-'ry pang remove, Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
This voice shall wake the righteous dead - "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."

583 GOD, OUR REFUGE.

ISAAC WATTS. (MILLER. L. M.) CARL P. R. BACH.



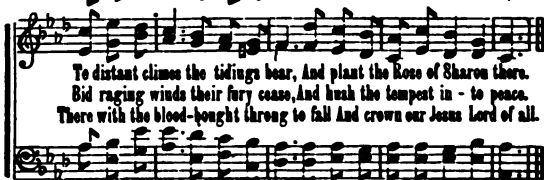
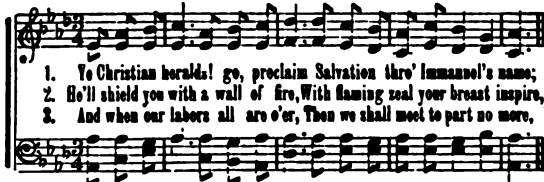
1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade:
2. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa-fet-ty peace our souls a-bide;
3. Zi - on on-joys her Monarch's love, So-cure against a threat'ning hour;



Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on his truth, and armed with pow'r.

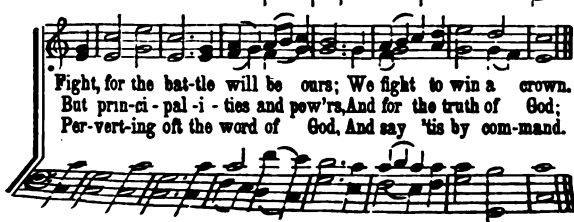
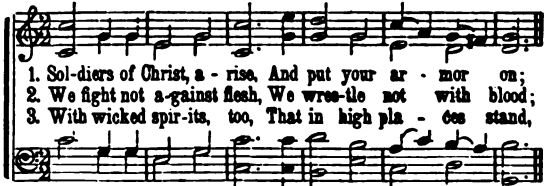
584 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS!

ANON. (OAKLAND. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.



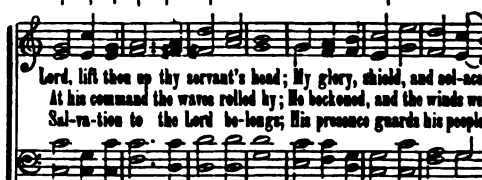
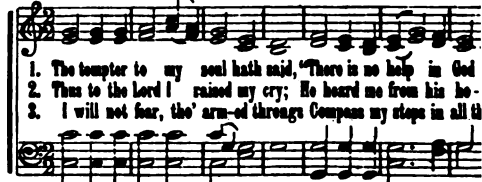
585 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

C WESLEY. (SILVER STREET. S. M.) I. SMITH.



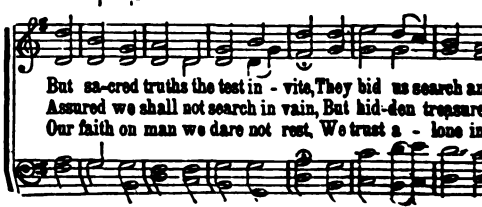
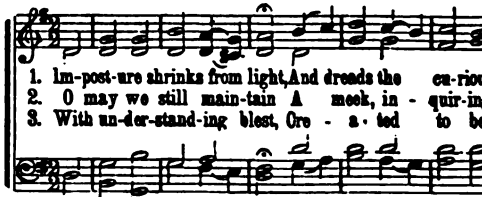
586 HELP IN GOD FOR THEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRAD



587 IMPOSTURE SHRINKS.

ANON. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. HAI

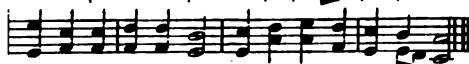
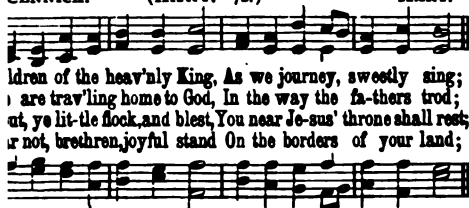


CHILDREN OF THE KING.

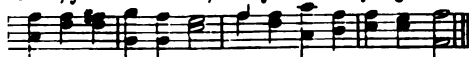
CENNICK.

(HART. 7s.)

HART.



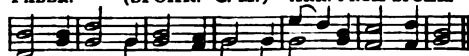
our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
hen Christ our Lord shall come, We shall all be gathered home.
your seats are now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.



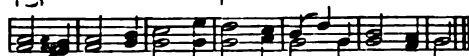
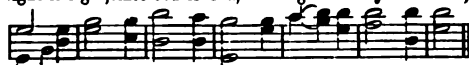
SCORN PRAISE OF MEN.

FABER.

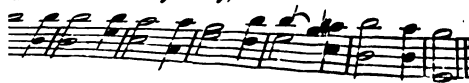
(SPOHR. C. M.) ARR. FROM SPOHR.



blest is he who can di-vine Where truth and justice lie,
learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;



lars to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blinded eye.
e-sus won the world thro' shame, And beckons thee his road.
mbt would be dis-loy-al-ty, To fal-ter would be sin.

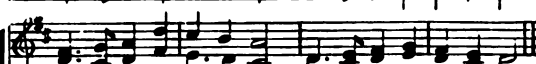
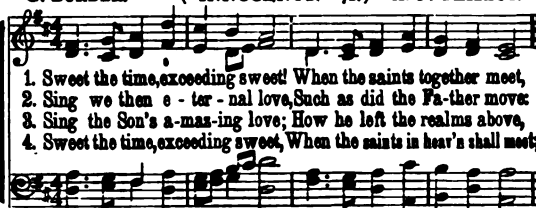


590

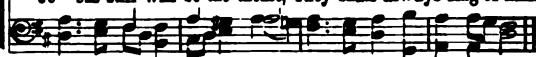
SWEET THE TIME.

G. BURDER.

("INNOCENTS." 7s.) A. F. TRIBAUT.



When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.
He beheld the world un-done, Loved the world and gave his Son.
Took our nature and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Je - sus still will be the theme, They shall always sing of him.

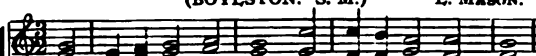


591

MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

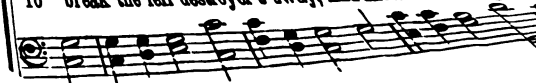
L. MASON.



1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the lost, - but call, Call to the strong, the free;
3. Mourn for the lost, - but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,



Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de-lud - ed throng.
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the Ref - uge flee.
To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his van-ishing way.

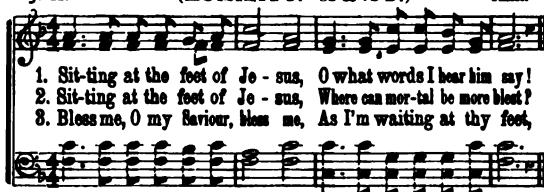


592 AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

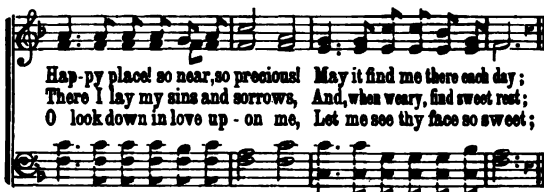
J. H.

(HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.)

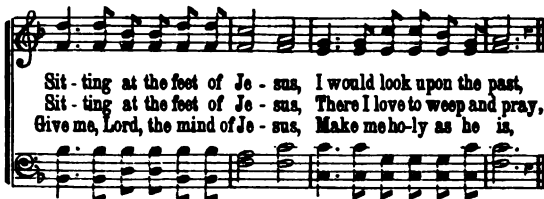
ARR.



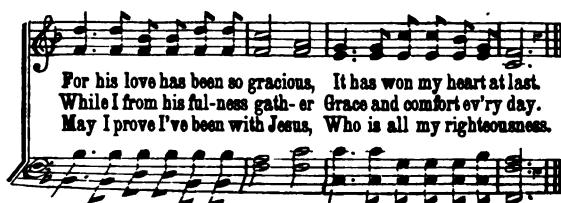
1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at thy feet,



Hap - py place so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
O look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;



Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past,
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is,

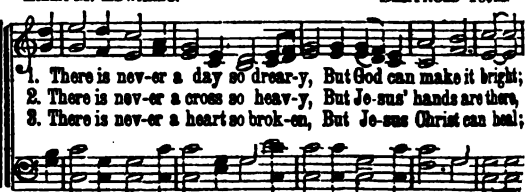


For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful - ness gath - er Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

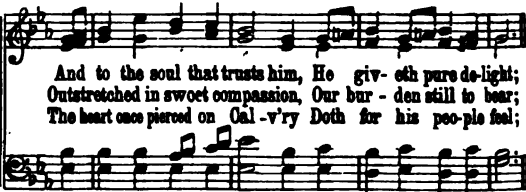
593 A PRESENT HELP.

LILLA M. EDWARDS.

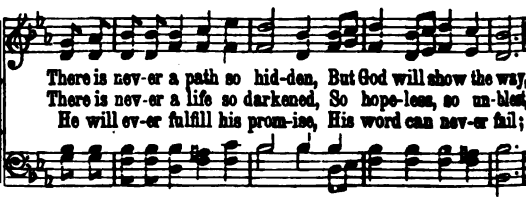
BERTHOLD TOURS.



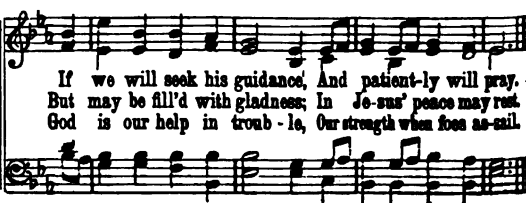
1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it bright;
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, But Je - sus' hands are there,
3. There is nev - er a heart so brok - en, But Je - sus (Christ can heal;



And to the soul that trusts him, He giv - eth pure de - light;
Outstretched in sweet compassion, Our bur - den still to bear;
The heart once pierced on Cal - v'ry Doth for his peo - ple heal;



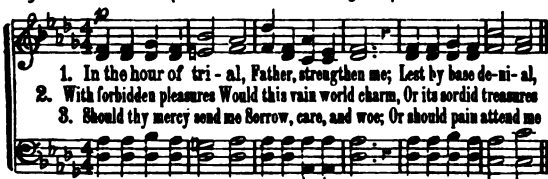
There is nev - er a path so hid - den, But God will show the way,
There is nev - er a life so darkened, So hope - less, so un - blest,
He will ev - er fulfill his prom - ise, His word can nev - er fail;



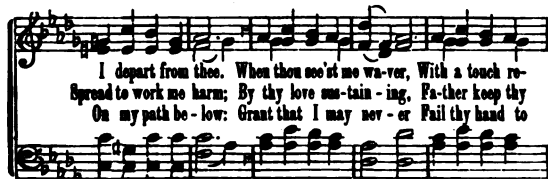
If we will seek his guidance, And patient - ly will pray,
But may be fill'd with gladness; In Je - sus' peace may rest.
God is our help in troub - le, Our strength when foes as - sail.

594 IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

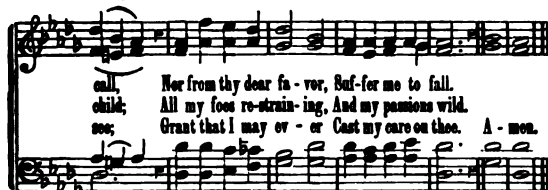
J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 68 & 58. D.) SPENCER LANE.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Father, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treasures
3. Should thy mercy send me sorrow, care, and woe; Or should pain attend me



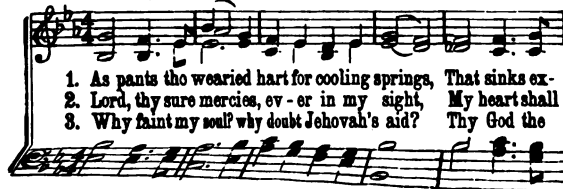
I depart from thee. When thou see'st me wa-ver, With a touch re-
spread to work me harm: By thy love sus-tain - ing. Fa-ther keep thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy hand to



call, Nor from thy dear fa - vor, Saf - for me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain - ing, And my passions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee. A - men.

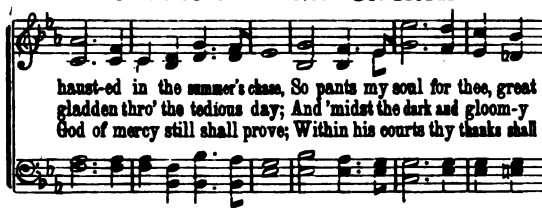
595 AS PANTS THE HART.

ANON. (MENDELSSOHN. 118 & 108.) F. MENDELSSOHN.

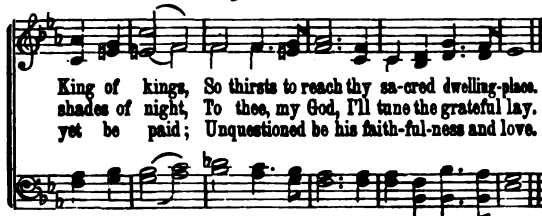


1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex-
2. Lord, thy sure mercies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the

AS PANTS THE HART.—CONCLUDED.



haust-ed in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
gladden thro' the tedious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom-y
God of mercy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall



King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa - cred dwelling - place.
shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
yet be paid; Unquestioned be his faith - ful - ness and love.

596

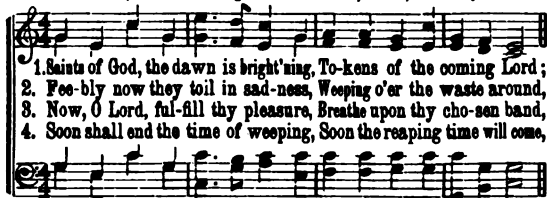
WITH THEE.

(Tune "Mendelssohn," 595.)

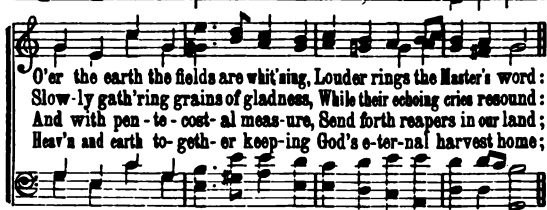
1. O blessed peace, that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O joyous faith, that grasps the glad forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!
2. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

HARRIET BRACKEN STOWE.

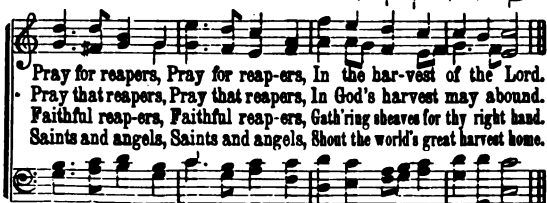
597 PRAY FOR REAPERS. HENRY SMART,
MAXWELL. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) Arr. by F. E. B.



1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, To-kens of the coming Lord;
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sad-ness, Weeping o'er the waste around,
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy cho-sen band,
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come,



O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Louder rings the Master's word:
Slow-ly gath'ring grains of gladness, While their echoing cries resound:
And with pen-te-cost-al meas-ure, Send forth reapers in our land;
Heav'n and earth to-gether keep-ing God's e-ter-nal harvest home;

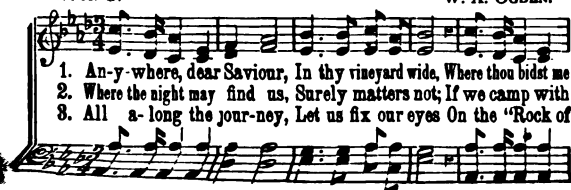


Pray for reapers, Pray for reap-ers, In the bar-vest of the Lord.
Pray that reapers, Pray that reapers, In God's harvest may abound.
Faithful reap-ers, Faithful reap-ers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
Saints and angels, Saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.

598 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

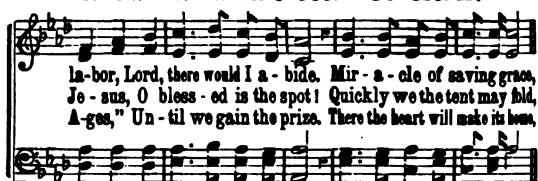
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



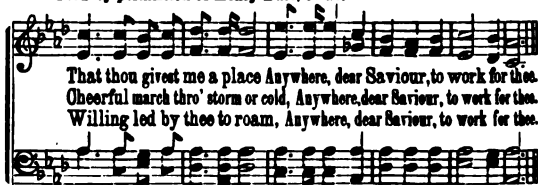
1. An-y-where, dear Saviour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me
2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not; If we camp with
3. All a-long the jour-ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.—CONCLUDED.



la-bor, Lord, there would I a-bide. Mir-a-cle of saving grace,
Je-sus, O bless-ed is the spot! Quickly we the tent may fold,
A-gee," Un-til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,

Used by permission of Henry Date, owner.

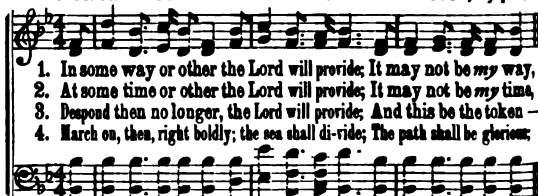


That thou givest me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
O'erful march thro' storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Willing led by thee to roam, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

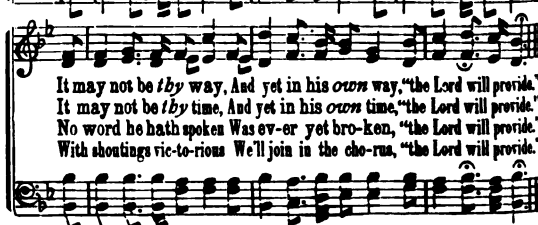
599 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per.



1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time,
3. Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall di-ride; The path shall be glorious;



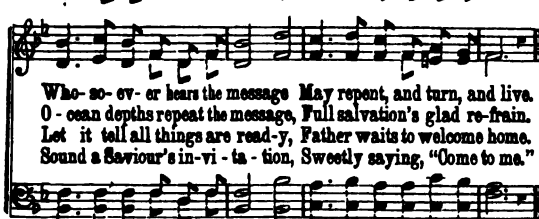
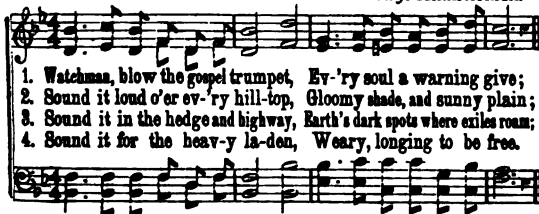
It may not be *thy* way, And yet in his *own* way, "the Lord will provide."
It may not be *thy* time, And yet in his *own* time, "the Lord will provide."
No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet bro-ken, "the Lord will provide."
With shoutings vic-to-rious We'll join in the cho-rus, "the Lord will provide."

600

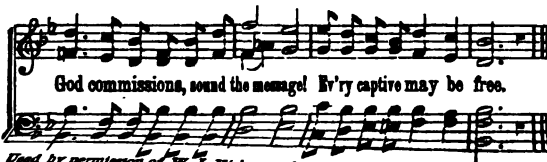
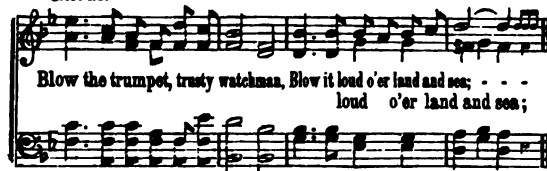
BLOW THE TRUMPET.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Chorus.



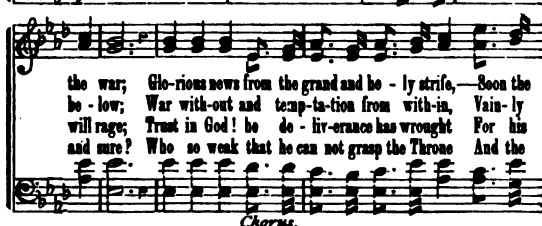
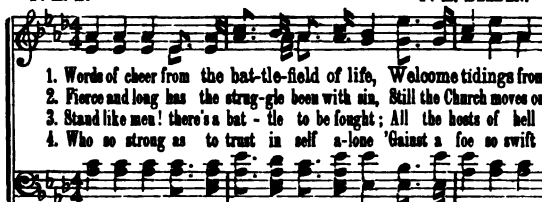
Used by permission of W. J. Kirkpatrick.

601

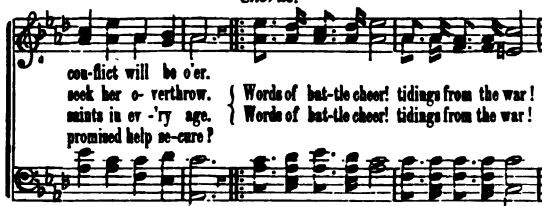
TIDINGS FROM THE BATTLE.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



Chorus.



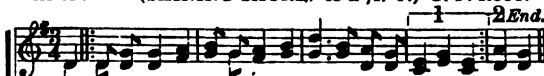
Copyright, 1896. Used by permission.



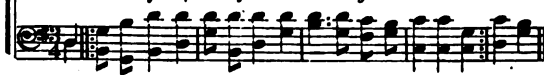
602

HIS EXAMPLE.

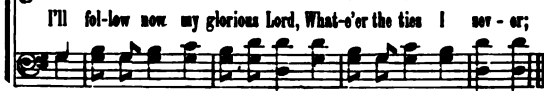
ANON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. F.) G. F. ROOT.



1. { This rite our blest Redeemer gave To all in him be-liev-ing; He bids us seek this hallowed grave, To his ex-am-ple (*Omit.*) cleaving.
D. C.—He saves my soul, he's left his word To guide me now and ever.



Chorus. *D. C.*
I'll fol-low now my glorious Lord, What-e'er the ties I ser-ve or;

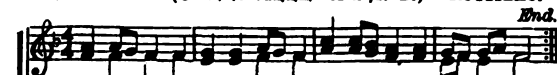


2 For me the cross and shame to bear, 3 Jesus to thee we yield our all;
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing; In thy kind arms unfold us;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear, Our hearts are fixed,—no fears appall,
All righteousness fulfilling. Thy gracious power shall hold us.

603

IN SWEET COMMUNION.

R. DENNY. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.



1. { While in sweet communion feed-ing On this earthly bread and wine, }
Sav-iour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine.
D. C.—Whisper words of peace to cheer us, Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.



The' un-seen, Lord, thou art near us, With thy still small vo

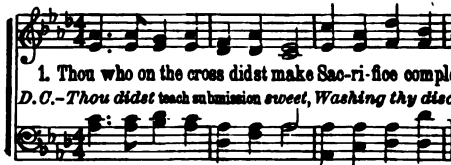
2 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.
Draw us nearer and still nearer
To thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.

1 From the table now yet
Which for us the Lor
May our souls refreshm
Grow in all things
His example while be
May our lives his is
Him our Lord and Mas
His commands may

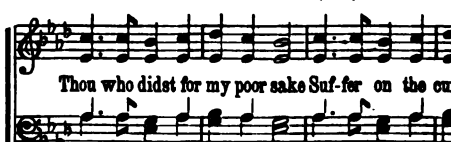
605

SUBMISSION SWEET.

MRS. STUTTLE. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.)



1. Thou who on the cross didst make Sac-ri-fice com-ple
D. C.—Thou didst teach submission sweet, Washing thy disci



Thou who didst for my poor sake Suf-fer on the cur

2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?—
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
He the blessed, sinless One!—
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bow-ing in submission sweet.

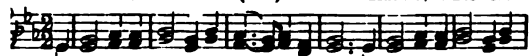
3 Such a joy may not be
Thus to prove my k
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never giv
But, in blest submissio
Kneel I at thy servan's

36 HOME, SWEET HOME.

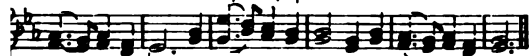
DAVID DENHAM.

(118.)

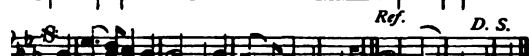
HENRY R. BISHOP.



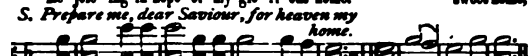
Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose
While here in this val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me submission, and



mun - ion of saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
love can not cease! The' oft from thy presence in and-near I' roam,
strength us my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,



And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
By faith I behold thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home, sweet,
Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home. sweet home;



607 1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, in no'er met with elsewhere.

Refrain.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

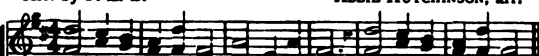
2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
And with them, God's peace, which is dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

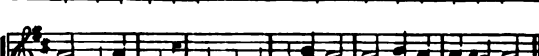
608 KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Arr. by F. E. B.

ABBIE HUTCHINSON, arr.



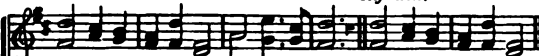
1. Kind words can nev-er die, Chorish'd and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, The' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. True love can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We all may si-lent lie,



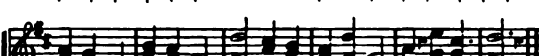
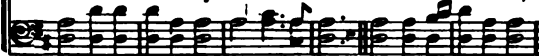
Stored in the breast, Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,—
In win't'ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
Wrapp'd in its gloom; Tho' mor-tal flesh de-cay, There comes a glo-ri-ous day,



Refrain.



Yes, in all years and climes, Distant or near. Kind words can never die,
With many an ad-ded hue They bloom a-gain. Sweet tho'ts can never die,
When dust shall near a-way To Christ a-bove. True love can nev-er die,



Nev-er die, nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; True love can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.

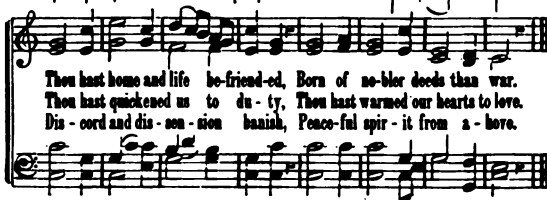
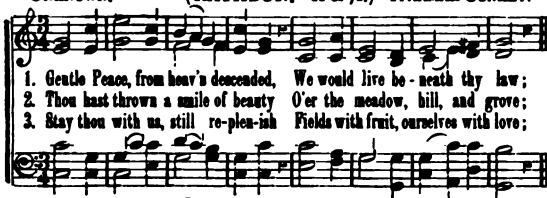


609

GENTLE PEACE.

UNKNOWN.

(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

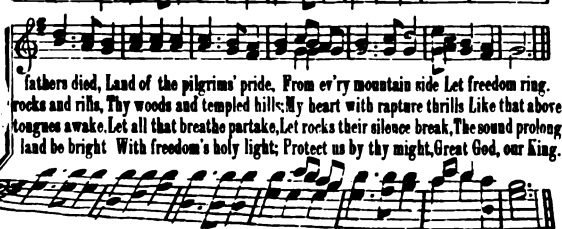
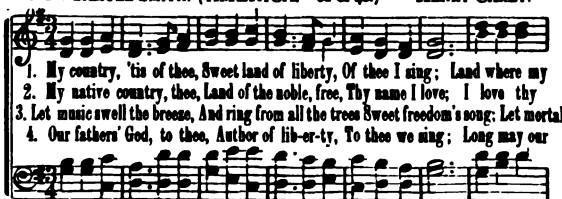


610

PROTECT US.

REV. SAMUEL SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.)

HENRY CAREY.

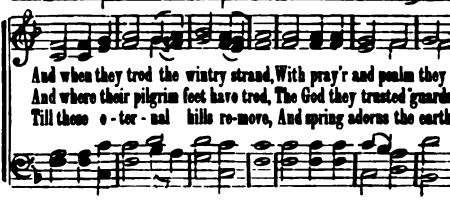
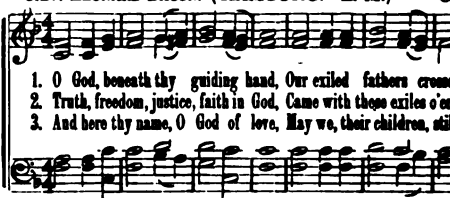


611

OUR EXILED FATHERS.

REV. LEONARD BACON. (HAMBURG. L. M.)

G



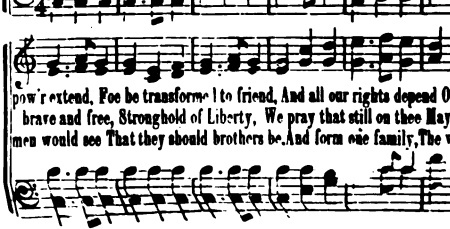
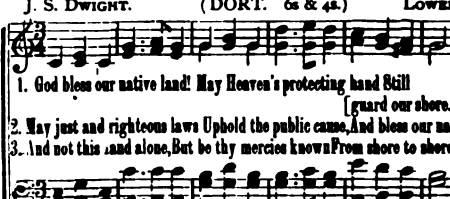
612

BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

J. S. DWIGHT.

(DORT. 6s & 4s.)

LOWE



613 F. E. B. LET US WORK TOO. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The Lord worketh, let us work too; In his vine-yard there's much to do,
2. The world mor-eth, let us more too, The Sun's glo-ry that we may view.
3. The wrong speaketh, let us speak too: The worst er-ror is bright with dew:
4. The Christ liv-eth, let us live too, From death waking, his work to do,

And souls per-ish for need of you: The Lord work-eth, let us work too.
From night turning to day-dawn now: The world mor-eth, let us more too.
Shall truth slumber the whole day thro? The wrong speaketh, let us speak too.
With hearts lov-ing and pure and true: The Christ liv-eth, let us live too.

614 SHEPHERD DIVINE.

F. E. BELDEN. (WINTERBOURNE. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Shepherd di-vine, thou lead-est me Where the still wa-ters gen-tly flow;
2. In danger's hour thou hid-est me, Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
3. When chilling dews of eve-n'g fall, Then to the fold thou bidst me come;

In pastures fair thou feed-est me: I trust thy love, no want I know.
At mid-try noon thou guid-est me To rest be-side the cool-ing rock.
Gladly I hasten at thy call: Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

615 F. E. B. FOR JESUS. F. E. BELDEN.

1. For Jesus, all my morning hours, For Jesus, all my noonday pow'rs;
2. For Jesus, all the songs I sing, For Jesus, all the praise I bring,
3. For Jesus, all the gold he lends, For Jesus, all the strength he sends,
4. For Jesus, all who sigh in sin, For Jesus, all that love can win,

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.

For Je-sus, evening's gathered flow'rs, - For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, - he who bore death's sting, - My Je-sus; all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, heart and home and friends, - For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, King enthroned with - ja, Yes, all, and more, for Je-sus.

616 ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (WEBER. 75 & 62.) ARR. FROM WEBER.

1. An-oth-er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas-ter, let it be
2. An-oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faith-fulness and grace,
3. An-oth-er year of serv-ice, Of wit-ness for thy love;

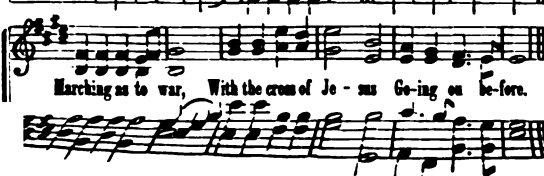
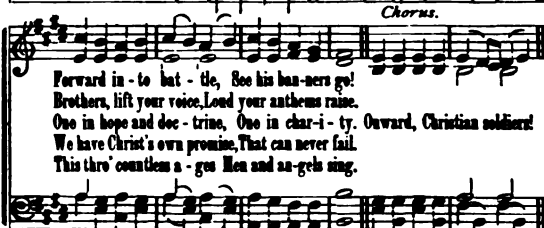
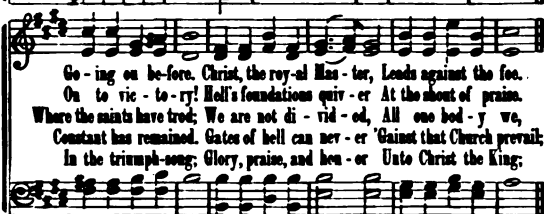
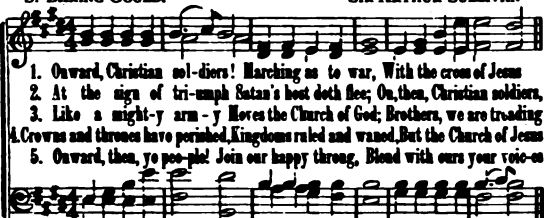
In work-ing or in wait-ing, An-oth-er year with thee.
An-oth-er year of glad-ness, - The shin-ing of thy face.
An-oth-er year of train-ing For hal-lier work a-bove.

617 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s. D.)

S. BARING-GOULD.

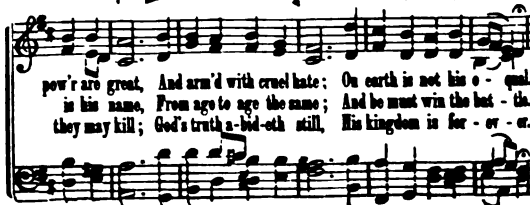
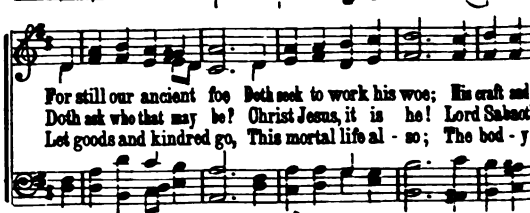
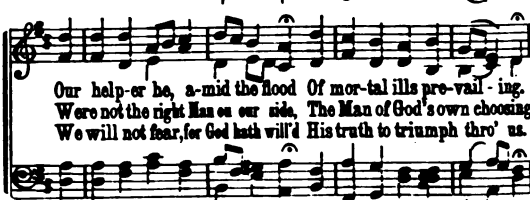
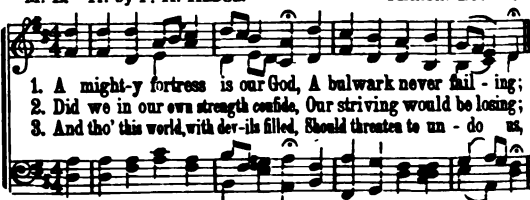
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN



618 A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE.

MARTIN LUTHER.



619 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, - - - - - [Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and

comfort thee; He will sustain thee, and comfort thee, He will sustain thee, and

com - fort thee. He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee:

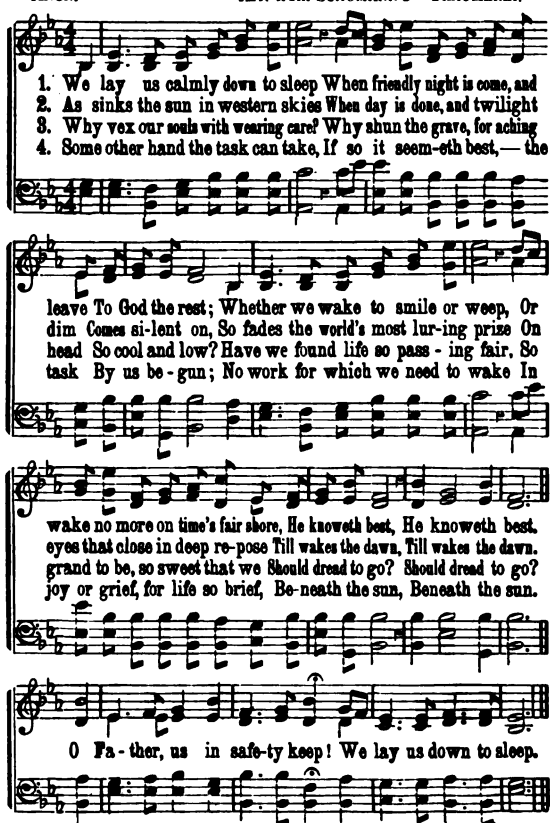
Repeat

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

620 WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

ANON.

Arr. from SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."



1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best, - the

leave To God the rest; Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or
dim Comes si-lent on, So fades the world's most lur-ing prize On
head So cool and low? Have we found life so pass - ing fair, In
task By us be - gun; No work for which we need to wake In

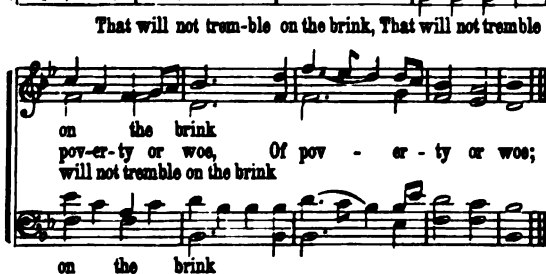
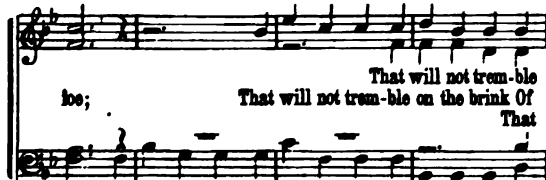
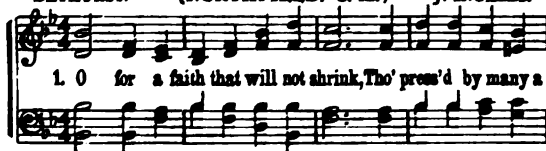
wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best, He knoweth best,
eyes that close in deep re- pose Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go? Should dread to go?
joy or grief, for life so brief, Be-neath the sun, Beneath the sun.

O Fa-ther, us in safe-ty keep! We lay us down to sleep.

621

O FOR A FAITH!

BATHURST. (NORTHFIELD. C. M.) J. INGALLS.



2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
*When tempests rage without;
Then when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;*

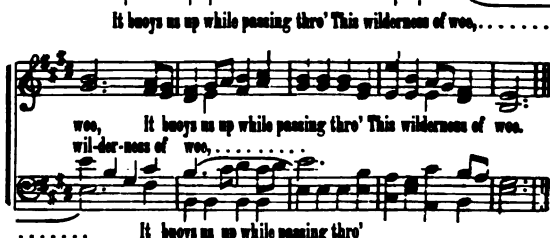
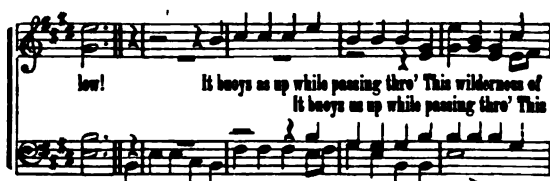
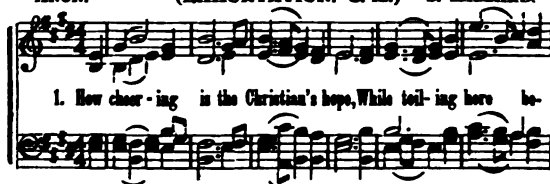
4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And thou, what'er may come,
I'll taste o'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

622

HOW CHEERING!

ANON. (EXHORTATION. C. M.) S. HIBBARD.



2 It points to us a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of
earth,
And never part again,—

3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy,
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 In that bright world no tears will
flow,
Death ne'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.

5 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

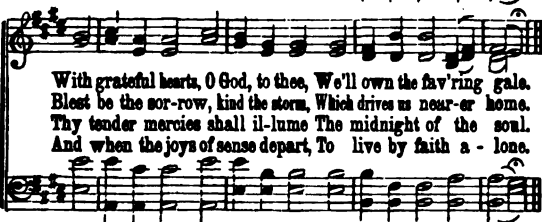
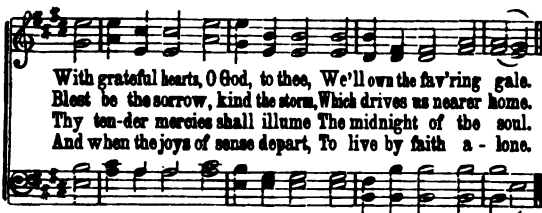
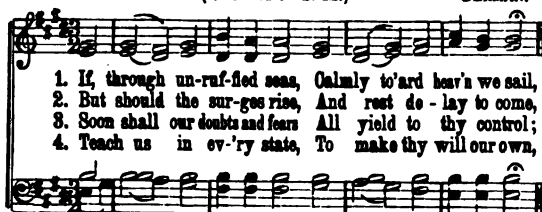
623

BY FAITH ALONE.

A. M. TOPLADY.

(SELVIN. S. M.)

GERMAN.



624

- 1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my all I leave
Entirely to thy care.
2 "My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?

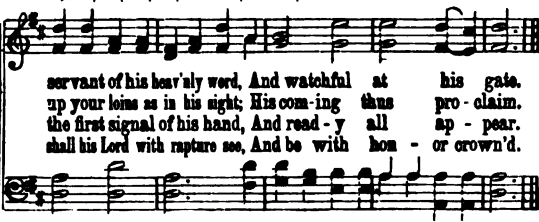
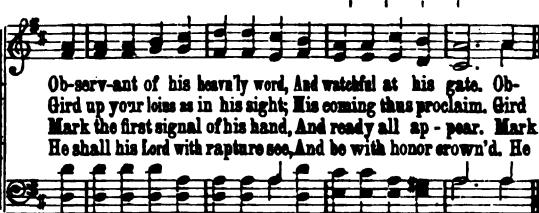
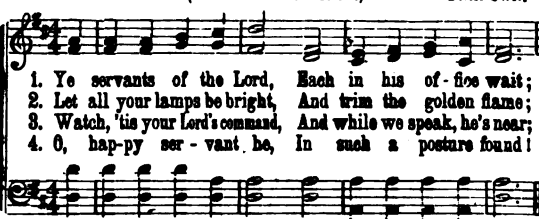
- My Father's hand will never cease
His child a needless tear.
3 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

W. M. F. LLOYD.

625 WATCHFUL AT HIS GATE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (EL KADER. S. M.)

UNKNOWN.



626

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

- Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
3 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And hear'n about "Harvest home!"

J. M. MONTGOMERY.

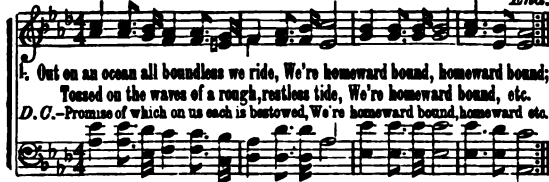
627 HOMeward BOUND.

W. F. WARREN.

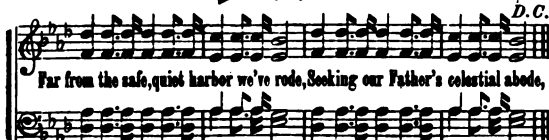
(108 & 78. P.)

J. W. DADMUN.

End.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, etc.
D. C. - Promise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward etc.



Far from the safe, quiet harbor we're rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

We're homeward bound, etc.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,

We're homeward bound, etc.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;

O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!

We're homeward bound, etc.

We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,

We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,

We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we shall shout ever more;

We're home at last, home at last.

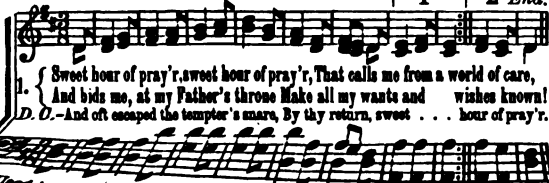
628 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WOLFORD.

(L. M. D.)

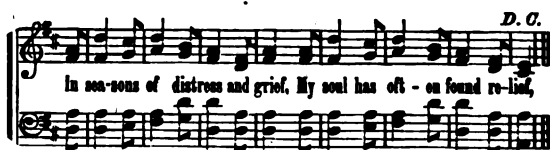
W. B. BRADBURY.

End.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
D. C. - And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet . . . hour of pray'r.

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In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - on found re- lief,

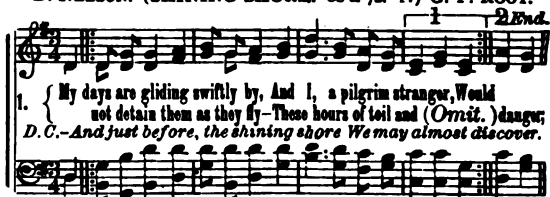
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

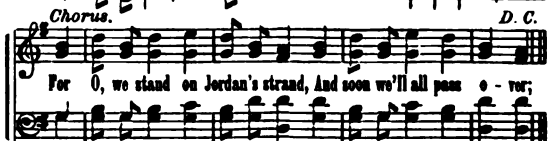
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Zion's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

629 GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 88 & 78. P.) G. F. ROOT.



1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, would
not detain them as they fly - These hours of toil and (Omit.) danger;
D. C. - And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.



For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass o - ver;

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever, O, eternal! Come.

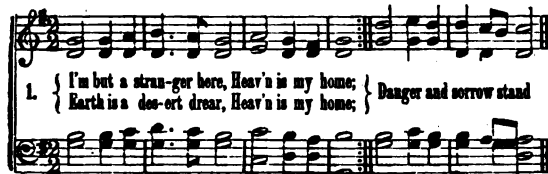
630

A STRANGER HERE.

THOS. R. TAYLOR.

(OAK, 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home,
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There'll be the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

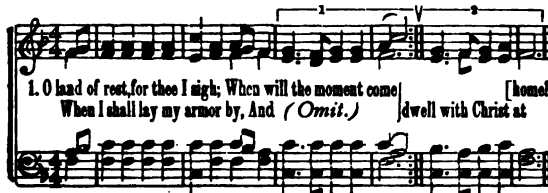
631

WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

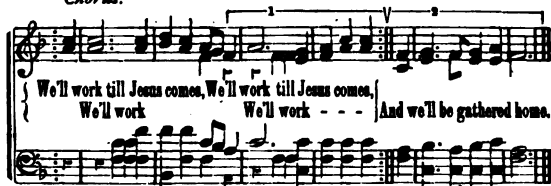
MRS. E. MILLS.

(LAND OF REST. C. M.)

WM. MILLER.



Chorus.



2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, shel't'ring dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

3 When by affliction sharply tried,
 Faith tells of scenes to come,—
 Those endless joys prepared above,—
 And then I sigh for home.

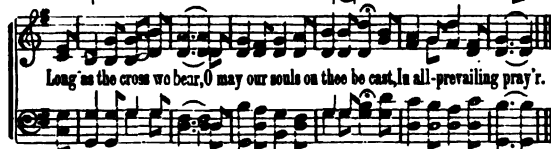
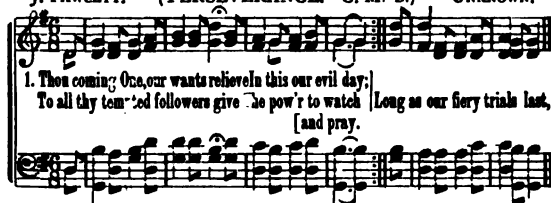
632

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. FAWCETT.

(PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

UNKNOWN.



2 The pow'r of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
 Till then thy perfect love impart;
 Till thou appear below
 Be still the cry of ev'ry heart,—
 "I will not let thee go."

3 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bloom,
 And make me all like thee.
 Then shall I on the mountain-top
 Behold thy open face,
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And never in forgetful scenes.

633

HOW LONG?

ANON.

(WEBB. 78 & 6a. D.)

WEBB.

1. How long, O Lord our Sav - iour, Wilt thou re - main a - way?
 2. How long, O gracious Mas - ter, Wilt thou thy household leave?
 3. O, wake thy slumb'ring peo - ple; Send forth the sol - emn cry;

Our hearts are growing wea - ry Of thy so long de - lay.
 So long hast thou now tar - ried, Few thy re - turn be - lieve.
 Let all the saints re - peat it, "The Sav - iour draweth nigh!"

O when shall come the mo - ment, When, brighter far than morn,
 Immersed in sloth and fol - ly, Thy servants Lord we see;
 May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well gird - ed be,

The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo - ple dawn?
 And few of us stand read - y With joy to wel - come thee.
 Each longing heart pre - par - ing With joy thy face to see.

634 SPEAK OFTEN.

1 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrim,
 And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day
 When I make up my jewels,
 Released from camb'rous clay;
 He'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound;
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumbered throng.

ANON.

635 BE SOBER.

1 The world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late;
 Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate, -
 The Judge who comes in mercy,
 The Judge who comes with might, -
 Who comes to end the evil,
 Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, O Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead, -

To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon nor sun;
 The light so fair and golden,
 Of Christ, the sinless One.

3 Behold, the morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as does the day;
 And God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

JOHN M. NEALE.

636 MORNING.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the seas
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle show'r,
 And harvest fields before us
 Are op'ning ev'ry hour;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heav'nly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
 S. F. SMITH

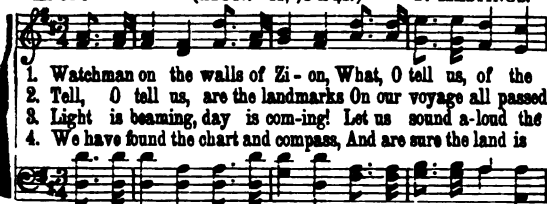
637

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

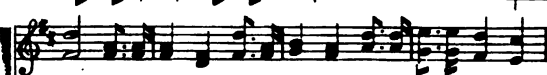
ANON.

(ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.)

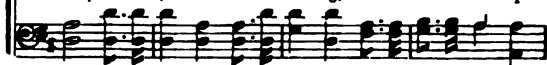
T. HASTINGS.



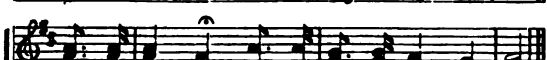
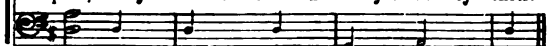
1. Watchman on the walls of Zi-on, What, O tell us, of the
2. Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks On our voyage all passed
3. Light is beaming, day is com-ing! Let us sound a-loud the
4. We have found the chart and compass, And are sure the land is



night? Is the day-star now a-rising? Will the morn soon greet our
 eye? Are we nearing now the ha-ven? Can we s'en the land de-
 ory; We be-hold the day-star ris-ing Pure and bright in yonder
 near; Onward, onward we are hasting, Soon the haven will ap-



sight? O'er your vi-sion Shine there now some rays of light?
 ery? Do we tru-ly See the heav'nly king-dom nigh?
 sky! Saints, be joy-ful; Your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.
 pear; Let your voi-ces Sound a-loud your ho-ly cheer.



O'er your vi-sion Shine there now some rays of light?
 Do we tru-ly See the heav'n-ly king-dom nigh?
 Saints, be joy-ful; Your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.
 Let your voi-ces Sound a-loud your ho-ly cheer.



638 GUIDE ME.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and
 shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside:
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

WM. WILLIAMS.

639 ZION STANDS.

- 1 Zion stands with walls surrounded,
 Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Ev'ry human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Heav'n and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 bright;
 But can never cease to love thee:
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

640 HE COMES.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain;
 Countless angels, him attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes and comes to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty!
 Those who sat at naught and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known:
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

CHARLES WELLES.

641

PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER.

(GOULD. 7s. 6L.)

JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem -
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst calm the
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful

pest - ous sea; Unknown waves be - fire me roll,
 o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will
 breakers roar 'Tween me and the peace - ful rest,

Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
 When thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wond'rous
 Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, May I

compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

642

TILL HE COME.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (ELTHAM. 7s 6L.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. "Till He come!"—O let the words Lin - ger on the
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love, From the cares of
 3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one

trembling chords; Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween,
 earth re - move, When their words of hope and cheer
 sor - row less? All the sharpness of the cross,

In their gold - en light be seen; Let us think how
 Fall no long - er on our ear, Hush! be ev - 'ry
 All that tells the world is lost,—Death and darkness

heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"

643 WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

S. S. BREWER. (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn? }
 Have the signs that mark His coming Yet upon thy pathway shone? }

D. C. Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise! arise!

D. C.

Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee; Light is breaking in the skies;

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming.
 Omens of the coming day
 When the Jubel trumpet, sounding,
 Shall awake from land and sea
 All the minis of God, now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbath year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom now is near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Yew'ring 'neath its sunlit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
 There on sunlit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams bravely glow;
 Parting streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow refts blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
 On, just yonder, — O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs.
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions, hear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

644 GUARD THY CHILDREN.

ANON. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.

1. Gracious Father, guard thy children From the foe's destructive pow'r; }
 Save O save them, Lord, from falling In this dark and try-ing hour. }

D. C. But thy word illumines our pathway, And in God we still confide.

D. C.

Thou wilt surely prove thy people, All our gra-ces must be tried;

2 We are in the time of waiting;
 Soon we shall behold our Lord,
 Wafted far away from sorrow,
 To receive our rich reward.
 Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
 Pure, unspotted from the world;
 Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us
 Till thy banner is unfurled.

645

1 Long upon the mountains, weary,
 Have the scattered flock been torn;
 Dark the desert paths, and dreary;
 Grievous trials have they borne.
 Now the gath'ring call is sounding,
 Solemn in its warning voice;
 Union, faith, and love, abounding,
 Bid the little flock rejoice.

2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,
 In its onward track pursue;
 All the ten commandments keeping,
 They are holy, just, and true.
 On the words of life they're feeding,
 Precious to their taste, so sweet;
 All their Master's precepts heeding,
 Bowing humbly at his feet.

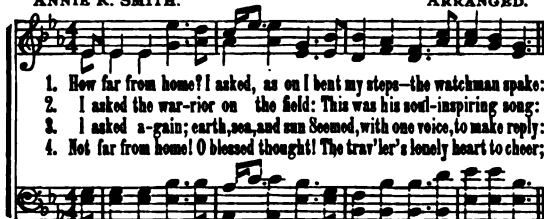
3 Soon He comes, with clouds descending:
 All his minis, entombed, arise;
 The redeemed, in anthems blending,
 Shout their vic'try thro' the skies.
 O, we long for thine appearing!
 Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
 Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
 Take thy ransomed children home.

ADRIAN R. SACETTE.

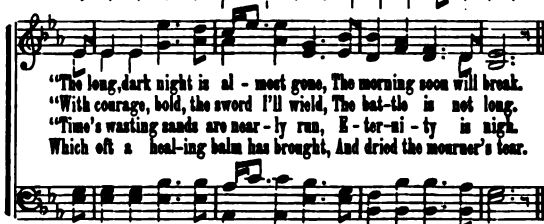
646 HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ANNIE R. SMITH.

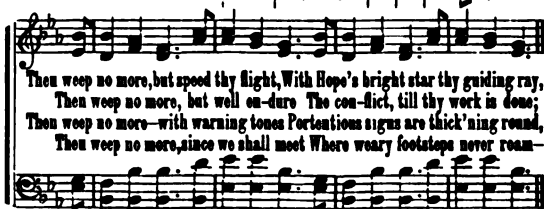
ARRANGED.



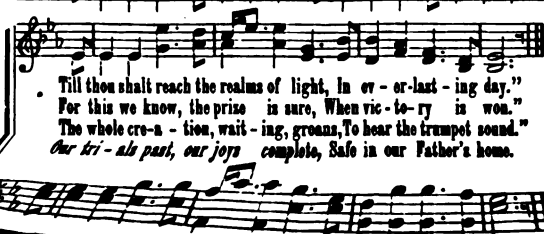
1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:
2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The trav'ler's lonely heart to cheer;



"The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morning soon will break.
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
"Time's wasting sands are near - ly run, E - ter - ni - ty is nigh.
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.



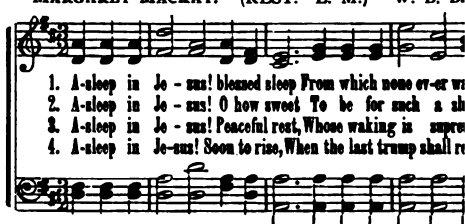
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but well on-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Portentous signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—



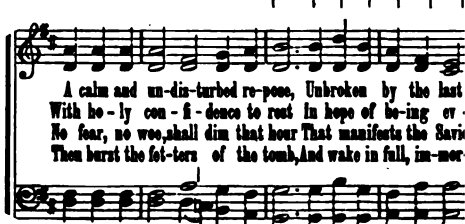
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er - last - ing day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won."
The whole cre - a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trumpet sound."
Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

647 ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. (REST. L. M.) W. B. B.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep From which none ev - er w
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a sh
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supe
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall r



A calm and un-dis-turbed re-peace, Unbroken by the last
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to rest In hope of be-ing ev -
No fear, no we - shall dim that hour That manifests the Sav
Then burst the fet - ters of the tomb, And wake in full, im - mor

648 (Music, No. 646.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 A thrilling cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."</p> <p>2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain
sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring warriors gather round—
The evil servants unite.</p> | <p>Ye faithful ones, the strict
With lamps well trimmed, and
The thrilling cry—we hear
"Prepare to meet your Lord!"</p> <p>3 In earth's dark hear God
light,
Its rays dispel the thick
The path to glory now is lit
The Bridegroom soon will
Then lift your voices, saints
Your sweetest strains to Him
The thrilling cry—we hear
"Prepare to meet your Lord!"</p> |
|---|--|

PART IV.

Home and Heaven.

659

WE SHALL MEET.

JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
 2. We shall strike the harps of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
 4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest rapture knowing, By and by, by and by.

With the toilsome jour-ney done, And the glorious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
 And the strains for-ev-er-more Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
 And the an-gels who ful-fill All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
 All the loved ones, part-ed long, We with shoutings shall re-join In that land of life and song, By and by, by and by.

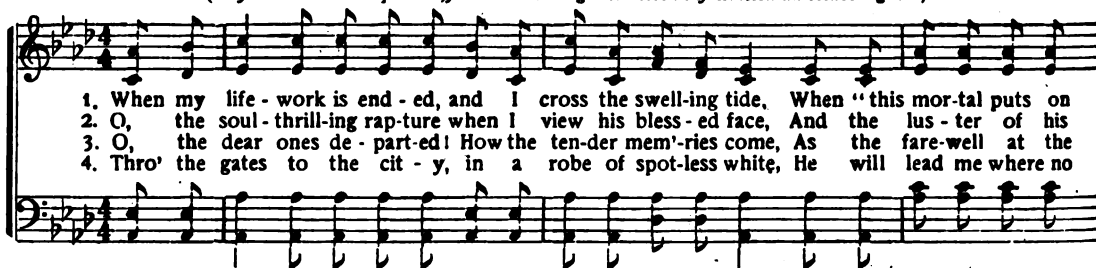
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660

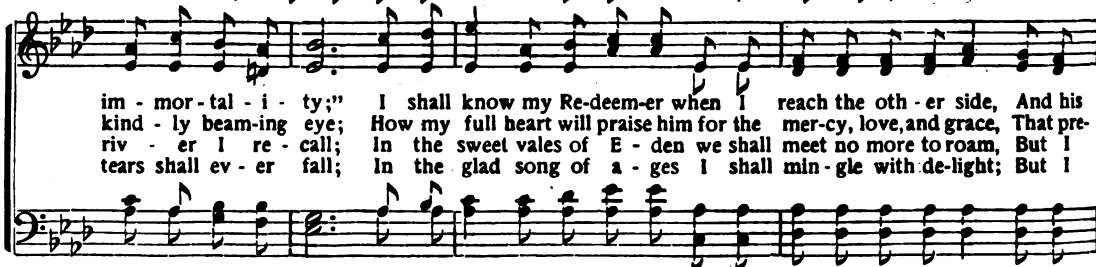
MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

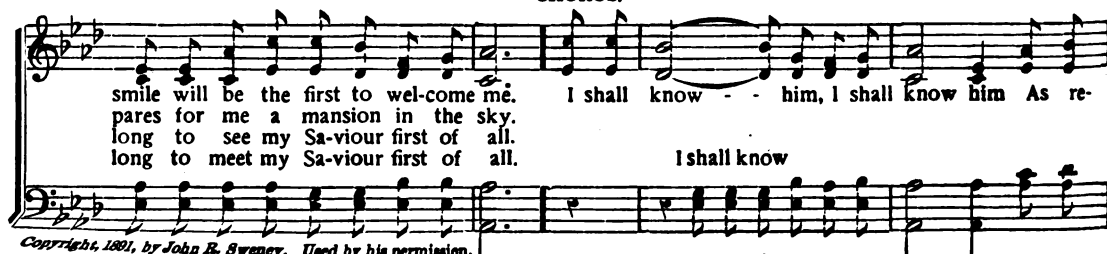
(May be used as male quartet, first tenor taking alto notes as if written an octave higher.)


1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When "this mor-tal puts on
 2. O, the soul - thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus-ter of his
 3. O, the dear ones de-part-ed! How the ten-der mem'-ries come, As the fare-well at the
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no



im - mor - tal - i - ty;" I shall know my Re-deem-er when I reach the oth - er side, And his
 kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-
 riv - er I re - call; In the sweet vales of E - den we shall meet no more to roam, But I
 tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I

CHORUS.



smile will be the first to wel-come me. I shall know - - him, I shall know him As re-
 pares for me a mansion in the sky.
 long to see my Sa-viour first of all.
 long to meet my Sa-viour first of all. I shall know

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MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

deemed by his side I shall stand, I shall know - him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know

661

NO SEAS AGAIN SHALL SEVER.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face."—1 Cor. 13:12.

D. S. HAKES.

1. No seas again shall sever, No desert intervene; No deep sad-flowing river Shall roll its tides between.
2. No dread of wasting sickness, No tho't of ache or pain; No fretting hours of weakness Shall mar our peace again.
3. No death, our home o'erahading, Shall e'er our harps unstring; For all is life unfading In presence of our King.

CHORUS.

Joy, and un-severed union Of soul, with those we love, Nearness and glad communion Shall be our joys a-bove.

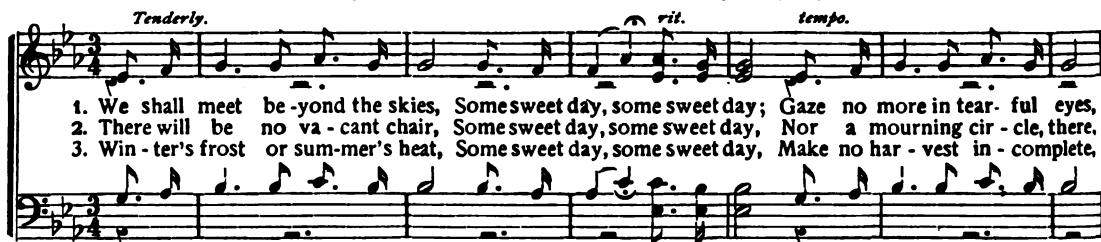
By permission of D. S. HAKES.

SOME SWEET DAY.

Dedicated to W. H. Doane, composer of the first "Some Sweet Day."

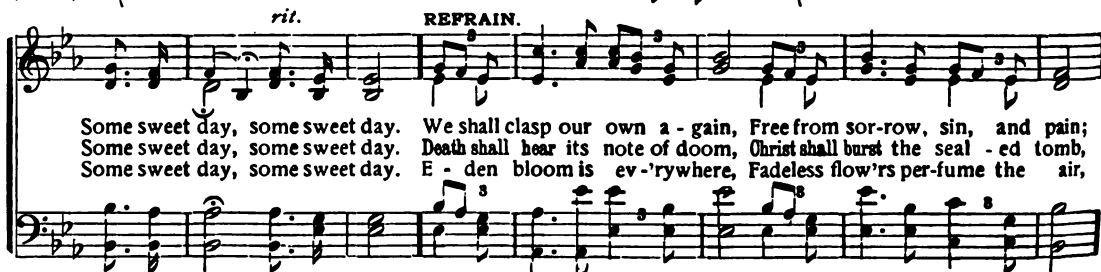
F. E. B. "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—John 14: 2, 3. F. E. BELDEN.

Tenderly. *rit.* *tempo.*



1. We shall meet be-yond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gaze no more in tear-ful eyes,
 2. There will be no va-cant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Nor a mourning cir-cle, there,
 3. Win-ter's frost or sum-mer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Make no har-vest in-complete,

rit. **REFRAIN.**



Some sweet day, some sweet day. We shall clasp our own a-gain, Free from sor-row, sin, and pain;
 Some sweet day, some sweet day. Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the seal-ed tomb,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day. E-den bloom is ev-'rywhere, Fadeless flow'rs per-fume the air,



4. Mansion, crown, and harp of gold,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Songs that never shall grow old,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Joy shall bid farewell to Care,
 Praise shall sing no more with Prayer,
 Love shall lead us, over there,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day

SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13:12.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand, Some sweet day,
 2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken link, Some sweet day,
 3. Oh, these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gather friend with friend, Some sweet day,

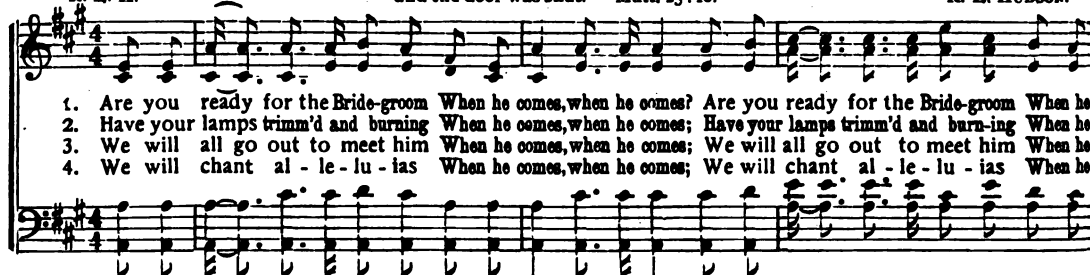
by and by; O the lov-ing welcome there, By the tree of life so fair! How we long that joy to share,
 by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
 by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

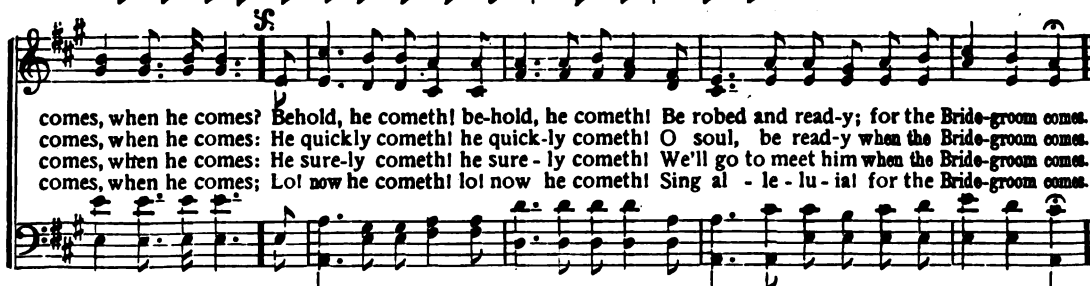
Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
 By and by, yes, by and by.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage:
R. E. H. and the door was shut."—Matt. 25 : 10. R. E. HUDSON.



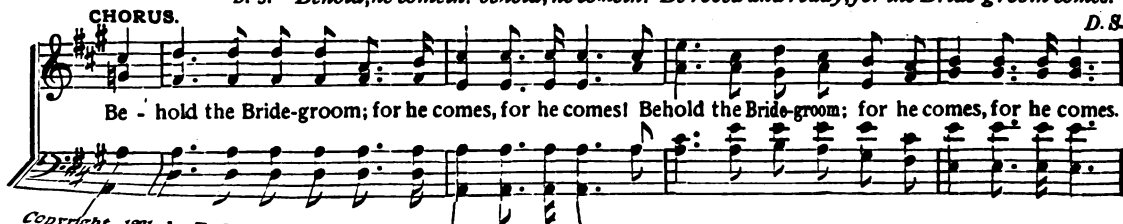
1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he



comes, when he comes? Behold, he cometh! be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y; for the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh! he quick-ly cometh! O soul, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He sure-ly cometh! he sure-ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ias for the Bride-groom comes.

D. S.—Behold, he cometh! behold, he cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.

CHORUS.



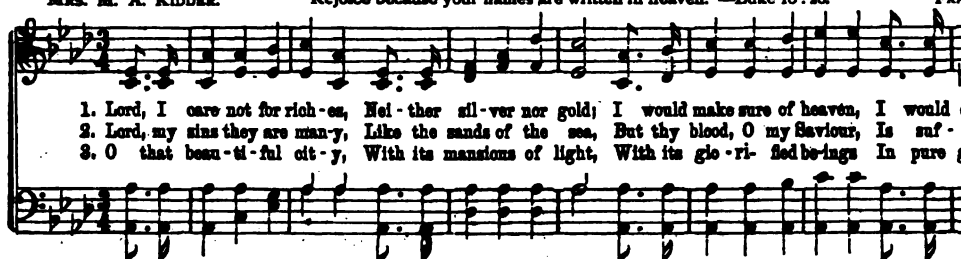
Be - hold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

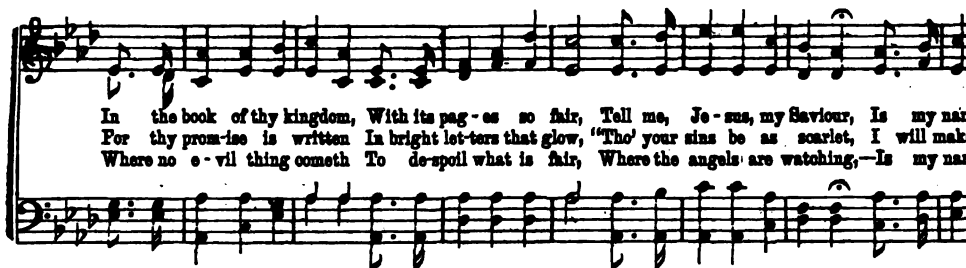
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20.

FRA

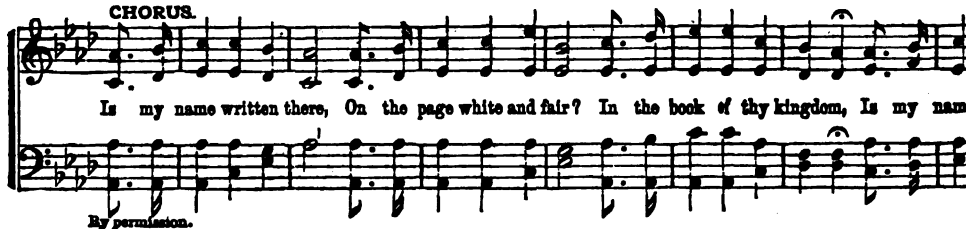


1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, Is suf-
 3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure



In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name
 For thy prom-ise is written In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make
 Where no e-vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching,—Is my name

CHORUS



Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name

By permission.

366

F. E. B.
Softly.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

F. E. BELDEN.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17:15.
May be sung as Male Quartet, 1st Tenor taking Alto an octave higher.

1. Soul a-mid earth-sorrows dwelling,
2. Saddened by the world's complaining,
3. Patient wait God's time for go-ing,
4. Born of God, the soul can nev - er

Sigh-ing for the strife to cease,
Burdened with the ceaseless care,
Murmur not though long thy stay,
Will-ing here with sin a-bide;

Lo! the pro-mise sweet foretelling
Tell me! is there rest remaining
Ev - er trust-ing, ev - er knowing
Earth is not the glad for - ev - er

CHORUS.

shall be sat - is - fied then, I

Soon shall come the Prince of Peace.
For the toil-ers ov - er there?
Thou shalt dwell with him some day.
Where the soul is sat - is fied.

I shall be sat-is-fied when I awake, I shall be sat-is-fied

sat - is - fied then; When the King of kings, with an-gels attending, Rends the az-ure sky, in g
hen I awake;

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.—CONCLUDED.

Ascending, When the saints a-wake in his own like-ness, I shall be sat-is-fied then (ha-le-lu-jah!).

ff *dim.*

667

WHEN I SHALL AWAKE.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17:15.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When I shall a-wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning nev-er night returns, And with whose bright glory
 2. And when I shall see His glo-ry face to face, Hear his glad welcome, feel his fond embrace, And feast on the ful-ness
 3. And when I shall meet the friends that I have loved, Clasp to my bo-som dear ones long removed, And witness how faith-ful
 4. O soon I shall gaze up-on the face of Him, Pierced to redeem me from the curse of sin, And praise him for-ev-er

rit. **REFRAIN.** *D. S.—When I shall a-wake, in*

day e-ter-nal burns,
 of his heav'nly grace,
 Christ to me hath proved, I shall be sat-is-fied then. I shall be sat-is-fied then, I shall be sat-is-fied then.
 with the glad new hymn;

that fair morn of morns, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

D. S.

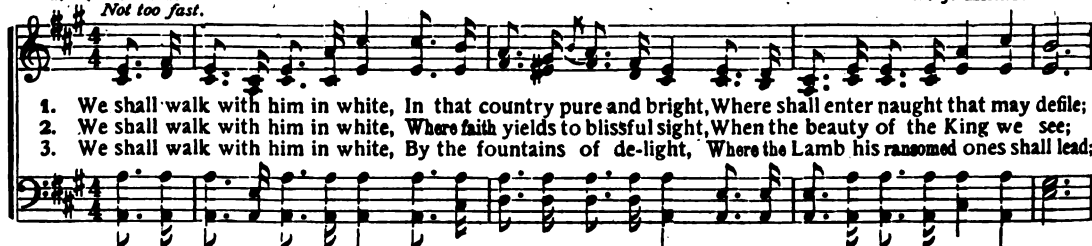
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BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

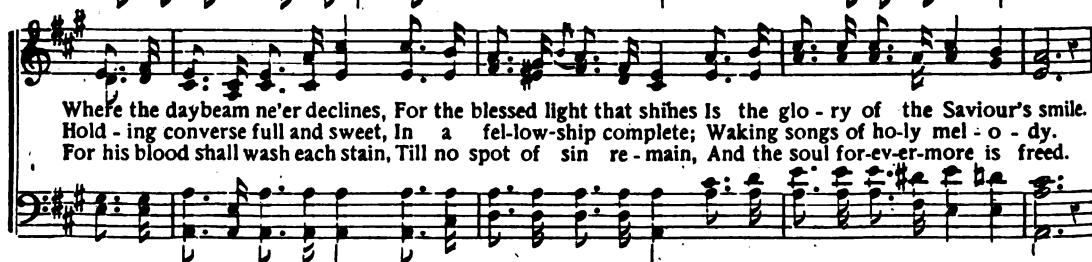
"Arrayed in fine linen clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19:8.

E. H. HEWITT.
Not too fast.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

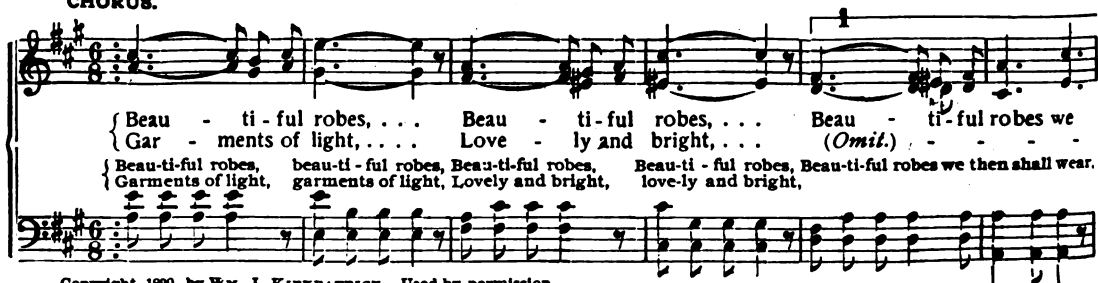


1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall enter naught that may defile;
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the beauty of the King we see;
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead;



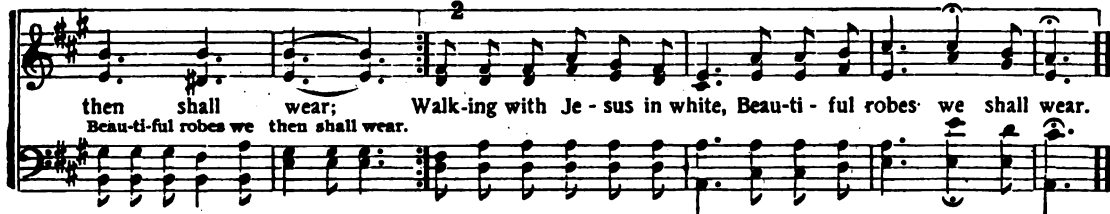
Where the daybeam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
Hold - ing converse full and sweet, In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel - o - dy.
For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.



{ Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes we
{ Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright, . . . (Omit.) - - -
{ Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.
{ Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

BEAUTIFUL ROBES—CONCLUDED.



then shall wear; Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.
 Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.

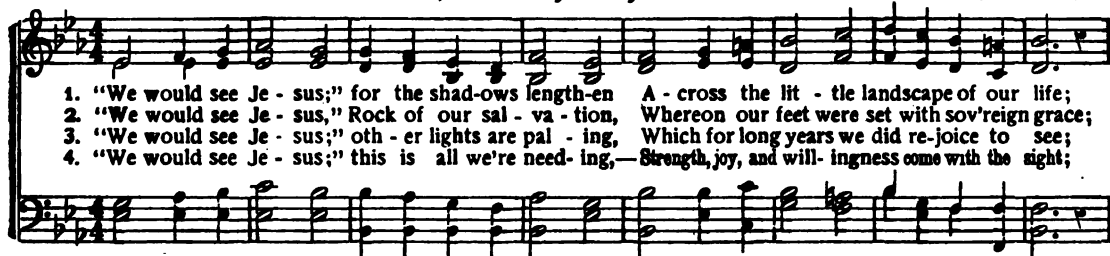
669

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

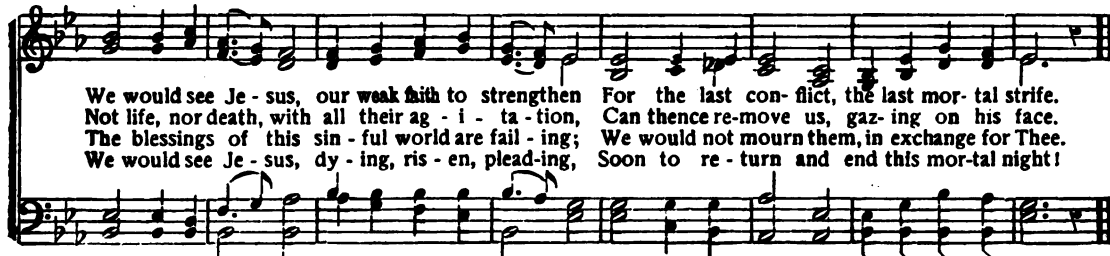
ANNA B. WARNER.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21

F. E. BELDEN.



1. "We would see Je - sus;" for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the lit - tle landscape of our life;
 2. "We would see Je - sus;" Rock of our sal - va - tion, Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign grace;
 3. "We would see Je - sus;" oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we did re-joice to see;
 4. "We would see Je - sus;" this is all we're need-ing,—Strength, joy, and will- ingness come with the sight;



We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last con- flict, the last mor- tal strife.
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, gaz- ing on his face.
 The blessings of this sin - ful world are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead-ing, Soon to re - turn and end this mor- tal night!

Music Copyright, 1899, by F. E. BELDEN.

670

GOLDEN DAWNING.

F. E. B.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the day that brings re - lease, Waiting for the gold - en
 2. O'er the hill - tops brightly breaking, Sun of Right - eous - ness a - rise, Ev - 'ry soul from slumber
 3. End - less joy for hours of cry - ing, Ev - er - last - ing peace for care; Im - mor - tal - i - ty for

rit. **CHORUS.** *Solo prominent, one or more voices. Other parts light.*

dawn - ing Of God's ev - er - last - ing peace. Has - ten on,
 wak - ing As God's glo - ry gilds the skies.
 dy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jahs glad, for prayer! Has - ten on, O day e -

day e - ter - nal! Bid the night of sor - row cease; of sor - row cease; Ush - er
 ternal! Bid the night of sor - row cease;

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. BELDEN.

GOLDEN DAWNING.— CONCLUDED.

Ush-er in love su-per-nal, Bring the gold-en
in love's reign supernal, Bring the gold-en dawn of peace, sweet peace.

rit. pp

671

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CARY.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."— Heb. 11 : 16.

PHILIP PHILLIPS,

1. One sweetly sol-omn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crys-tal sea.
3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my bur-dens down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my star-ry crown.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home; Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

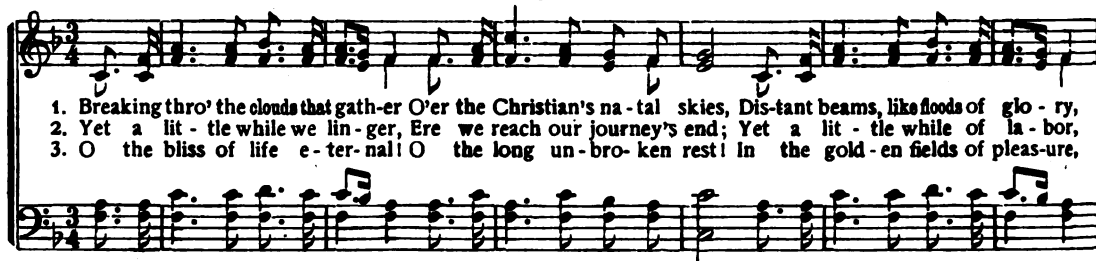
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THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

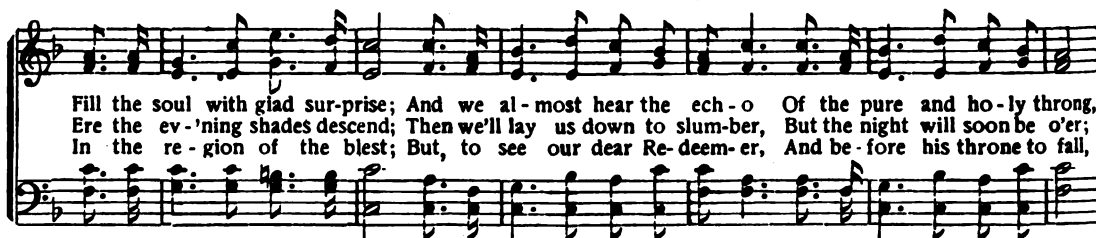
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"At thy right-hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na-tal skies, Dis-tant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
 2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor,
 3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleas-ure,



Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al-most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
 Ere the ev-'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 In the re-gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore his throne to fall,

CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er
 There to hear his gracious welcome,— Will be sweet-er far than all.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.—CONCLUDED.

We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.

673

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. 127: 2.

(Solo, or Quartet.)

FRANK ART. ATT.

Slowly.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may low'r, The surge of sin may beat Up-on earth's troubled shore;
2. The din of war may roll With all its rag - ing flight; Grief may oppress the soul Thro'out the wea - ry night;
3. In childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joyous bloom, In fee - ble-ness and age, In death's dark, gath'ring gloom;

REFRAIN.

God doth his own in safe - ty keep; He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep, He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep.

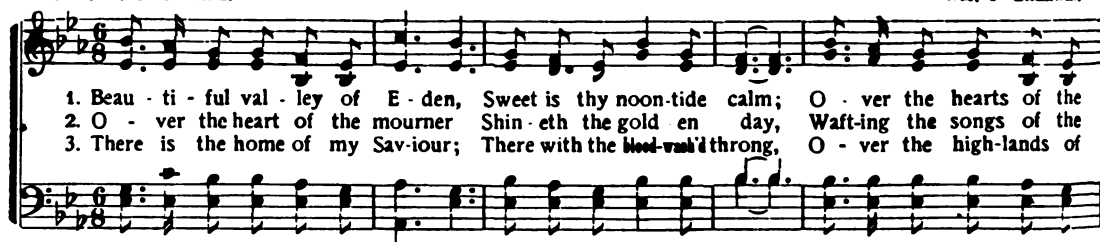
cres. dim. rit. pp

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51:3.

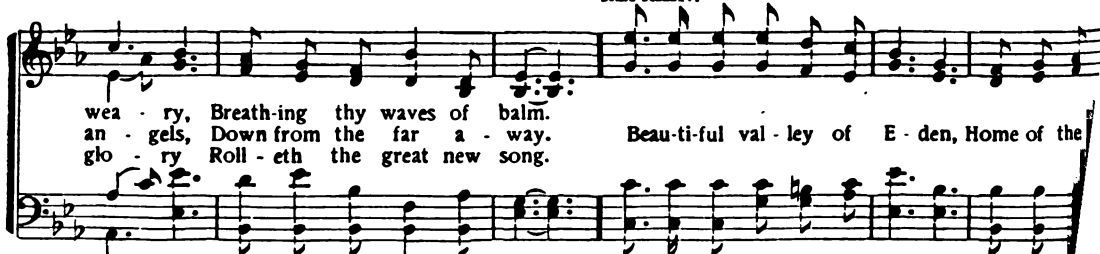
REV. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

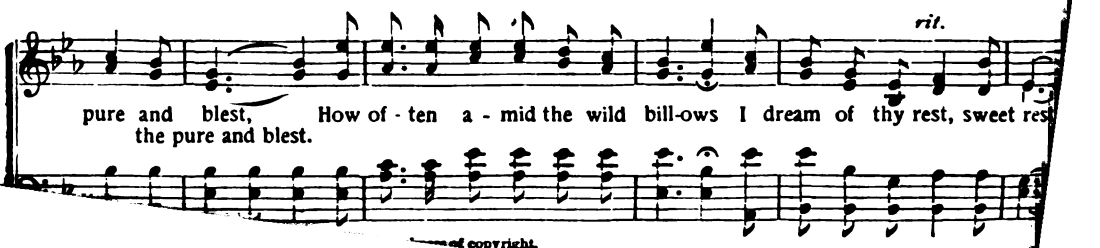


1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin - eth the gold en day, Waft-ing the songs of the
 3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There with the ~~best~~ ^{best} 'd throng, O - ver the high-lands of

REFRAIN.



wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
 an - gels, Down from the far a - way. Beau-ti-ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the
 glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.



pure and blest, How of - ten a - mid the wild bill-ows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest
 the pure and blest.

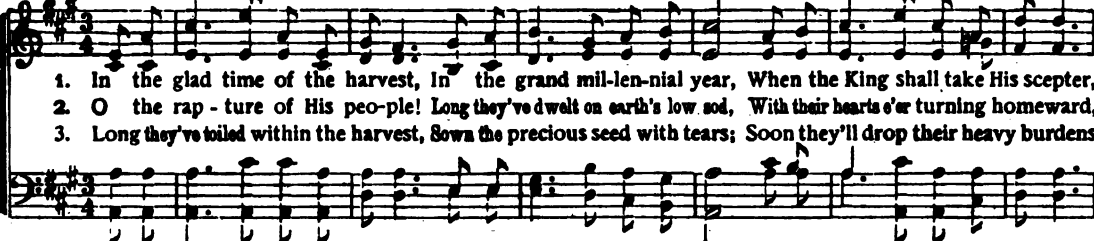
rit.

WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

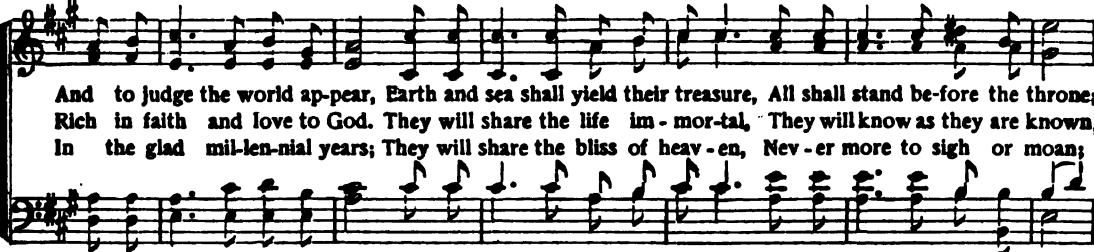
"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." - Matt. 16:27.

L. D. SANTER.

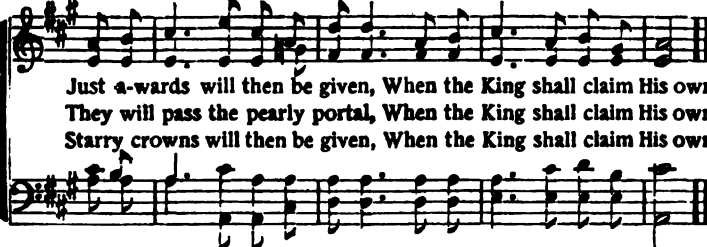
EDWIN BARNES.



1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand mil-len-nial year, When the King shall take His scepter,
2. O the rap-ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod, With their hearts e'er turning homeward,
3. Long they've toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears; Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens



And to judge the world ap-pear, Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;
Rich in faith and love to God. They will share the life im-mor-tal, They will know as they are known,
In the glad mil-len-nial years; They will share the bliss of heav-en, Nev-er more to sigh or moan;



4 We shall greet the loved and loving,
Who have left us lonely here;
Every heart-ache will be banished
When the Saviour shall appear;
Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
Never weary or alone;
O, we long for that glad morrow
When the King shall claim His own.

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.

F. E. B.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
the city of the great King."—Ps. 48:2.

F. E. B.

1. A - bove the clouds that veil the blue, Be - yond the stars that glimmer through,
2. The stream of life with ceaseless flow, The ho - ly joy that an - gels know,
3. The flow'rs that sleep neath winter's snow, The loved ones lost to us be - low,

A - bove the clouds that veil the blue, Be - yond the stars that glim -

There is a home un - known to care, — Its gates a - jar in - vite me there.
The gold - en harp the song di - vine, — The spot - less robe — Faith calls them mine.
The voice - es hush'd that used to sing, — We'll find them all where Christ is King.

REFRAIN.

O home of beau - ty, free from sor - row! O ev - er - last - ing glad to - mor - row
beau - ti - ful be - yond! beau - ti - ful b

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Faith swings the pearl-y por - tal wide. Love calls me to his side.
Faith swings the por - tal wide. Love calls me to my Father's side (my Father's side).

677

JEWELS.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when
I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3:17.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato

1. When He com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own.
2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
3. Lit - tle children, lit-tle children Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

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678

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15.

JESUS COMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak - ing; Lot the powers of heav'n are shaking; Keep your lamps all
 2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour. Pardon'd sin and purchased fa - vor, Blood-wash'd robes and
 3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling; Tell, O tell of
 4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great-ly; Earth her lat - est
 5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he's in - ter - ced - ing; Haste, ere grace and

REFRAIN.

trimm'd and burning, Read-y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
 crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.
 grace a-bound-ing; Whilst the sev - enth trump is sound-ing.
 pangs is summing; Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.
 time di-min-ish'd Shall proclaim the mys - tery fin - ished.

Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus com

...rious! Jesus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! he, comes, yes, Je -

WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36, 42. F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. B. Allegretto.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the mo-ment is
 2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal - va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev - e-
 3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas-ter's re-

near-ing When he shall re-turn,—'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—
 la-tion, Each proph-e-cy points to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
 turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice, ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—

D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

P CHORUS. *P* *D. S.*

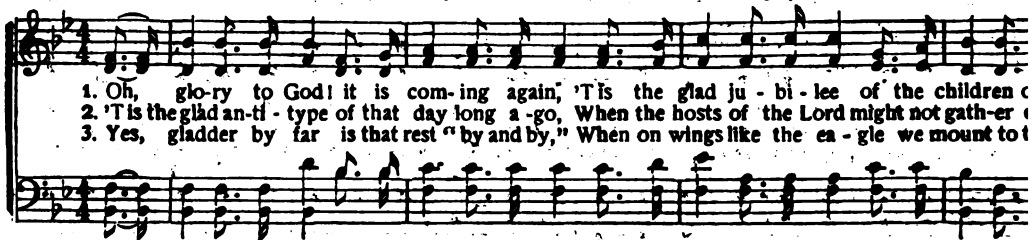
He will come, let us watch and be ready; He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will
 He will come, He will come, He will come,

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

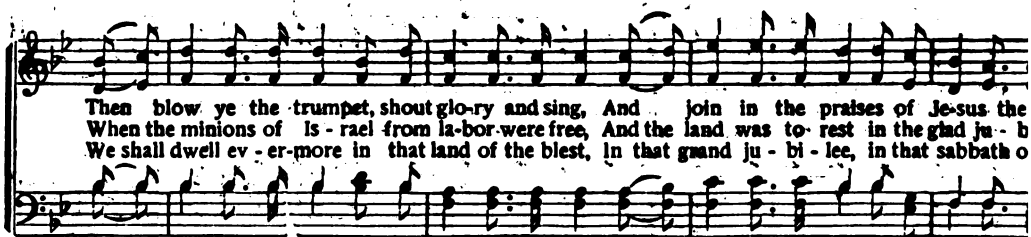
Mrs. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."—Lev. 25:4.

W. A. C.

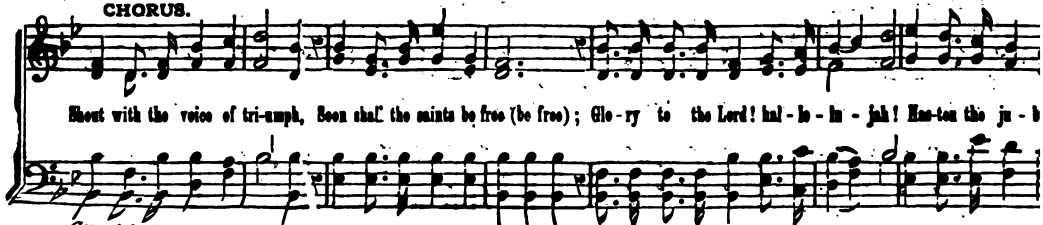


1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com-ing again, 'Tis the glad ju - bi - lee of the children
 2. 'Tis the glad an - ti - type of that day long a - go, When the hosts of the Lord might not gath - er
 3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest "by and by," When on wings like the ea - gle we mount to



Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glo-ry and sing, And join in the praises of Je-sus the
 When the minions of Is - rael from la-bor-were free, And the land was to - rest in the glad ju - b
 We shall dwell ev - er - more in that land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sabbath o

CHORUS.



Shout with the voice of tri-umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glo-ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Hae-tan the ju - b

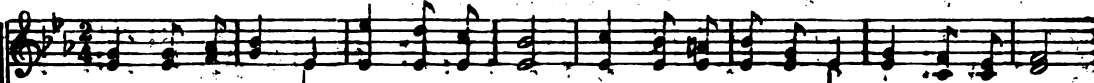
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CROWN AFTER CROSS


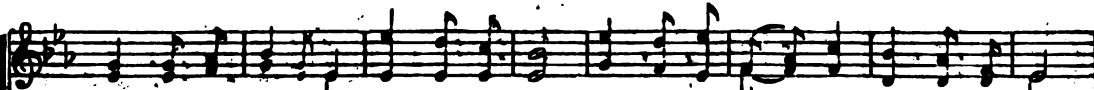
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

"Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross," — Heb. 12: 2.


E. S. LORENZ.




1. Light aft - er dark-ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wear - i-ness, Crown aft - er cross.
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - te - ry, Peace aft - er pain.
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li-ness, Life aft - er tomb.

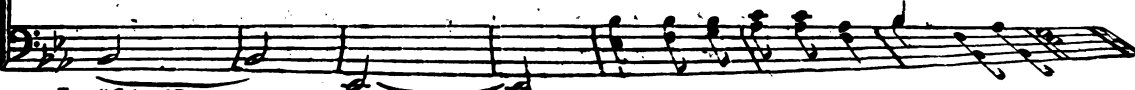
Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Home aft - er wan-der-ing, Praise af - ter cry.
 Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Aft - er long ag - o-ny, Rapt-ure of bliss! Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.



REFRAIN.



Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reap-ing, Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re-ward.



From "Globe of Praise," by permission of E. S. LORENZ.

"WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM."

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22: 12.

H. L. TOWNER.

Last stanza and Cho. by F. E. B.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing,
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight,
3. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing,
4. Speed on, glorious morn, bless-ed day of return-ing;

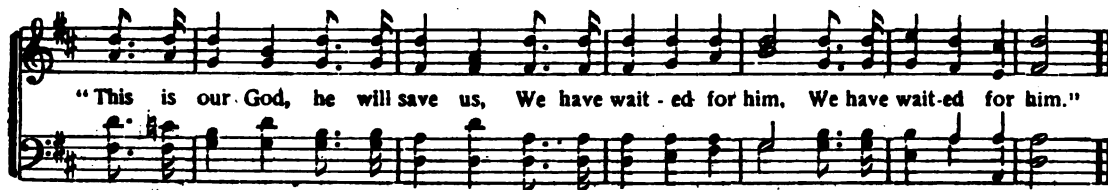
When sun-light thro' dark-ness and shadow is
It may be, perchance, that the black-ness of
No sick-ness, no sad-ness, no dread, and no
We know not the time, while its near-ness dis-

break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the full-ness of glo-ry,
mid-night Will burst in - to light in the blaze of his glo-ry,
cry-ing; Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in-to glo-ry,
cern-ing: "Behold, I come quickly!" With joy shout the "A-men,

To re-ceive from the world his own.
When Je-sus re-ceives his own.
When Je-sus re-ceives his own.
E-ven so, Lord Je-sus, come."

We will shout the glad song;

"WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM."—CONCLUDED.



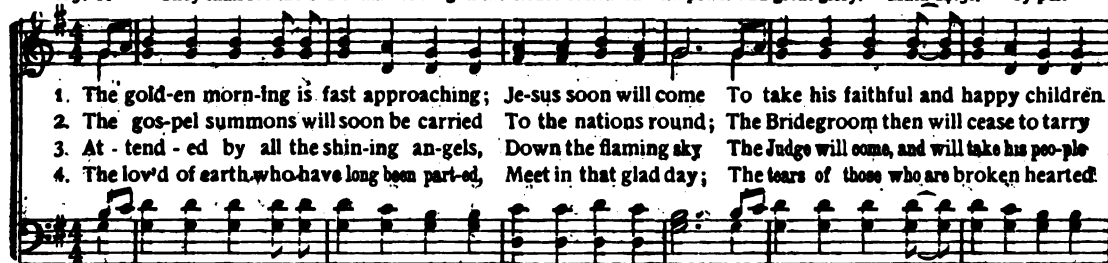
"This is our God, he will save us, We have wait-ed for him, We have wait-ed for him."

683

GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. GRAHAM,

S. J. G. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt. 24:30. by per.



1. The gold-en morn-ing is fast approach-ing; Je-sus soon will come To take his faithful and happy childrén.
2. The gos-pel summons will soon be carried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry
3. At-tend-ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will take his peo-ple
4. The lov'd of earth, who have long been part-ed, Meet in that glad day; The tears of those who are broken hearted.



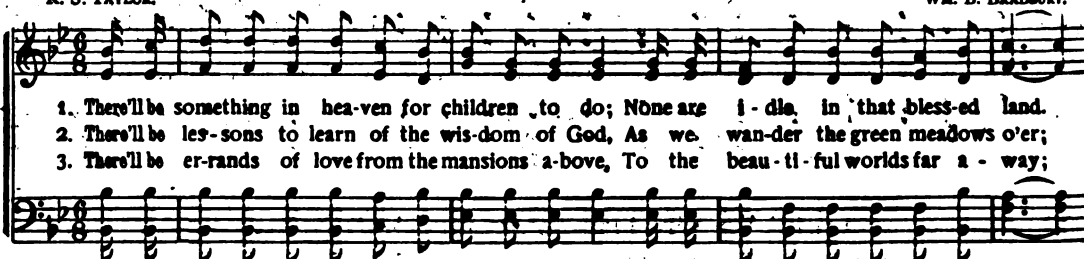
To their promised home.
And the trum-pet sound. 0, we see the gleams of the golden morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom! }
Where they will not die. 0, we see the gleams of the gold-en morning (Omit.) - - - - } That will burst the tomb.
Shall be wiped a - way.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

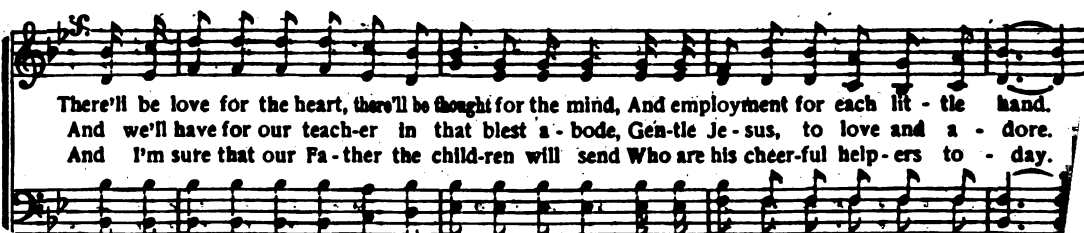
R. S. TAYLOR.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—John 5: 17. "We shall be like him."—1 John 3: 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



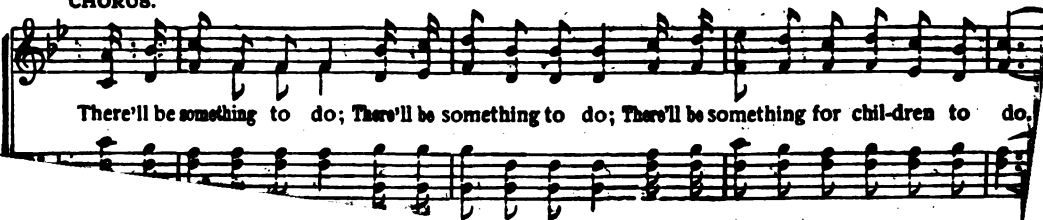
1. There'll be something in hea-ven for chil-dren to do; None are i - dle in that bless-ed land.
 2. There'll be les-sons to learn of the wis-dom of God, As we wan-der the green meadows o'er;
 3. There'll be er-rands of love from the mansions a-bove, To the beau-ti-ful worlds far a - way;



There'll be love for the heart, there'll be thought for the mind, And employment for each lit - tle hand.
 And we'll have for our teach-er in that blest a - bode, Gen-tle Je - sus, to love and a - dore.
 And I'm sure that our Fa-ther the child-ren will send Who are his cheer-ful help-ers to - day.

D. S. On the bright shining shore, where there's joy ev-er-more, There'll be something for chil-dren to do.

CHORUS.



There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for chil-dren to do.

SHALL WE BE THERE?

F. E. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. An - gels are building fair mansions a-bove; Shall we be there? shall we be there? Dwelling for-
 2. In the glad home of our Father there's room, Room for us all, room for us all; Je - sus in-
 3. Joy - ous the meeting with lov'd ones shall be; No farewell tears, no part-ing fears; From pain and

REFRAIN.

ev - er with those that we love? Children, shall we be there?
 vites us, the Spir-it says, Come, Come to your heav'nly home. We must be there, we must be there,
 sor-row the heart shall be free Thro' the e - ter - nal years.

Safe in the beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold; We must be there, we must be there, When the bright gates un-fold.

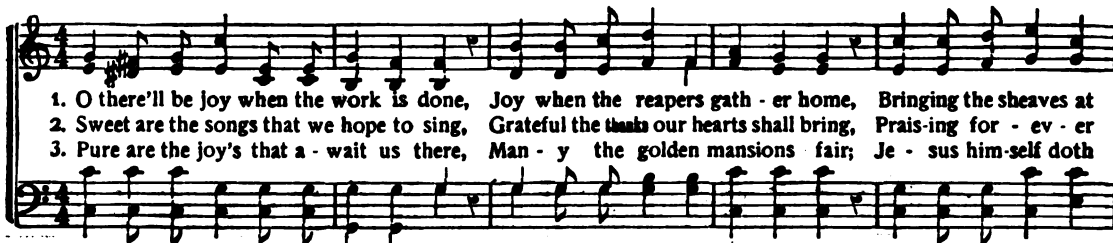
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JOY BY AND BY.

F. E. L

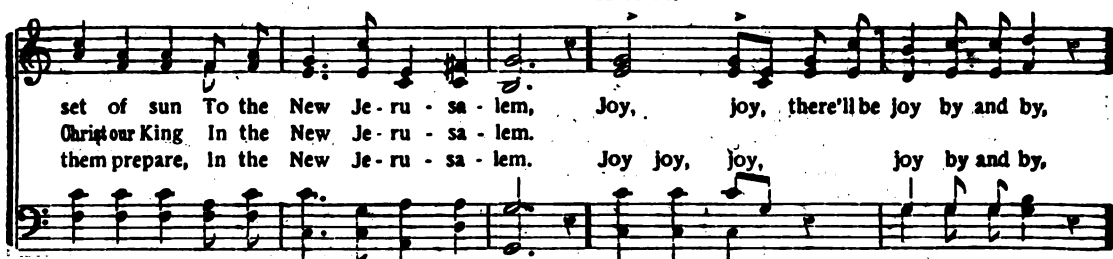
"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

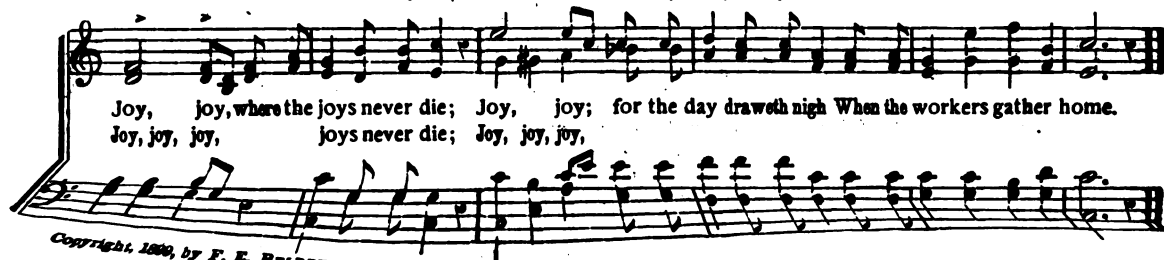


1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gath - er home, Bringing the sheaves at
 2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the ~~tasks~~ our hearts shall bring, Prais - ing for - ev - er
 3. Pure are the joy's that a - wait us there, Man - y the golden mansions fair; Je - sus him-self doth

CHORUS.



set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,
 Christ our King In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 them prepare, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. Joy joy, joy, joy by and by,



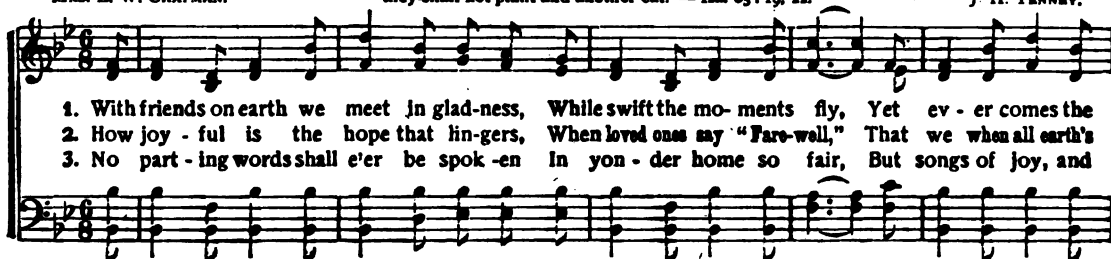
Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home.
 Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard." "They shall not build and another inhabit;
they shall not plant and another eat."—Isa. 65: 19, 22.

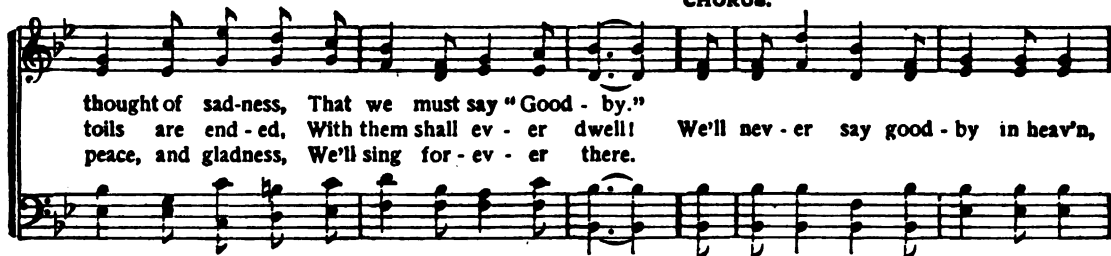
MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.




1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the mo-ments fly, Yet ev - er comes the
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones say "Fare-well," That we when all earth's
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok-en In yon - der home so fair, But songs of joy, and

CHORUS.



thought of sad-ness, That we must say "Good - by."
toils are end - ed, With them shall ev - er dwell! We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n,
peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.



We'll nev - er say good - by, In that fair land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.

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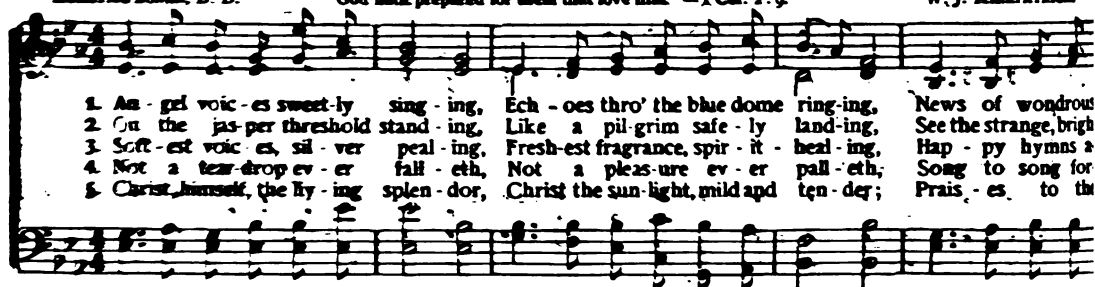
HEAVEN AT LAST.

Memorize Roman, D. D.

God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2:9.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which



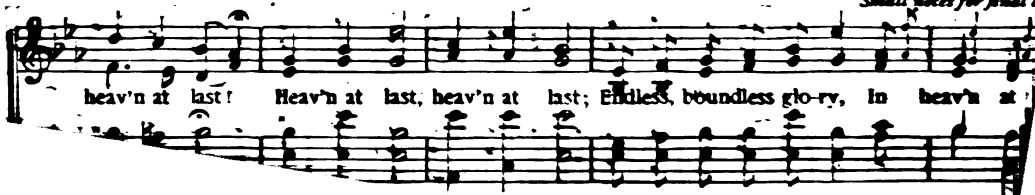
1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring - ing, News of wondrous
 2. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly land - ing, See the strange, bright
 3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fragrance, spir - it - heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a
 4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er pall - eth, Song to song for
 5. Christ him - self, the ly - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun - light, mild and ten - der; Prais - es, to the

REFRAIN.



glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy - ful sto - ry
 ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 Lamb we ven - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ed



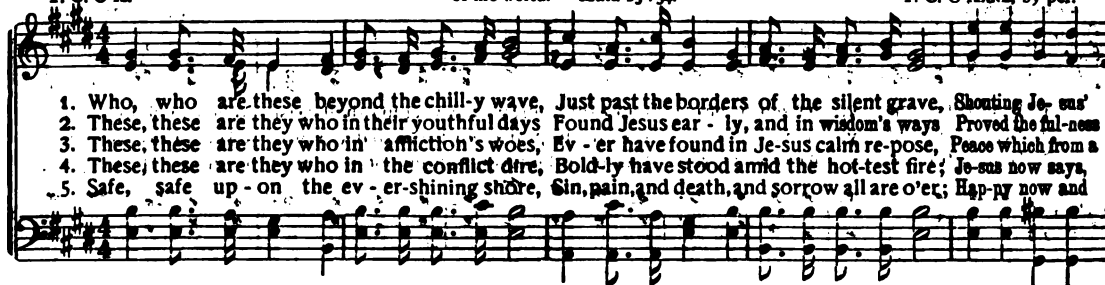
heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glo - ry, In heav'n at

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25:34.

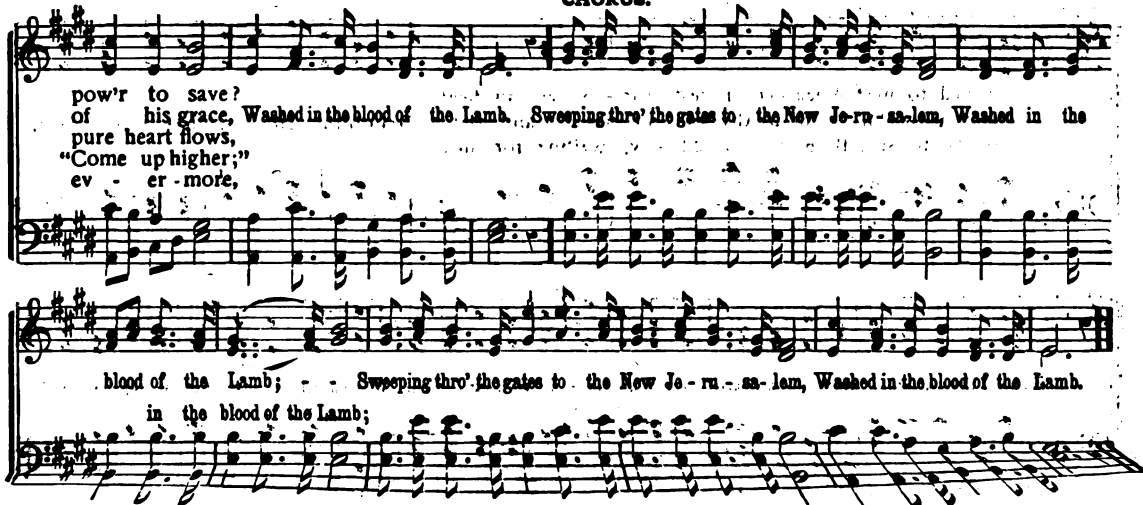
T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Who, who are these beyond the chill-y wave, Just past the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Je-sus'
 2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear-ly, and in wisdom's ways Proved the ful-ness
 3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev-er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose, Peace which from a
 4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Bold-ly have stood amid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says,
 5. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er; Hap-py now and

CHORUS.



pow'r to save?
 of his grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Sweeping thro' the gates to, the New Je-ru-sa-lem, Washed in the
 pure heart flows,
 "Come up higher,"
 ev-er-more,
 blood of the Lamb; - - Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru-sa-lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb;

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"Having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious."—Rev. 21 : 12.

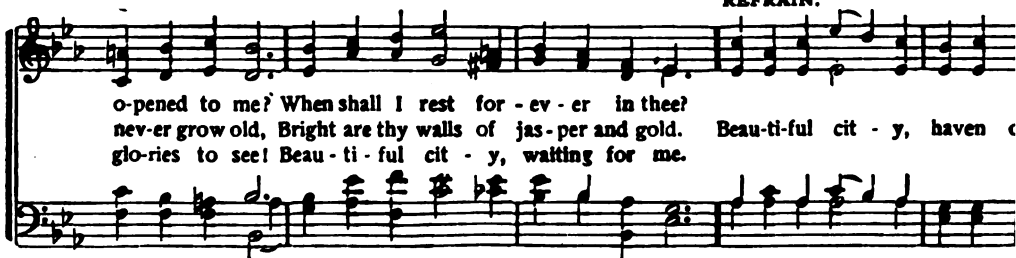
FRANKLIN E. BELDEN.

JAMES R. B.



1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of peace, Beau-ti-ful home where weeping shall cease; When shall thy
 2. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of joy, Heaven - ly praise our tongues shall em-ploy; Glad are thy so
 3. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of rest, Beau-ti-ful mansions, home of the blest; O how I h

REFRAIN.



o-pened to me? When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?
 nev-er grow old, Bright are thy walls of jas-per and gold. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, haven c
 glo-ries to see! Beau-ti-ful cit - y, waiting for me.



Home of the soul, where weeping shall cease; Beautiful cit - y, waiting for me, When shall I rest for - ev - er

HOME AND HEAVEN.

REV. J. D. HAMMOND.

"They desire a better country, an heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

D. S. HAKES.

1. When mid toil and strife I wan-der Far from home and those I love, Faith points out my home up yonder,
 2. There I see its radiant brightness, Far out-shin - - ing light of sun; There I see the pearly whiteness,
 3. Let the tho't of home and heaven, Help me, Lord, to do my best; Help me strug - gle as 'tis giv-en,

REFRAIN.

God's own home, of light and love. Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Hap-py place so bright and
 Of the robes thro' battle won.
 Till thou call - est me to rest.

Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Happy place,


fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there (to meet thee there).
 so bright and fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there.

ONLY WAITING.


W. G. IRVIN.

'The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ.'—2 Thess. 3: 5.

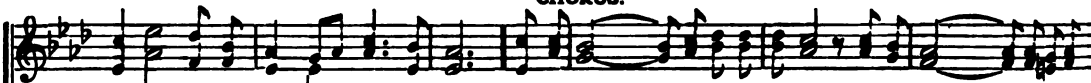
J. H. FILLMORE.



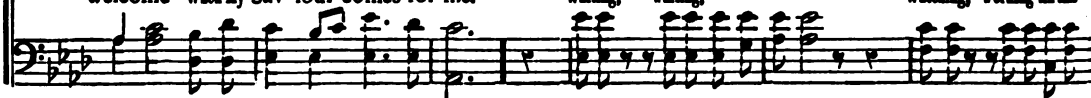
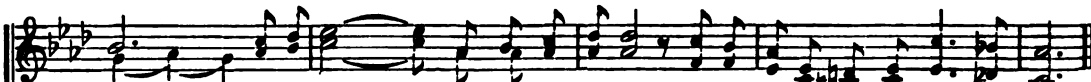
1. I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the bless - ed day to dawn, When the sorrow and the
 2. I am wait - ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife, Hoping, when the warfare's
 3. Waiting, hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love, Like a pilgrim looking
 4. Hop - ing soon to meet the loved ones Where the man - y mansions be, Long - ing for the happy




CHORUS.



sadness Of this changeful life are gone.
 o - ver, To re - ceive a crown of life. I am wait - ing, calmly waiting, Till this wea - ry life is
 forward To the land of bliss a - bove.
 welcome When my Sav - iour comes for me. Waiting, waiting, Watching, working till this

o'er; On - ly wait - ing for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
 weary life is o'er; Waiting, long - ing



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SOMETIME.

F. E. BELDEN.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35:10.

D. S. HAKES.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some-time; When we take the harp and crown In that cit-y
 2. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some-time; On that blest im-mor-tal shore, Where the reign of
 3. In that bright e-ter-nal day—Some-time, some-time, Tears shall all be wiped a-way, And we nev-er

Sometime, sometime;

REFRAIN.

of re-nown, We shall sing some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing,
 death is o'er, We shall meet some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall meet, some-time, We shall meet,
 more shall say, We shall sing some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing,

Duet.

some-time; Where the heart is never sad, Where the dwellers all are glad, In that happy, Eden clime, We shall sing, some-time.
 We shall meet, some-time.
 We shall sing, some-time.

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WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind - ness When we
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each other
strug - gle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day, When the weary watch is
know as we are known; Far be - yond the e - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the

CHORUS.

bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known, Nev - er
o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known,
shadows, Till the mists have cleared a-way.

more to walk a - lone, In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists - - have cleared
Nev - er more to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing, When the mists have cleared

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WE SHALL KNOW.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

way; In the dawn - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists - - have cleared away (have cleared away).
have cleared away; In the dawning When the mists

695

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet promise is giv'n to all who be-lieve,—“Be-hold I come quickly, mine own to re-ceive;
2. We'll “watch un-to pray’r” with lamps burning bright; He comes to all oth-ers a “thief in the night.”
3. Yes! this is our hope, ’t is built on His word,— The glo-rious ap-pear-ing of Je-sus, our Lord;

Hold fast till I come; the dan-ger is great; Sleep not as do oth-ers; be watch-ful, and wait,
We know he is near, but know not the day,— As spring shows that summer is not far a-way.
Of prom-ises all, it stands as the sum: “Be-hold I come quick-ly, hold fast till I come.”

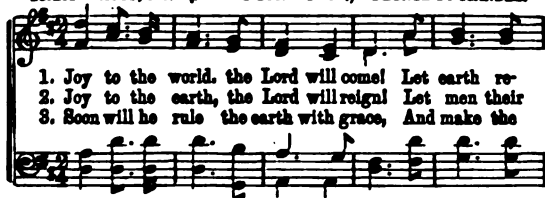
D.S.—“Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; hold fast till I come.”
CHORUS. D. S.

“Hold fast till I come;” sweet prom-ise of heav’n,—“The kingdom restored, to you shall be giv’n.”

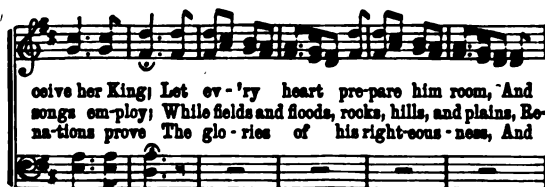
Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission.

696 JOY TO THE WORLD.


ISAAC WATTS, REV. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their
3. Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the

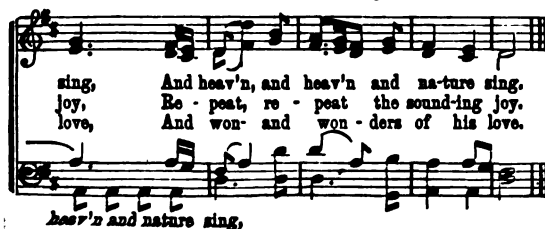


ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And
songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-
na-tions prove The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
won-ders of his love, And won-ders of his

And heav'n and nature sing. And

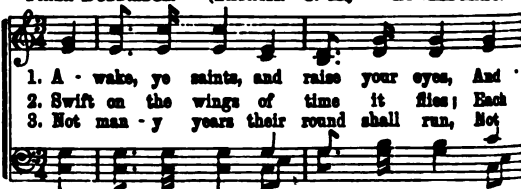


sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
love, And won- and won-ders of his love.

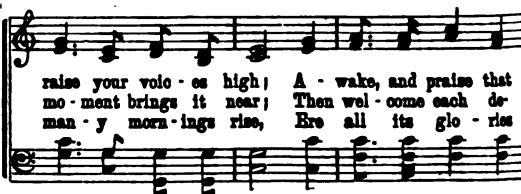
heav'n and nature sing,

697 AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

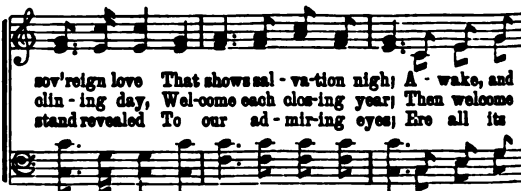
PHILIP DODDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.



1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each
3. Not man - y years their round shall run, Not



raise your voic-es high; A - wake, and praise that
mo-ment brings it near; Then wel-come each de-
man - y mora-ings rise, Ere all its glo-ries



sov'reign love That shows sal - va-tion nigh; A - wake, and
clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year; Then welcome
stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes; Ere all its

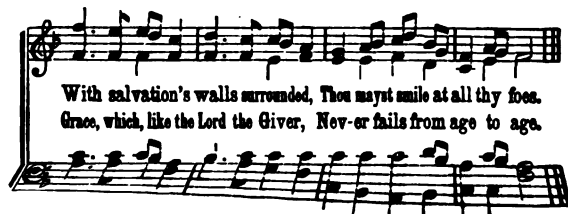
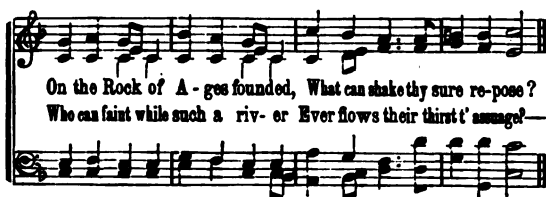
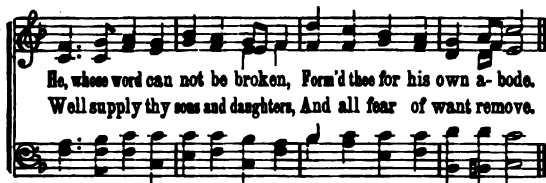
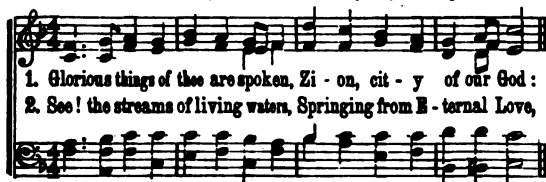


praise that sov'reign love That shows sal - va-tion nigh.
each de - clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year.
glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir-ing eyes.

698

GLORIOUS THINGS.

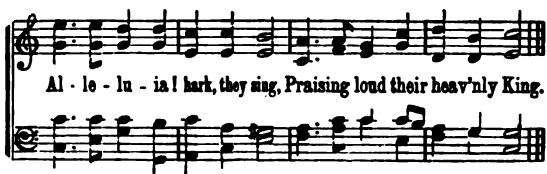
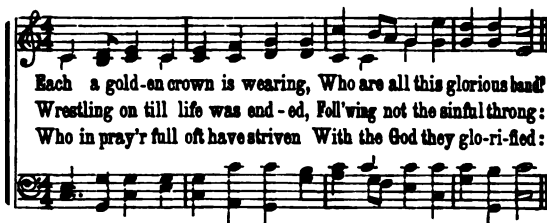
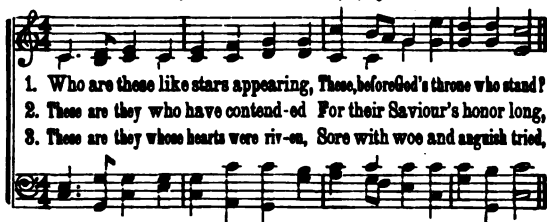
REV. JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s D.) F. J. HAYDN.



699

WHO ARE THESE ?

H. T. SCHENCK. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s.) JOACHIM NEANDER.



4. These, like priests, have watched and waited
Offering up to God their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

700

O PARADISE !

F. W. FABER, D. D. (PARADISE. P. M.) JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
 4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I would so faith - ful be,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.
 That when my race on earth has run That race may end in thee.

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

701 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 73 & 68. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest,
 2. There is the throne of Day - id, And there, from care releas'd,
 3. O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect!

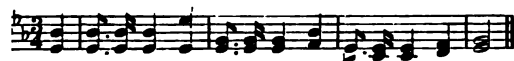
Beneath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
 The song of them that tri-umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That ea-ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho-ly joys are there;
 And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
 Je - sus in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

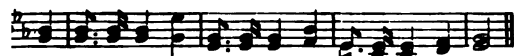
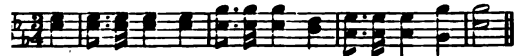
What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com-pare.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art with God the Fa-ther, And Spir-it ev - er blest.

22 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

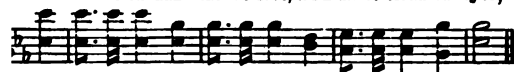
ATTs. ATT. from CHAS. H. RINCK.
(VARINA. C. M. D.) by G. F. ROOT.



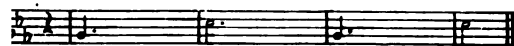
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints es- py, And all the re- gion peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove These gloomy doubts that rise,



In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;



There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs,
Those ho-ly gates for - ev-er bar Pol - lu-tion, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

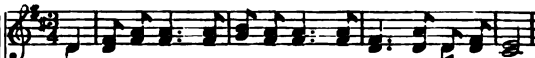


And but a lit - tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
None shall obtain admittance there But fol-l'wers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.



703 PLACE OF SACRED REST.

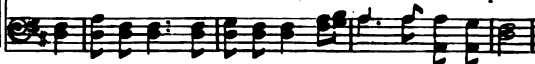
ANON. (OAKLEY. C. M. D.) WM. H. OAKLEY.



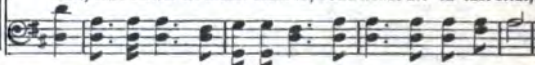
1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be-yond the skies,
2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev-'ry side,
3. In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's part-ed friends shall meet,



Where beau-ty smiles e - ter-nal - ly, And pleas - ure nev - er dies;-
When fierce-ly howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide,
With smiles of love that nev - er fade, And bless - ed-ness com-plete.



My Fa-ther's house, my heav'nly home, Where man - y mansions stand,
Be - yond the storm, be-yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn,
There, there a-dieus are sounds unknown; Death frowns not on that scene,




Prepared, by hands di-vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.
Bright beaming from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.
But life and glo-rious beau-ty shine, Un-troub - led and so - rene.

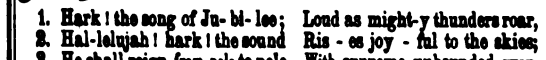



THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

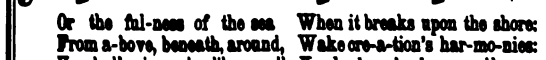

J. MONTGOMERY. (WATCHMAN. 78. D.) L. MASON.



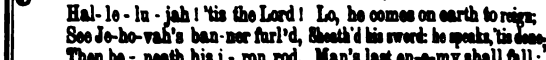
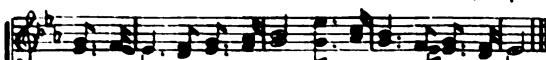
1. Hark! the song of Ju-bi-lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar,
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! hark! the sound Ris-es joy-ful to the skies;
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With suprema, unbounded sway;

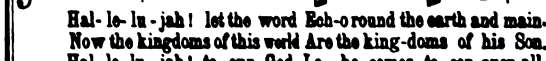
Or the ful-ness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:
From a-bove, beneath, around, Wake cre-a-tion's har-mo-nies:
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'n's have pass'd away:

Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
See Je-ho-vah's ban-ner fur'l'd, Sheath'd his sword: he speak's, 'tis done,
Then be-neath his i-ron rod, Man's last en-e-my shall fall;

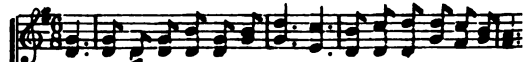
Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o-round the earth and main.
Now the kingdoms of this world Are the king-doms of his Son.
Hal-le-lu-jah! to our God, Lo, he comes to con-quer all.



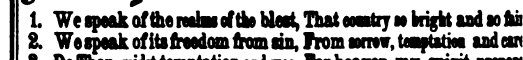

708

TO BE THERE.

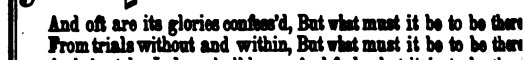

ELIZABETH MILLS. (CONTRAST. 8a. D.) LEWIS EDSON.



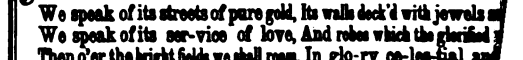

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care
3. Do Thou, midst temptation and we, For heaven my spirit prepare

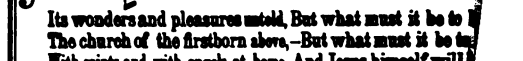
And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there
From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there
And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there

We speak of its streets of pure gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels and
We speak of its ser-vice of love, And robes which the glorified
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo-ry ce-lestial and

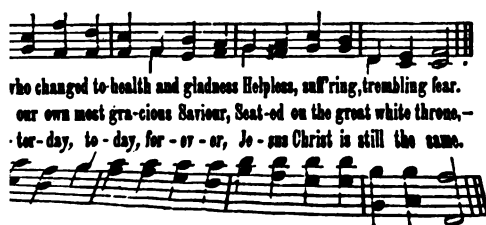
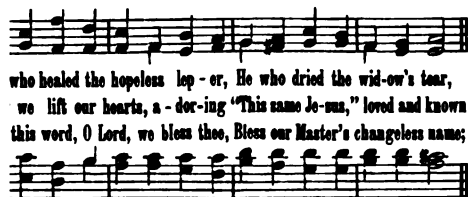
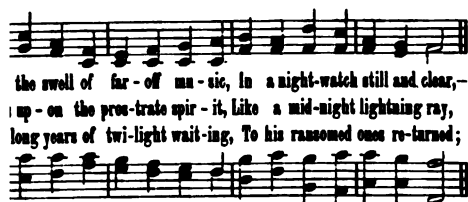
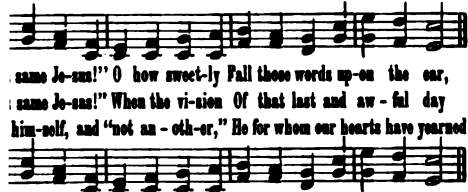



Its wonders and pleasures untold, But what must it be to be there
The church of the firstborn above, - But what must it be to be there
With saints and with angels at home, And Jesus himself will



THIS SAME JESUS.

REGAL. (DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.) LANGRAN.



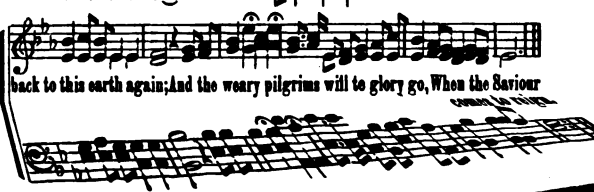
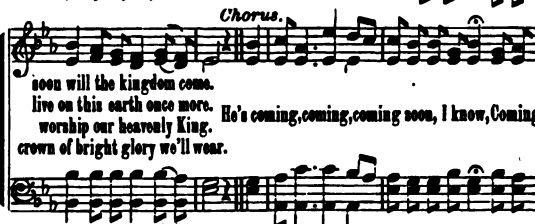
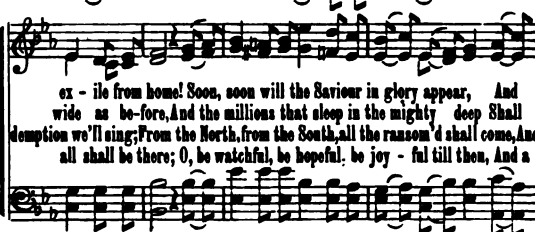
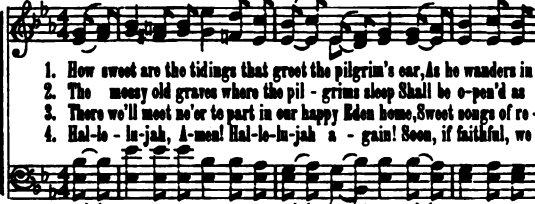
707

ANON.

(12s & 8s.)

HE'S COMING.

ARRANGED.

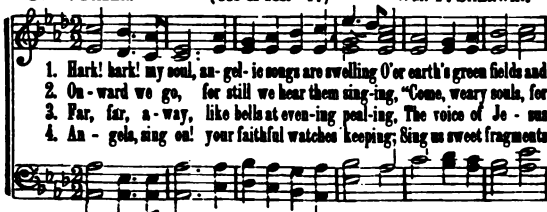


708 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

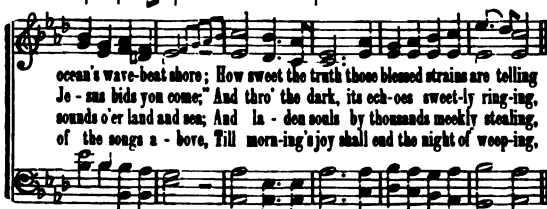
F. W. FABER.

(115 & 108. P.)

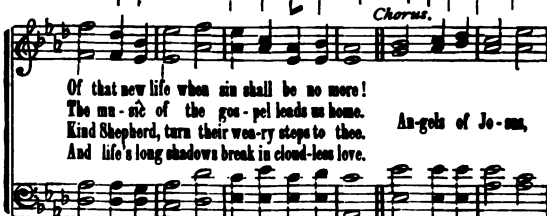
WM. F. SHERWIN.



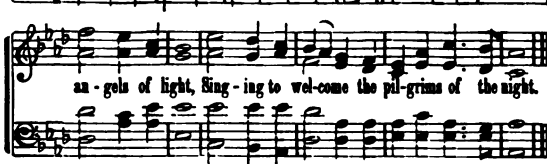
1. Hark! hark! my soul, an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far, a-way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus
4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je-sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
of the songs a-bore, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,



Chorus.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An-gels of Je-sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

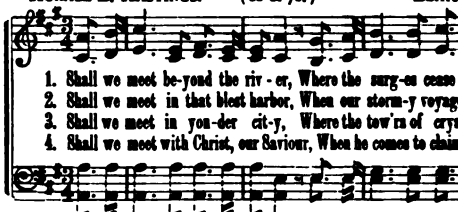
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709 SHALL WE MEET?

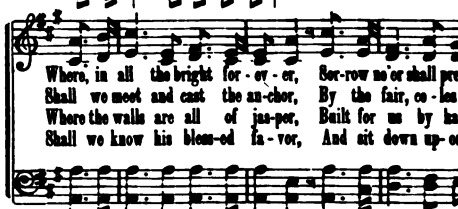
HORACE L. HASTINGS.

(8s & 7s.)

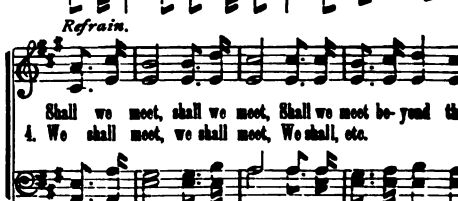
ELIHU



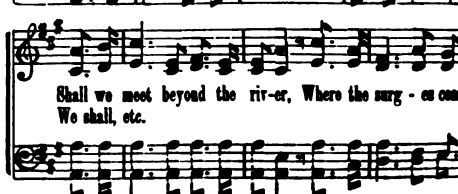
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyag
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'ns of crys
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim



Where, in all the bright for-er-er, Sor-row no or shall pre
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, co-less
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built for us by his
Shall we know his bless-ed fa-ther, And sit down up-on



Refrain.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the
4. We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.



Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease
We shall, etc.

710 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel foot have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev'-ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,

With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap-py gold - en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv - er, And pre-vide a robe and crown
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Chorus.

Yea, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er;

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

Used by permission of Robert Lowry.

711 FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead is
2. My Father's home on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-
3. And when the morn shall come That ends this night of pain, Thro' grace may I ce-

in that word: 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in this bod-y pent,
pir - ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints
cape the tomb, And life e - ter-nal gain; Then knowing "as I'm known,"

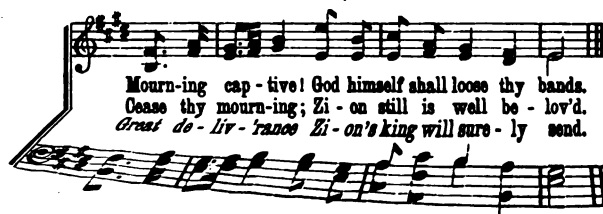
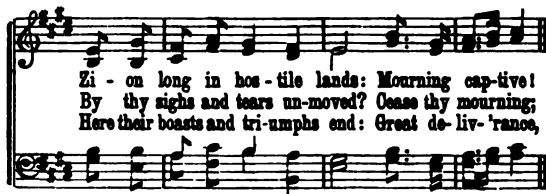
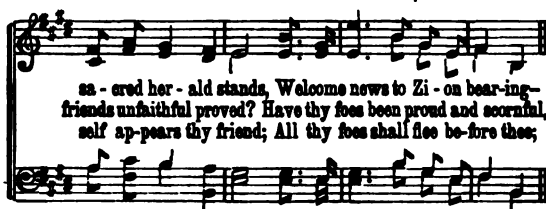
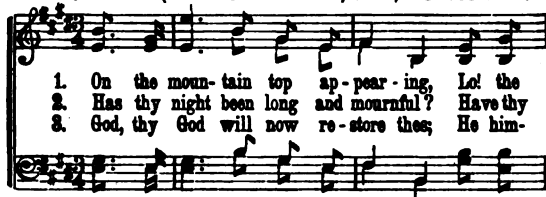
Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - i-tance of saints, Jo-
How shall I love that word, And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For

Chorus.

day's march nearer home. }
re - sa-lom a - bene. } Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.
ev - er with the Lord!" }

712 ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

THOS. KELLY. (TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6L.) C. LOCKHART.



713 DAWN.

- 1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the red'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
[: 'T is the Saviour: :]
On his bright returning way.
- 2 O thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
[: O my Saviour, :]
When wilt thou return to me?
- 3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
[: O my Saviour, :]
When shall I be wholly thine?
- 4 Hearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
[: O my Saviour, :]
In thy bright and promised land.
- 5 With my lamp well-trim'm'd and
burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;

[: Come, my Saviour, :]

O my Saviour, quickly come!

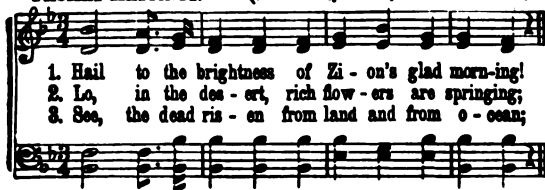
JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

714 COME.

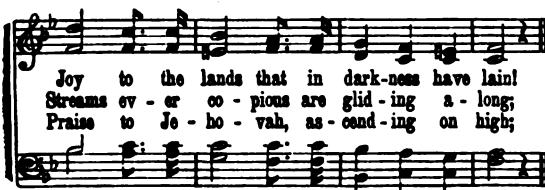
- 1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travails cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
[: Christ is coming! :]
Come, thou blessed Prince of
Peace!
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall soon behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign:
[: Christ is coming! :]
Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 Long thy oxles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and ease;
But, in heav'nly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
[: Christ is coming! :]
Haste the joyous jubilee.
- 4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;
[: Christ is coming! :]
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
JOHN R. MACDOUGALL.

715 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

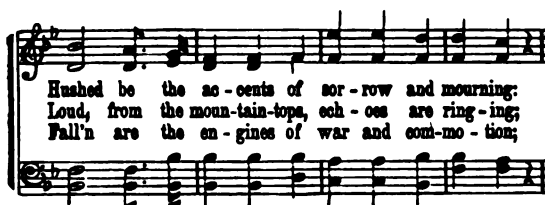
THOMAS HASTINGS. (112 & 108.) LOWELL MASON.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!
2. Lo, in the des-ert, rich flow-ers are spring-ing;
3. See, the dead ris-en from land and from o-sean;



Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
Streams ev-er co-pious are glid-ing a-long;
Praise to Je-ho-vah, as-cend-ing on high;



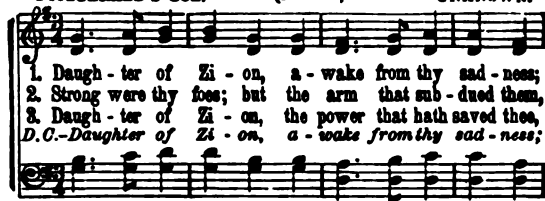
Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning;
Loud, from the moun-tain-tops, ech-oes are ring-ing;
Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion;



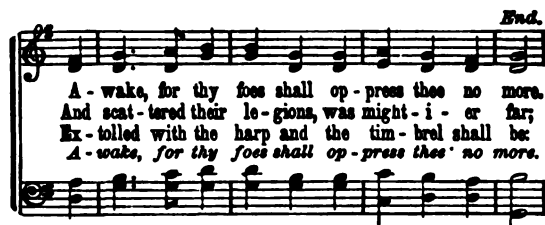
Zi-on, in tri-umph, be-gins her mild reign.
Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.
Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

716 DAUGHTER OF ZION.

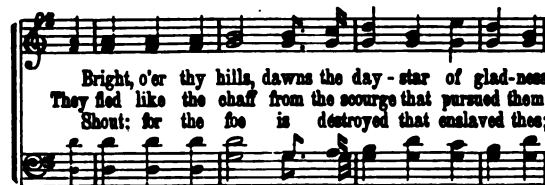
FITZGERALD'S COL. (112. P.) UNKNOWN.



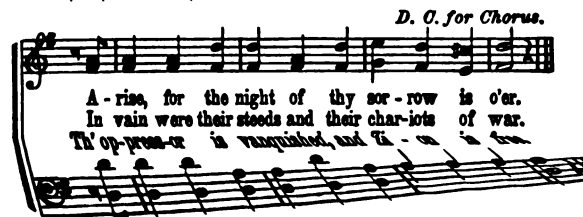
1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness;
2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub-dued them,
3. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, the power that hath saved thee,
D.C.-Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness;



End.
A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.
And scat-tered their le-gions, was might-i-er far;
Ex-tolled with the harp and the tim-brel shall be:
A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.



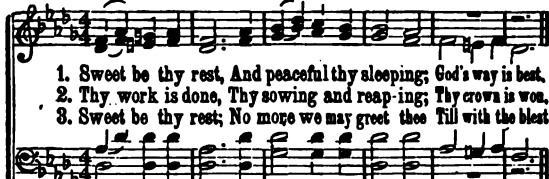
Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of glad-ness,
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;



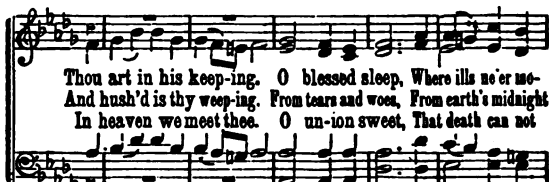
D. C. for Chorus.
A-rise, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er.
In vain were their steeds and their char-iots of war.
Thy op-press-or is vanquished, and Zi-on is free.

717 SWEET BE THY REST.

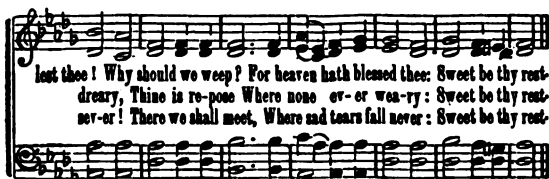
F. E. BELDEN. (BYRON. 4s & 6s D.) D. S. HAKES.



1. Sweet be thy rest, And peaceful thy sleeping; God's way is best,
2. Thy work is done, Thy sowing and reap-ing; Thy crown is won.
3. Sweet be thy rest; No more we may greet thee Till with the blest



Thou art in his keep-ing. O blessed sleep, Where ill's no'er me-
And hush'd is thy weep-ing. From tears and woes, From earth's midnight
In heaven we meet thee. O un-ion sweet, That death can not

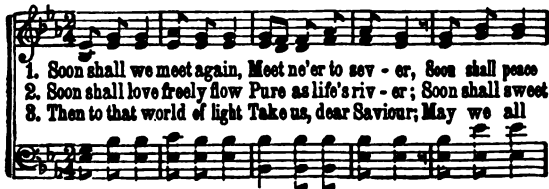


lost thee! Why should we weep? For heaven hath blessed thee: Sweet be thy rest-
drear-y, Thine is re- pose Where none ev- er wea-ry: Sweet be thy rest-
sev-er! There we shall meet, Where sad tears fall never: Sweet be thy rest.

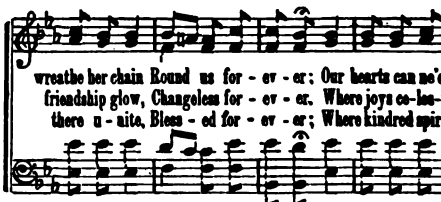
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718 SOON SHALL WE MEET.

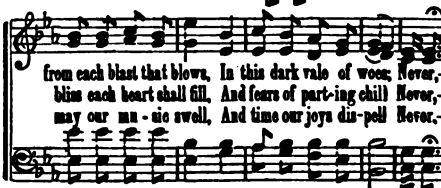
A. A. WATTS. (UNITY. 6s & 5s.) L. MASON.



1. Soon shall we meet again, Meet no'er to sev - er, Soon shall peace
2. Soon shall love freely flow Pure as life's riv - er; Soon shall sweet
3. Then to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour; May we all



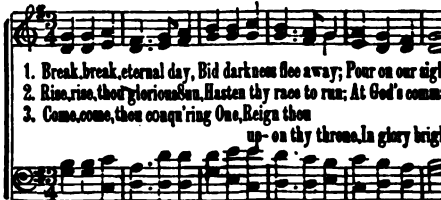
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts can ne'er
friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er. Where joys co - loc -
there u - nite, Bless - ed for - ev - er; Where kindred spir-



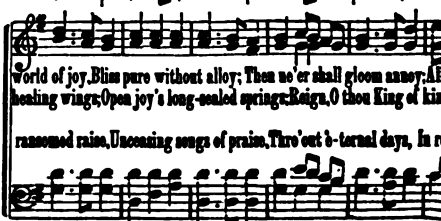
from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Never-
bliss each heart shall fill. And fears of part-ing chill! Never-
may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pell! Never-

719 BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.

ANON. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) H



1. Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away; Pour on our sight
2. Rise, rise, thou glorious Sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's com-
mand
3. Come, come, thou conquer-ing One, Reign thou
up-on thy throne, In glory bright

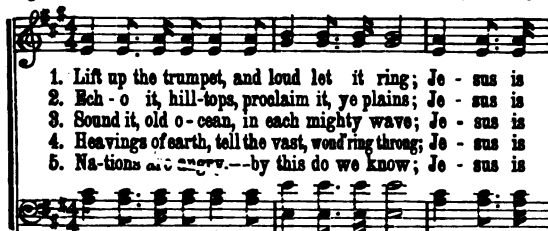


World of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy; All
beating wings; Open joy's long-sealed springs; Reign, O thou King of kin-
doms, ransom'd raise, Unceasing songs of praise, Thine out-er-ternal days, In re-

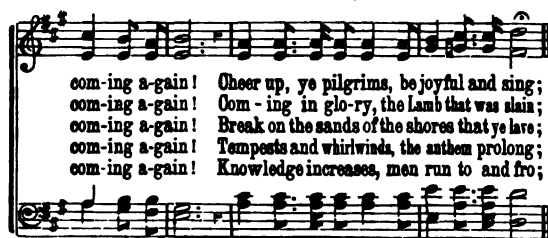
720 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT.

GEO. E. LEE.

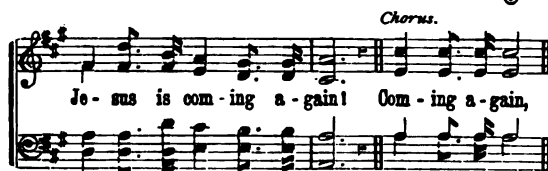


1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is
 2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is
 4. Heav'ngs of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is
 5. Na-tions and an-gels--by this do we know; Je - sus is

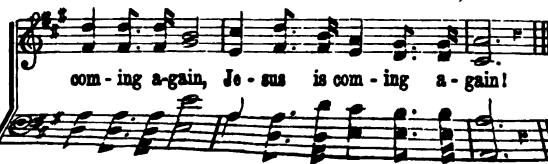


com-ing a-gain! Oheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
 com-ing a-gain! Com - ing in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain;
 com-ing a-gain! Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave;
 com-ing a-gain! Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong;
 com-ing a-gain! Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.



Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,

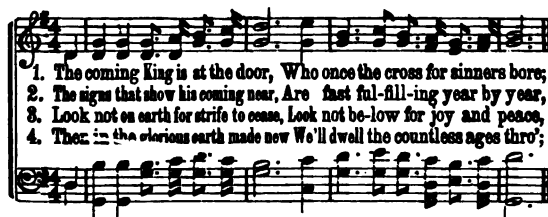


com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

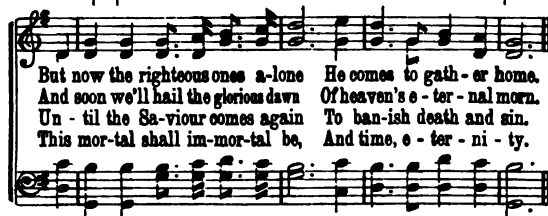
721 EVEN AT THE DOOR.

F. E. B.

F. E. BILDEN.

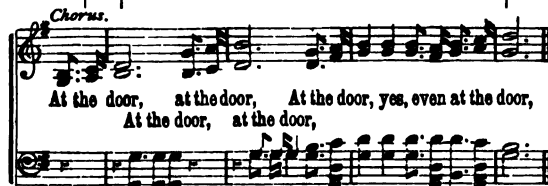


1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the crosses for sinners bore;
 2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
 3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
 4. Ther - in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro';



But now the righteous ones a-lone He comes to gath - er home.
 And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
 Un - til the Sa-viour comes again To ban-ish death and sin.
 This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.



At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door,
 At the door, at the door,

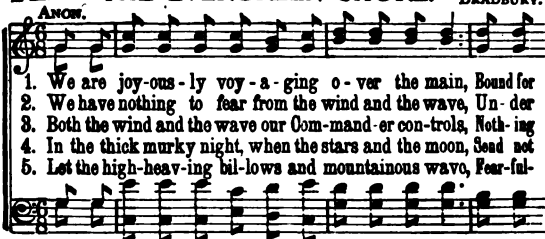


He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.
 coming again, coming again,

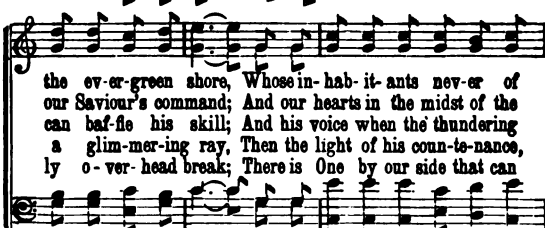
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722 THE EVERGREEN SHORE. BRADBURY.

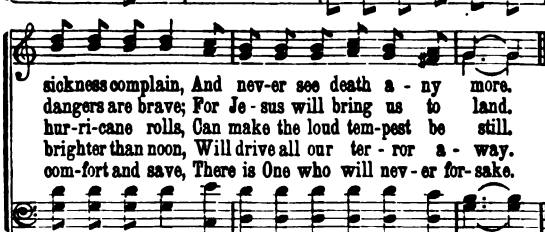
ANCHO.



1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-a-ging o-ver the main, Bound for
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der
 3. Both the wind and the wave our Com-mand-er con-trols, Noth-ing
 4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Sead-net
 5. Let the high-heav-ing bil-lows and mountainous wave, Fear-ful-

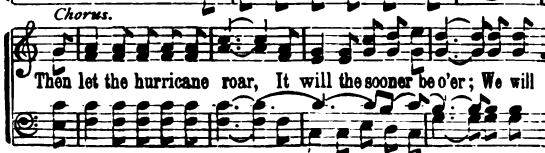


the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-hab-it-ants nev-er of
 our Sav-iour's com-mand; And our hearts in the midst of the
 can baf-fle his skill; And his voice when the thundering
 a glim-mer-ing ray, Then the light of his coun-te-nance,
 ly o-ver-head break; There is One by our side that can



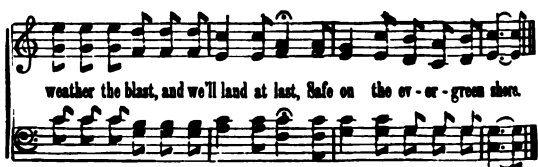
sick-ness com-plain, And nev-er see death a - ny more.
 dan-gers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.
 hur-ri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tem-pest be still.
 brighter than noon, Will drive all our ter-ror a-way.
 com-fort and save, There is One who will nev-er for-sake.

Chorus.



Then let the hurri-cane roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will

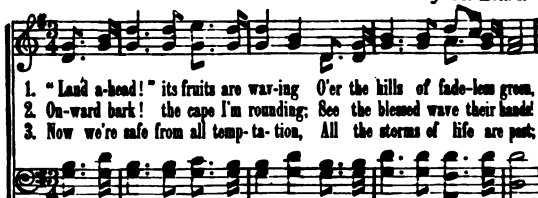
THE EVERGREEN SHORE.—CONCLUDED.



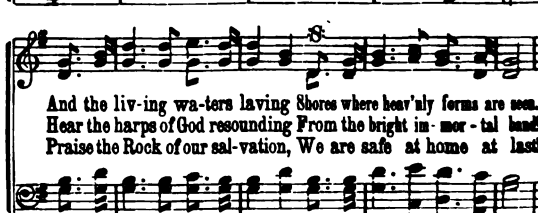
weather the blast, and we'll land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

723 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

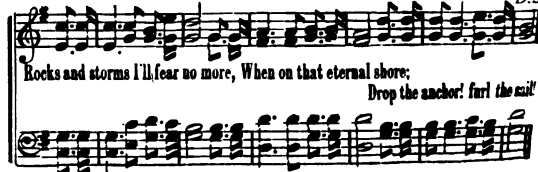


1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-lem green,
 2. On-ward bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands!
 3. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;



And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright in-mor-tal land
 Praise the Rock of our sal-vation, We are safe at home at last

Chorus. D. S.—I am safe within the veil! D.S.



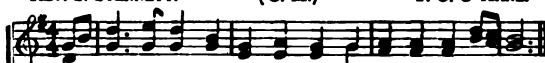
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that eternal shore;
 Drop the anchor! furl the sail!

724 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

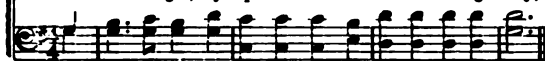
REV. S. STENNETT.

(C. M.)

T. C. O'KANE.




1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide extend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day,
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul Would here no longer stay;



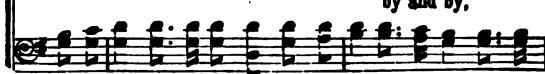


To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There Christ, the Sun, forever reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his king-dom rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.



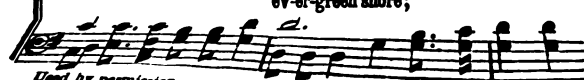
Chorus.



We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
by and by,

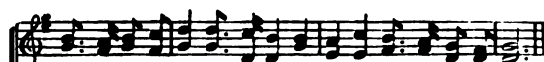



cross on the evergreen shore; . . . Sing the song of
ev-er-green shore;

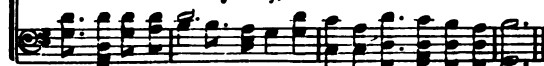


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ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.—CONCLUDED.



Mo-ses and the Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

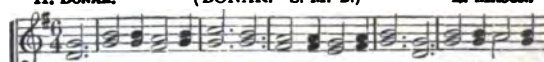


725 A FEW MORE YEARS.

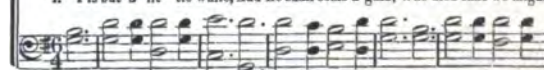
H. BONAR.

(BONAR. S. M. D.)


L. MASON.




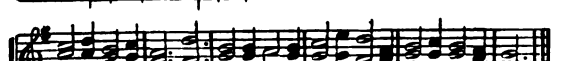
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where
3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings sore, A few more toils, a
4. 'Tis but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might




Chorus.



loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb:
tempests cease, And surges swell no more: Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My
few more tears, And we shall weep no more: live, who lives That we may with him reign:

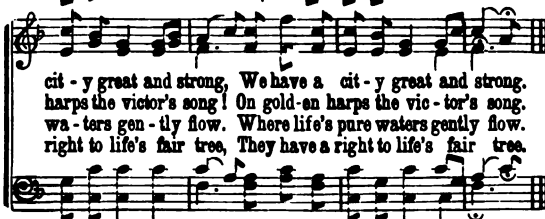
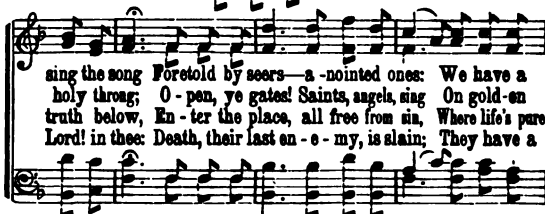
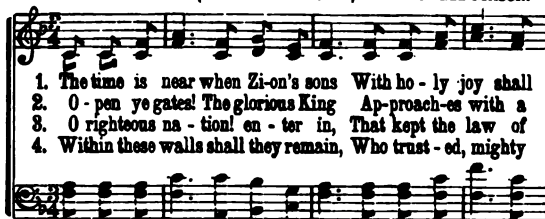
soul for that great day; O, wash me in thy precious blood And take my sin a-way.



726

THE TIME IS NEAR.

R. F. COTTRELL. (ANVERN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

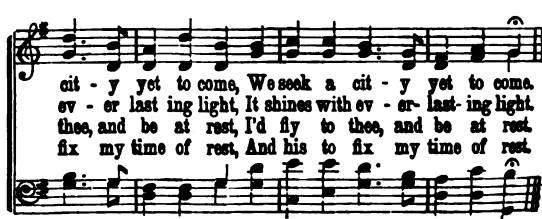
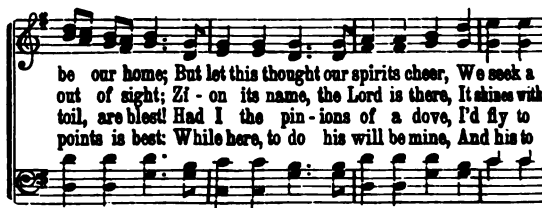
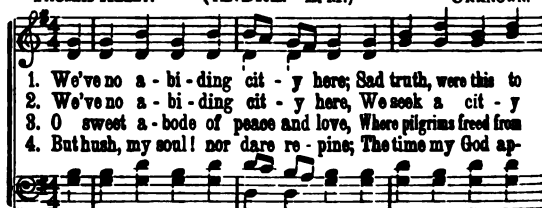


727

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell? | Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,
: And gladness spring on every tree; : |
| : What eye the dazzling glory view? : | 3 The high and low shall meet in love,
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When Christ descends from worlds above |
| 2 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be, | : To dwell with men on earth again. :] |

728 NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

THOMAS KELLY. (ANDRE. L. M.) UNKNOWN.

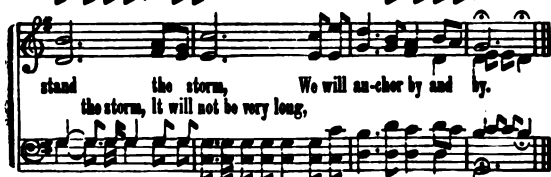
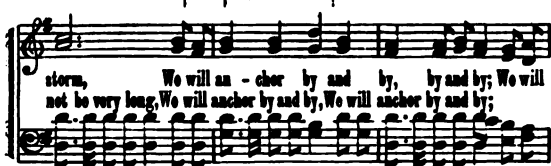
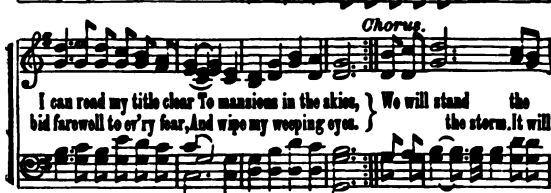
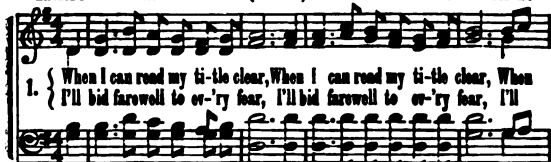


729

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Thy kingdom come. Thus day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed | When hate and strife and war shall cease
: And man with man shall beat peace :] |
| : The meaning of the words he said? : | 3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill
And all the earth with glo - ry
His word shall Paradise be |
| 2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ; | : And sin and death afflict |

730 WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS. (C. M.) ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a flaming world.

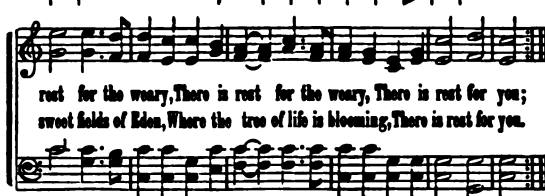
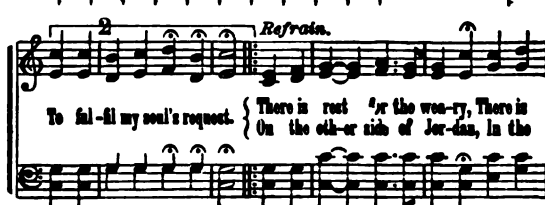
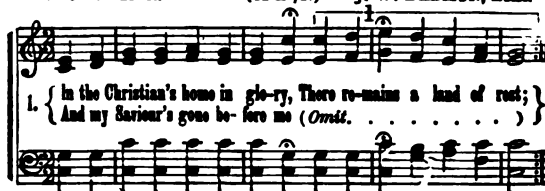
3 Let cars like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

731 REST FOR THE WEARY.

S. F. HARMER. (8s & 7s.) J. W. DADMUN, ARR.



2 He is fitting up my mansion
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor wee my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
A crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go,
For the gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance.

732 HARK! THAT SHOUT!

THOMAS KELLY. (HERNDON. 78.) C. H. A. MALAN.

and,
 1. Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes,
 2. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice Sounds abroad o'er sea and land; Let his people
 3. See, the Lord appears in view; Hear'n and earth before him fly; Rise, ye saints, be
 4. Go and dwell with him above, Where no foe can o'er me-lost; Happy in the

thro' the sky, Angels tell their joy a - load, Angels tell their joy a-load.
 now rejoice; Their redemption is at hand, Their redemption is at hand.
 comes for you; Rise, to meet him in the sky, Rise, to meet him in the sky.
 Saviour's love, Ev-er blessing, or-er blest, Ev-er blessing, or-er blest.

733 PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT.

ANON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The glories of that heav'nly land I've oft-times felt be - fore; But what I
 2. Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be at rest; Then would I
 3. But Patience bids us wait awhile! The crown's for them that fight; The prize for

feel is just a taste, And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.
 go to Christ, my love, And dwell among the blest, And dwell among the blest.
 those that win the race By faith, and not by sight, By faith, and not by sight.

734 REDEMPTION NIGH.

REGINALD HEBER. (PLEYREL. 78.) IGNACE PLEYREL.

1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and wonders have app
 2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep, Tossed with stronger tempests
 3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud, Pale amazement, restless
 4. But, tho' from his awful face, Heav'n shall fade, and earth shu

Earth has grown'd with bloody wars, And the hearts of men have
 Darker storms the mountains sweep, Fiercer lightnings rend the
 And a - mid the thunder cloud Shall the Judge of men ap
 Fear not ye, his cho-sen race, Your redemption draweth

735 REST FOR THE TOILING HAND

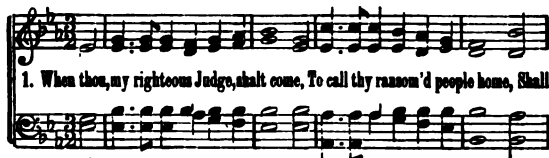
H. BONAR. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) I. M. ALLEN.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious
 2. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel - come
 3. 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be raised in p

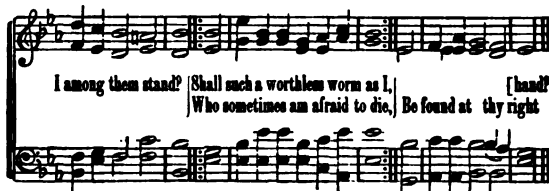
Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all la - bor
 That shakes thy silent chamber walls, And breaks the turf - sealed
 That which was sown an earthly seed, Shall rise a heav'nly fl

736 WHEN THOU SHALT COME.

SELINA, C. of H. (MERIBAH. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransom'd people home, Shall



I among them stand? [Shall such a worthless worm as I, [hand?]
[Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call.

3 Let me among thy saints be found,
When e'er th' Archangel's trump
shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

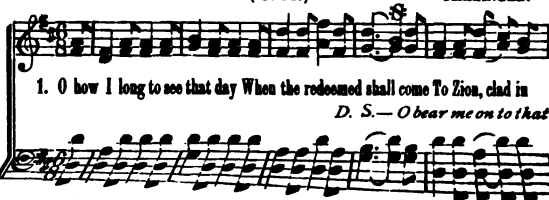
737

BEAR ME ON.

ANON.

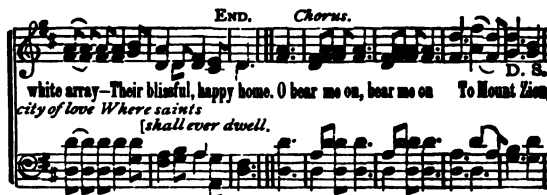
(C. M.)

ARRANGED.



1. O how I long to see that day When the redeemed shall come To Zion, clad in
D. S.—O bear me on to that

END. Chorus.



white array—Their blissful, happy home. O bear me on, bear me on To Mount Zion;
city of love Where saints
(shall ever dwell.

2 I'll hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a heaven-ecstasied soul
I'll join redemption's song.

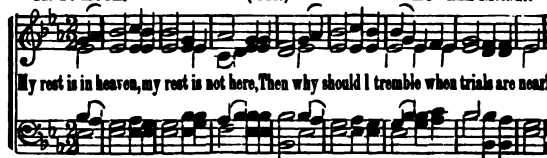
3 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

738 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

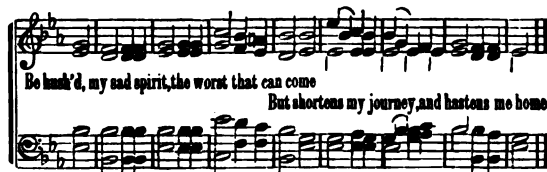
H. F. LYTE.

(11s.)

LOWELL MASON



My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near?



Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Nor building my hopes in a region
like this;

I look for a city that hands have
not pierd,

I seek for a country by sin undefil'd.

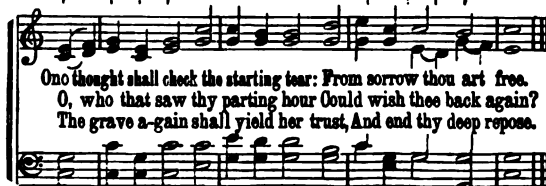
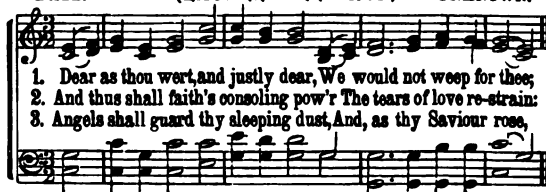
3 Let doubt, then, and danger, my pro-
gress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet
at its close;

Come joy, or come sorrow, what e'er
may befall,

As love will my feet will make on
for heaven all.

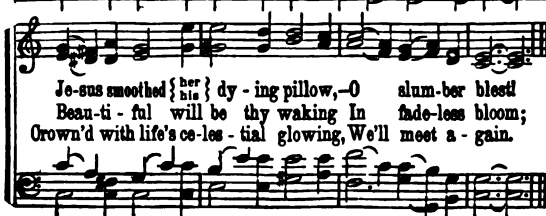
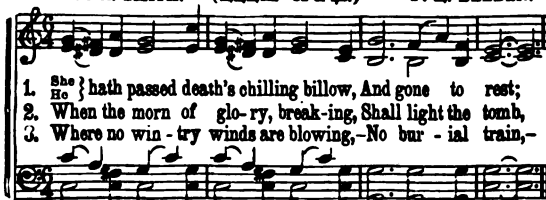
739 WE WOULD NOT WEEP.

DALE. (LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



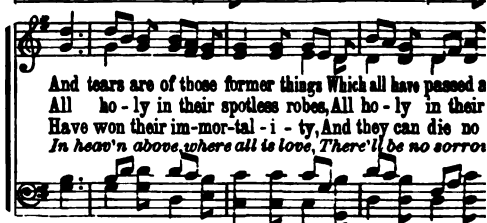
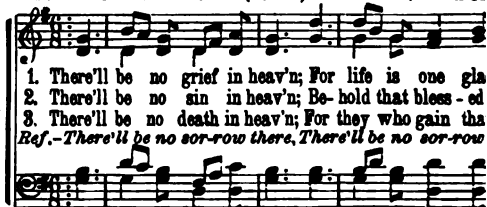
740 GONE TO REST.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (E.L.L.A. 3s & 4s.) F. R. BELDEN.



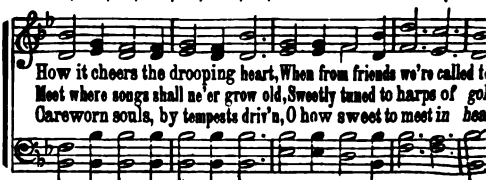
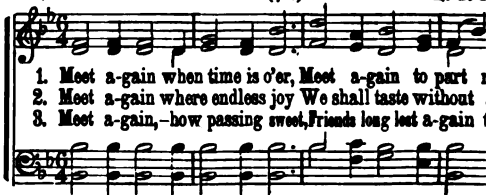
741 NO SORROW THERE.

F. D. HUNTINGTON. (S. M.) R. W. DUTCH



742 MEET AGAIN.

I. S. HALL. (7s.) I. S. 1



INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

A beautiful star arose... 219	At the cross..... 186	Buried beneath the..... 340	Come ye sinners poor... 139
Abide with Me, fast.... 474	At the door..... 4 75	By cool Siloam's shady.. 394	Come ye that love the... 298
Abiding and confiding.. 461	At the feast of..... 63	By faith alone..... 623	Coming Saviour now.... 848
Able to deliver..... 15	A thrilling cry we hear 648	By Thee we rise..... 278	Coming to the cross..... 68
Able to save and keep... 23	Awake my soul to joyful 269		Conformed to Thee..... 154
Above the clouds..... 676	Awake my soul stretch.. 549		Consecrated childhood.. 334
A child of the King..... 457	Awake ye saints and.... 697		Control my will..... 543
A few more years shall. 725	Away the bowl..... 468		Could you wait could.... 478
Again the day awakes... 814			Count your blessings.... 218
Again the day returns... 365	Baptized into our..... 342	Called to the feast by... 37	Cover with His life..... 26
A glory gilds the sacred 322	Baptize us anew with... 116	Calling..... 44	Cross and crown..... 152
A glory in the Word we. 321	Bear me on..... 737	Can we forget..... 387	Crowded is your heart... 98
Alas and did my Sav. 103, 186	Beautiful city haven... 690	Can you wait..... 472	Crown after cross..... 681
A little light..... 491	Beautiful beyond..... 676	Carry the joyful tidings 477	Crown Him..... 183
All for Jesus..... 301	Beautiful flowers..... 456	Cast all your care..... 452	Crown Him Lord of all... 226
All hail the power of... 226	Beautiful little hands.. 450	Cast out the buyers.... 106	Crown Him with many... 230
All have gone astray... 121	Beautiful robes..... 668	Cast thy bread upon the 488	
All things are ready... 150	Beautiful valley of... 674	Cast thy burden on... 556, 619	
All things are thine no. 345	Before Jehovah's awful 272	Chide mildly the erring 436	
All my class..... 418	Behold the Saviour at... 75	Chief of sinners though 78	
Almost persuaded..... 66	Behold the Bridegroom 664	Children of the heavenly 588	
Always with us always. 484	Benediction..... 287	Children's praises..... 252	Dare to do right..... 54
Amazing grace, how..... 495	Be near us..... 550	Christ is coming let.... 714	Daughter of Zion awake 716
A mighty Fortress is... 618	Be not afraid..... 582	Christ is knocking at... 5	Day by day the manna... 505
Am I a soldier of the... 553	Be sober..... 635	Christ is risen our..... 278	Day is dying in the West 200
And must I part with... 136	Be thou O God exalted 275	Christ receiveth sinful. 28	Dear as thou wert and... 739
A new song..... 190	Benlah land..... 469	Christian the morn bre. 546	Dearest name in earth... 197
Angel voices sweetly... 688	Blessed are they that do 26	Closer to Thee my Fath 693	Decisive day..... 83
Angels are building fair 685	Blessed assurance Jesus 166	Cold water is the cup... 468	Delightful day best.... 366
Angry words, O let them 211	Blessed Bible how I love 565	Come children hail the... 183	Depth of mercy can.... 125
An open Bible for the... 408	Blessed be the fountain 8	Come dearest Lord and... 361	Did Christ o'er sinners... 122
Another six days' work 358	Blessed be the name... 250	Come every soul by sin... 89	Don't forget the Sabbath 215
Another year is dawning 616	Blessed Jesus meek and 511	Come gracious Spirit... 127	Do you know what the... 199
Answer the call ye..... 525	Blessed Lord how much 412	Come Holy Spirit calm... 303	Down at the cross..... 241
Anywhere dear Saviour 598	Blest are the pure in... 544	Come Holy Spirit come... 132	Draw me closer to thee 393
Anywhere with Jesus 598, 416	Blest be the tie that... 343	Come Holy Spirit heav... 493	
A present Help..... 73, 598	Blessed quietness..... 268	Come let us join our... 355	Each cooling dove and... 58
Are you Christ's light... 404	Blow the trumpet..... 600	Come let us sing the... 258	Each little flower that... 298
Are you tenting toward 40	Blow ye the trumpet... 352	Come let us anew..... 500	Eternal Father strong... 528
Are you weary are you 419	Born again..... 107	Come my soul thy..... 126	Eternal Father God of... 492
Are you ready for the... 664	Bravely say No when... 36	Come O thou Traveler... 143	Eternal depth of love... 521
Arise my soul arise... 351	Break break eternal... 719	Come out in the sunshine 53	Even at the door..... 721
Ashamed of Jesus..... 74	Breaking thro' the cloud 672	Come O my soul in..... 336	Even me..... 141
A shelter in the time of 441	Brightly beams our Fa- 387	Come praise your Lord... 253	Even unto the end..... 464
Ask not to be excused... 422	Bringing in the sheaves 463	Come thou Fount of... 317	
Asleep in Jesus blessed. 647	Broad is the road..... 144	Come thou Almighty... 362	Fade fade each earthly... 228
As pants the wearied... 595	Brotherhood of men.... 612	Come to Jesus..... 140	Faith views Him..... 340
Attempt His praise..... 336	Build on the Rock..... 24	Come to the living Wat 128	Far away in the depths. 198
		Comfort to the dreary... 90	Far and near the fields... 397
		Come unto Me..... 12	Father again to His Son... 754
		Come unto Me when... 85	Father we come to thee... 152
		Come ye disconsolate... 84	Father what'er of..... 152

Father we thank thee...	291	Go forth on wings of...	409	Hold on.....	384	I heard the voice of.....	329
Father I stretch my...	153	Go labor on spend and...	561	Hold fast till I come...	695	I hear the Saviour.....	70
Fill me now	104	Golden dawning.....	670	Holy Bible book divine	530	I hear thy welcome voice	99
Firm as a rock.....	551	Gone to rest.....	740	Holy holy holy Lord.....	244	I know I love Thee better	242
Firmly stand for God...	417	Go not my soul.....	94	Holy Spirit light divine	184	I know that my Rede 167,	529
Freeing from destruction	403	Good night.....	439	Holy Spirit faithful....	548	I lay my sins on Jesus...	110
Free as a bird to your...	100	Go preach my gospel....	535	Home sweet home.....	606	I love Thee I love Thee	499
Follow all the way	207	Go to dark Gethsemane.	79	Homeward bound	637	I love the sacred book...	494
Forbid them not the....	344	Go ye into all the world.	464	Ho! reapers of life's....	510	I love to tell the story...	380
Forever with the Lord..	711	Gracious Father guard..	644	Hover o'er me.....	104	I love to steal a while...	508
For Jesus all my.....	615	Grant thy blessing	316	How blest the sacred tie	514	I'll be a sunbeam.....	455
For others' guilt.....	119	Guide me O thou great..	638	How can I keep from....	234	I'll go where You want...	360
For those at sea.....	528			How cheering is the Chri	622	I'll live for Him.....	300
For the beauty of the...	315	Hail to the brightness of	715	How dearly God doth	254	I'm but a stranger here...	630
Freely give.....	407	Hallelujah for the cross	188	How far from home	646	I'm so glad that Jesus...	29
Fresh from the throne...	170	Hallelujahs to Jesus....	173	How firm a foundation	478	Imposture shrinks from	567
From every stormy.....	578	Happy in Him.....	293	How gentle God's comm	335	I need Thee every hour	413
From every place.....	261	Happy the home where...	439	How I wish I knew.....	222	I need Thee precious....	111
From Greenland's icy...	558	Happy songs.....	269	How long O Lord our...	633	In grief and fear to.....	506
From the table now.....	604	Hark hark my soul.....	708	How much I need thee	412	In heavenly love abiding	460
		Hark that shout of.....	732	How pleasant how divin	260	In Him O life of glory...	159
Gentle peace from.....	609	Hark the song of jubilee	704	How precious is the boo	496	In joyful high and holy	186
Gently think and gently	562	Hark the herald angels	280	How shall we stand in	36	In lowly paths.....	563
Give me the Bible star..	382	Hark ten thousand harp	313	How shall the young sec	323	In some way or other...	599
Give thy youth to God..	148	Hark the voice of Jesus	512	How solemn are the wor	107	In the beauty of holiness	205
Gladly gladly tolling...	432	Harvest time	447	How sweet are the tidin	707	In the Christian's home	731
Gleams of the golden...	683	Hasten on glad day....	448	How sweet my Father to	452	In the cross of Christ...	282
Glorious things of thee.	698	Have I need of aught O	169	How sweet upon this sac	360	In the glad time of the...	675
Glory of Immanuel.....	191	Have you any room for	6	How sweet the name of	264	In the highway and.....	11
Glory to His name.....	241	Hear the pennies droppi	389	How sweet the light of	540	In the hour of trial....	554
God be with you till....	442	Hear the temperance ca	466	How sweet, how heaven	534	In the silent midnight...	62
God bids his people on..	410	Hear the words our Savi	25	How tedious and tastele	293	In the struggle of life...	388
God bless our native...	612	Heaven at last.....	688			In the sun and noon and	734
God calling yet shall I..	72	Heaven is not far away	114	I am coming Lord.....	99	In the vineyard of our...	483
God has said forever...	571	He giveth his beloved...	673	I am coming to the cross	68	Into the tent where a...	421
God is love, his mercy...	97	He is able to keep you fr	23	I am dwelling on the...	470	I shall be satisfied.....	666
God is our refuge and...	522	He is calling	95	I am waiting for the 670,	692	I sing the mighty power	240
God is the refuge of his.	583	He's coming once again	108	I ask not Lord for.....	520	Is my name written.....	665
God loves us.....	254	He's coming	707	I bring my sins to Thee.	101	Is your lamp burning...	404
God make my life a.....	491	Heir of the kingdom...	657	I can hear my Saviour...	207	It came upon the.....	281
God made them.....	298	He leadeth me O blessed	480	I cease to sing of sweet...	445	It is well with my soul...	386
God of light and.....	307	He loves me too	221	I do believe.....	153	It may be at morn when	622
God of love that hearest	532	Help in God for thee...	586	I feel like singing all...	177	It may not be on the...	330
God of our salvation...	550	He reigns the Lord the...	509	If I were a sunbeam this	456	I think when I read the...	43
God of my life whose...	306	Here am I send me.....	612	If through unruffled sea	623	I've found a friend in...	216
God of the universe to...	346	He speaks within.....	541	If your hand's on the pl	384	I've found a friend O...	235
God our keeper.....	532	He that goeth forth with	447	I gave my life for thee...	39	I've found the Pearl of...	271
God sees the little.....	231	He who seeks the truth	541	I go.....	525	I've reached the land...	469
God sets a still small...	575	He will mention them no	184	I have a Saviour.....	47	I washed my hands this	428
<i>God shall be first in...</i>	<i>165</i>	High in the heavens....	306	I have learned the wond	461	I will early seek the...	67
<i>God's law demands one.</i>	<i>552</i>	His loving kindness....	269	I heard a voice the...	328	I will follow Thee my...	267

INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

411

I will not let Thee go 143, 632	Lamp of our feet. 515	Master the tempest is. 467	None of self and all of. 195
I will never never leave 569	Land ahead its fruits. 723	Meek and lowly pure. 485	Nothing for Jesus. 98
I will pour water on him 56	Last call of mercy. 118	Meet again when time. 742	No seas again shall. 661
I will sing of Jesus' love 182	Lead kindly light. 547	Memories of Galilee. 58	No sorrow there. 741
I would be dear Saviour 247	Lead me Saviour. 430	Memorial of creation. 366	Not now my child. 434
	Lead them to Thee. 1	Men of God arise. 509	Not a wasted moment. 405
Jesus and shall it ever... 74	Leaning on the everlasting 451	Mercy's gate is open. 21	Not all the blood of. 123
Jesus bids us shine with 462	Leave the rest to God. 541	Mid pleasures and. 607	Not I but Christ. 203
Jesus calls us o'er the. 135	Let all the heathen writ 324	Mid scenes of confusion. 606	Not in the hour of death 19
Jesus come and bless us 210	Let Him in. 7	Mighty to save. 33	Not my own. 130
Jesus I will follow Thee 185	Let the little ones come 43	Missionary's farewell. 396	Not what these hands. 105
Jesus keep me near the 251	Let the lower lights be. 387	Moment by moment. 415	Nothing for Jesus. 502
Jesus loves me this I. 8	Let thy spirit blessed. 577	More diligence give me. 435	Nothing but the blood. 87
Jesus engrave it on. 581	Let us gather up the. 437	More like Jesus. 232	Nothing but leaves. 113
Jesus my Lord to Thee I 49	Let us work too. 613	More love to Thee. 332	Now the day is over. 304
Jesus of Nazareth pass. 48	Let us work for the scho 425	More of Jesus. 213	
Jesus let thy pitying eye 82	Life in a look. 14	Mourn for the thousands 591	O blessed peace that 596
Jesus is the Light. 428	Lift Him up 'tis he that 400	Music in my soul. 176	O blest are they who oft 277
Jesus is mine. 228	Lift up the trumpet. 720	Must Jesus bear the. 152	O blest is he who can. 589
Jesus I my cross have. 292	Light after darkness. 681	My actions will show. 499	O bliss of the pure ones. 294
Jesus paid it all. 70	Like as a father. 9	My blest Redeemer. 539	O Christian awake. 383
Jesus lives. 206	Linger no longer. 16	My country 'tis of thee. 610	O Christ with each. 554
Jesus the loving Shephe 18	Little feet be careful. 438	My days are gliding. 629	O comfort to the dreary. 90
Jesus lover of my soul 236, 237	Little stars that twinkle 222	My faith looks up. 71	O come let us sing unto 223
Jesus comes. 678	Living is giving. 433	My Father is rich in. 457	O could I find from day 133
Jesus is coming again. 720	Lo He comes. 640	My first thought shall. 420	O could our thoughts. 503
Jesus my all to heaven. 270	Lonely no not lonely. 440	My God how endless. 284	O could I speak the. 231
Jesus saves. 46	Long ago the children. 209	My heart's a tuneful. 176	O day of rest and glad. 368
Jesus Saviour pilot me. 641	Long upon the mountain 645	My hope is built on. 349	O'er the distant. 713
Jesus Thy love can we. 337	Look for the beautiful. 429	My Jesus as thou wilt. 572	O Father I have promis 255
Jesus the very thought. 285	Look for the waymarks. 465	My Jesus I love thee. 295	O Father I have naught. 338
Jesus thou hast promise 210	Look upon Jesus sinless 28	My life flows on in. 234	O for a closer walk. 181
Jesus thou joy of loving 273	Look upon the golden. 401	My life my love I. 300	O for a heart to praise. 138
Jesus while our hearts. 568	Lord dismiss us with. 354	My Maker and my. 523	O for a faith that will. 621
Jesus we love to meet. 574	Lord I hear of showers. 141	My rest is in heaven. 738	O for a thousand. 250, 286
Jerusalem the golden. 701	Lord in the morning. 538	My Sabbath home. 214	O for that flame of. 129
Jewels. 677	Lord I care not for. 665	My salvation my all. 311	O glory to God, it is. 680
Joys are flowing like a. 268	Lord Jesus I long to be. 27	My Saviour first of all. 660	O God beneath thy. 611
Joy by and by. 686	Lord thou callest for. 457	My sins are all taken. 184	O God we praise thee. 325
Joy to the world the. 686	Lord thy glory fills the. 312	My song. 181	O happy day that fixed. 318
Jubilee. 112, 362	Lord when through sin. 257	My soul be on thy. 555	O heart bowed down. 12
Just as I am, without 59, 80	Love at home. 423	My soul in sad exile. 199	O holy Book of truth. 266
	Love divine all love. 246	My spirit on thy care. 519	O how happy are they. 283
	Lovely this child asleep 564	My times are in thy. 624	O how I long to see that 737
	Love's golden chain. 534		O Jesus my Redeemer. 181
Keep step. 388	Lovingly tenderly callin 18	Nearer my God to thee. 500	O Jesus thou art. 91
Keep tenting toward the 40		Near the cross. 251	O land of rest for thee. 631
Keep Thou our lips. 482	Plajestic sweetness. 320	Never alone. 440	O let me walk with thee. 350
Kind words can never. 608	Make room for Jesus. 6	Never be afraid to speak 34	O Lord our heavenly Father 192
Kindred minds. 514	Maker of land and. 347	Never stand still. 550	O Lord who bidest all 192
Knocking knocking who 31	Master hast thou work. 385	Never turn back. 483	O love divine that. 325

O love divine of all that	326	Peace be still.....	467	Scorn praise of men.....	589	Sweet be thy rest.....	717
O Master let me walk...	563	Pilgrims on the day is..	546	Seeking the lost yes.....	406	Sweet hour of prayer....	623
Once more my soul the..	263	Pillar of fire.....	427	Shall I let him in.....	5	Sweet promise is given..	645
One more new day for...	394	Planting Sharon's rose..	487	Shall our cheeks be dry	122	Sweet Sabbath-school...	214
One more day's work for	395	Poor and needy.....	139	Shall we gather at the..	710	Sweet the moments.....	96
One precious boon O Lo	576	Power to obey.....	316	Shall we meet beyond...	709	Sweet the time exceedin	580
One sweetly solemn tho	671	Pray for reapers.....	597	Shall we be there.....	685	Sweet to-day.....	445
One there is above all	137	Pray for the erring ones	458	She hath passed death's	740	Sweetly sing sweetly...	224
One tho't I have.....	302	Prayer is the soul's sinc	305	Shepherd divine thou...	614		
On Jordan's stormy ban	724	Praise for truth.....	356	Showers of blessing....	56	Take all my sin away...	102
Only one step.....	10	Praise God from whom...	274	Silent in death he lies...	206	Take my life and let it...	180
Only Three.....	189	Praise Him praise Him...	204	Silent messengers.....	409	Take me as I am.....	49
Only trust Him.....	89	Praise O praise our God	289	Sing O sing the glory of	191	Take the name of Jesus	179
Only two ways.....	45	Praise to Him by whose...	356	Sing it o'er and o'er....	28	Tarry by the living wate	42
Only waiting.....	692	Praise ye Jehovah's nam	227	Sister thou wast mild...	566	Tell it again.....	421
O now I see the crimson	69	Praise ye the Father for	296	Sitting at the feet of...	592	Tell it to Jesus.....	419
On the mountain top....	712	Praise ye the Lord for it	297	Softly now the light of	579	Tell me the old old story	418
On time.....	414	Praise the Lord.....	357	Softly and tenderly Jesu	44	Temperance call.....	466
On the shore beyond the	396	Precious Name.....	179	Soldiers of Christ arise...	585	Thanksgiving to the...	201
Onward Christian soldier	617	Prince of Peace control	543	Soldiers of the cross aris	497	The angel of the Lord...	427
O paradise, O paradise...	700	Pure Gold.....	62	So let our lips and.....	490	The beautiful beyond...	176
O spotless Lamb I come	102	Pure in heart.....	233	Sold Rock.....	349	The best of days.....	325
O spread the tidings rou	22			Some sweet day.....	662, 663	The bright forever.....	672
O sing unto the Lord...	190			Sometime.....	693	The call for reapers....	397
O tender and sweet.....	20	Redeemed how I love to	194	Something for Jesus... 30,	379	The cleansing wave.....	69
O the bitter pain and...	195	Redemption nigh.....	734	Something to do in heav	694	The coming King is at...	721
O there'll be joy when...	686	Rejoice and be glad....	249	Songs of praise the angel	243	The Comforter has come	22
O Thou who art of all...	327	Remember me.....103,	526	Soon shall we meet.....	718	The cross that He gave	446
O that the Lord would...	117	Repose.....	304	Sorrow and care may...	673	The cross it standeth...	188
O Thou to whom in anci	261	Rescue the perishing...	396	Soul amid earth-sorrows	666	The day is past and gone	536
O Thou in whose presen	311	Rest in Me.....	96	Sound sound the truth...	363	The day of wrath that...	120
Our exiled fathers.....	611	Rest for the weary....	731	Sound the battle cry see	402	The day is dead and Egy	61
Our God is a God of love	192	Rest for the toiling hand	735	Sow in the morn thy seed	626	The earth rolls round on	193
Our King.....	225	Return O wanderer....	130	Sowing the seed by the...	38	The dove of peace.....	414
Our song of praise.....	315	Revive us again.....	248	Sowing the seed by the...	38	The evergreen shore...	723
Our surest stay.....	229	Rock of ages cleft for..	473	Speak often to each...	634	The faithful three.....	401
Our sweetest songs of...	225			Speed away speed away	471	The glory of Immanuel	191
Out on an ocean.....	627	Safe within the vall....	723	Speed thy servants.....	482	The glories of that heav	733
Out upon an angry ocean	399	Safe in the arms of Jesus	187	Spend and be spent.....	561	The God that made the	363
Outside the door.....	91	Safely through another	367	Stand like the brave....	383	The golden morning is...	693
Over the line.....	20	Saints of God the dawn	597	Stand on the Rock.....	417	The gospel lived out....	490
O where are the reapers	11	Salvation free.....	236	Standing on the promises	212	The gospel tramp is....	112
O where shall rest be...	124	Saved to serve in any...	431	Stand up and bless the...	333	The great decisive day	89
O who is this that come...	33	Saved to the uttermost...	175	Stand up stand up for...	498	The great Physician now	84
O worship the Lord in...	305	Saviour breathe an.....	567	Still with Thee O my God	279	The Hand that made us	239
O worship the King all...	310	Saviour I follow on...	559	Strike O strike for victo	454	The handwriting on the	63
		Saviour keep me pure in	233	Submission sweet.....	605	The haven of rest.....	199
Parting hymn.....	299	Saviour like a shepherd	570	Sun of my soul thou....	537	The home where changes	49
Parting with self.....	136	Saviour thy dying love	379	Sunlight in the heart...	202	The holiest Name.....	19
Pass me not.....	15	Scatter seeds of kindness	487	Sunshine in the soul...	174	The Lily of the Valley...	21
Patience bids me wait...	783	Scatter smiles loving...	424	Sweeping through the...	689	The Lord first... 10	10

INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

413

The Lord will provide... 599	This is the day of rest... 285	Watchman blow the... 600	When my Saviour shall... 154
The Lord is my light... 426	This is the day of toil... 513	Watchman on the walls... 637	When mild toil and strife... 681
The Lord's our Shepherd... 531		Watchman tell me does... 643	When my life work is... 680
The Lord's my Rock... 441	Thinking of Him... 420	Watch and pray... 453	When peace like a river... 386
The Lord worketh let us... 613	This rite our blest Re... 602	Watch for the time is... 453	When power divine in... 582
The Lord is my Shepherd... 479	This same Jesus O how... 706	Watch ye saints with... 676	When softly fades the... 439
The Lord in Zion reign... 238	Tho' your sins be as scar... 17	We all O Lord have... 121	When softly falls the... 229
The Lord be with us as... 287	Tho' my sins were once... 115	We are joyously... 722	When storms of life are... 526
The Lord my pasture... 627	Thou art the way... 115	We are living we are... 461	When the King comes in... 37
The love of Jesus... 65	Thou who on the cross... 605	We dedicate to Thee... 542	When the King shall... 675
The mistakes of my life... 4	Thou coming One our... 632	We give Thee but Thine... 542	When the Judge shall... 64
The morning light is... 636	Throw out the Life Line... 399	We have an anchor... 172	When the mists have... 694
The only Lord... 385	Thus far the Lord has... 518	We have heard a joyful... 46	When Thou my righteous... 736
The passover... 81	Thy holy day... 574	We have waited for Him... 682	When waves of trouble... 516
The solid Rock... 349	Thy Kingdom come thus... 729	We know not the hour... 679	When we walk with the... 443
The sacred Book... 494	Thy judgments abroad... 506	We lay us calmly down... 620	When we lay our burd... 683
The spacious firmament... 239	Thy righteousness... 277	We may not climb the... 73	While in sweet commu... 608
The springtide hour... 290	Thy work alone... 105	We praise Thee O God... 248	While Jesus whispers... 51
The sprinkled blood is... 100	Tny will be done... 739	We shall know... 694	While life prolongs... 149
The sweetest Name... 319	Tny way not mine O... 573	We shall meet beyond... 682	While the days are... 444
The tempter to my soul... 616	Tidings from the battle... 601	We shall meet by and by... 659	Whiter than snow... 8, 27
The thought of God... 302	Till He come O let the... 642	We shall reach the... 663	Who are these like stars... 699
The time is near when... 726	'Tis by the name of Jesus... 504	We shall walk with Him... 668	Who is on the Lord's... 32
The whole wide world... 609	'Tis love that makes us... 391	We should be like gard... 456	Who are these beyond... 689
The wonders of redeem... 77	'Tis I be not afraid... 518	We speak of the realms... 705	Wholly Thine... 247
The world's glorious har... 448	'Tis midnight and on... 119	We would see Jesus... 689	Why do we waste on trif... 151
The year of jubilee... 680	'Tis so sweet to trust in... 392	Weary of earth... 92	Why labor for treasures... 52
There are angels hover... 142	'Tis shining still... 219	Weeping will not save... 88	Why stand with rusty... 610
There are lonely hearts... 444	To be living is sublime... 481	Weighed and wanting... 64	Will you go... 41
There are two ways for... 45	To-day the Saviour calls... 146	Welcome delightful... 364	Will your anchor hold... 172
There is a land of pure... 702	Tolling on... 449	Welcome welcome day... 359	With friends on earth... 687
There is a place of sacred... 703	Tolling for Jesus... 432	We'll build on the Rock... 24	With reverence let the... 259
There is a line by us... 76	To the work to the work... 449	We'll live in tents... 410	With tearful eyes I look... 147
There is a fountain... 81	Tossed upon life's raging... 486	We'll never say good-by... 687	With willing hearts we... 341
There is sunlight on the... 202	Trust and obey... 443	We'll tarry by the living... 42	Wonderful love of Jesus... 196
There is no love like... 65	Truth crushed to earth... 580	We're bound for the... 41	Wonderful peace... 198
There is never a day so... 593	Twilight... 200	We've no abiding city... 728	Words of cheer from the... 601
There is no work too... 479	Two little hands to work... 220	What a fellowship what... 451	Work for the school... 425
There is no name so... 318		What a Friend we have... 390	Work for the night is... 475
There is beauty all... 423	Unshaken as the sacred... 551	What can wash away... 87	Work till Jesus comes... 631
There is a blessed hope... 617	Unto our heavenly... 256	What hast thou done... 39	Working O Christ with... 381
There were ninety and... 57	Urge them to come... 11	What is the chaff the... 507	Worthy worthy is the... 245
There's a Stranger at... 7		What means this eager... 48	Would you share the... 407
There's a wideness in... 95	Valley hills meek and... 217	What shall the harvest... 38	
There's no other name... 178		When all thy mercies... 282	Ye Christian heralds go... 584
There's sunshine in my... 174	Wait on the Lord... 459	When God descends... 727	Ye servants of the Lord... 625
There's life in a look... 14	Wake the song of joy... 208	When He cometh when... 677	Ye who long in sin have... 21
There's room for you to... 60	Walk in the light so... 501	When His salvation... 252	Yield not to temptation... 55
There'll be something in... 684	Walking with Thee... 331	When I shall awake in... 687	Your Saviour too... 65
There'll be no grief in... 741	Walking with God... 350	When I survey the... 60, 145	
They brought their gifts... 30	Walking in the beautiful... 428	When I can read my... 730	Zion awakes thy dawn... 62
They call us... 558	Washed white as snow... 171	When Jesus shall gather... 36	Zion stands with walls... 68

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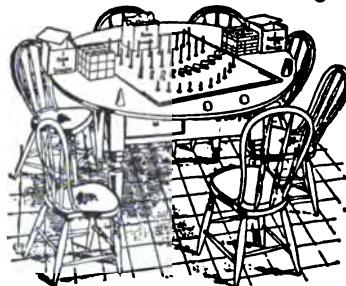
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"Your Bible Kindergarten Supplies that have been recently adopted in our Primary Department are a delight to all. Not only have the teachers been able to hold the attention of the little ones as never before, and get them nearer their hearts, but the parents and other visitors have been attracted to the Department. An outside interest has been awakened in the homes, and thus the Department has increased in numbers. The little ones must be reached *through the eye to the heart*, and these lessons are a happy means to that end. We are glad to have been able to send several visitors to you for these supplies to be used in other towns. We hope that Book No. 2 may soon be in readiness for the public, so that a continued study may be carried on after Book No. 1 is finished."

Very sincerely,

MRS. ALFRED W. HOTT, Supt. Primary Dept.

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"Our teachers are delighted with your Bible Kindergarten system, which we have lately introduced into the Primary Department of our Sunday School; it is beautiful to see the interest with which the children enter into each lesson, and it is safe to say the truths of God's Word thus impressed upon their young minds will never be effaced. I believe you have introduced a method that will be shortly adopted by all progressive schools for primary instruction. Wishing you God's richest blessing on your labor, I remain yours for the children."

ISAAC R. DILLER, Supt.

[Two months later the Second Presbyterian Sunday School of Springfield, Ill., also adopted this kindergarten method.]

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1431 Harrison St.

Supt. Primary Dept.

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Supt. Primary Dept.

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MRS. H. M. LAMPHEAR, Supt. Primary Dept.

Sunday School Union, Province of Quebec.

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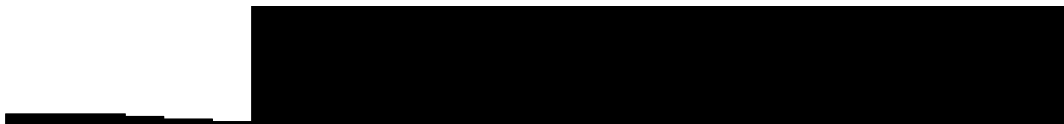
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Vice-President International Union of S. S. Primary Teachers

"I shall recommend it to our students here in school."

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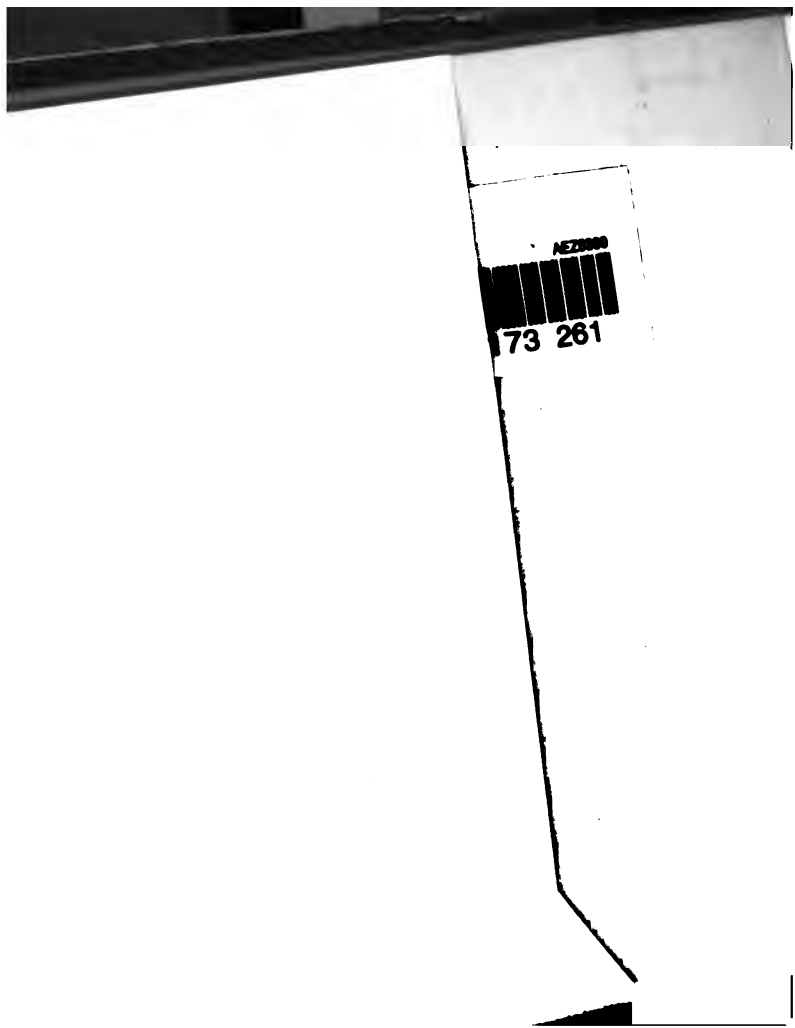
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